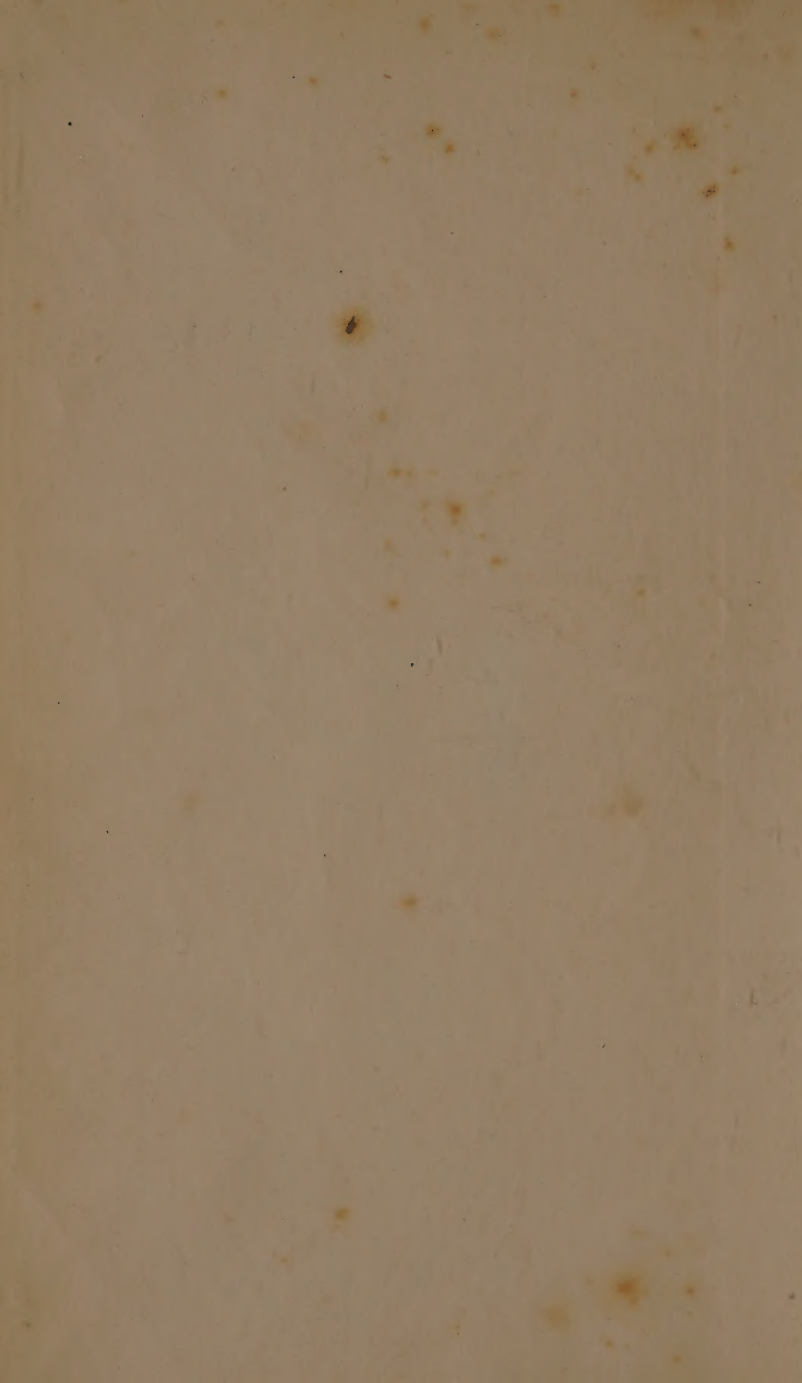
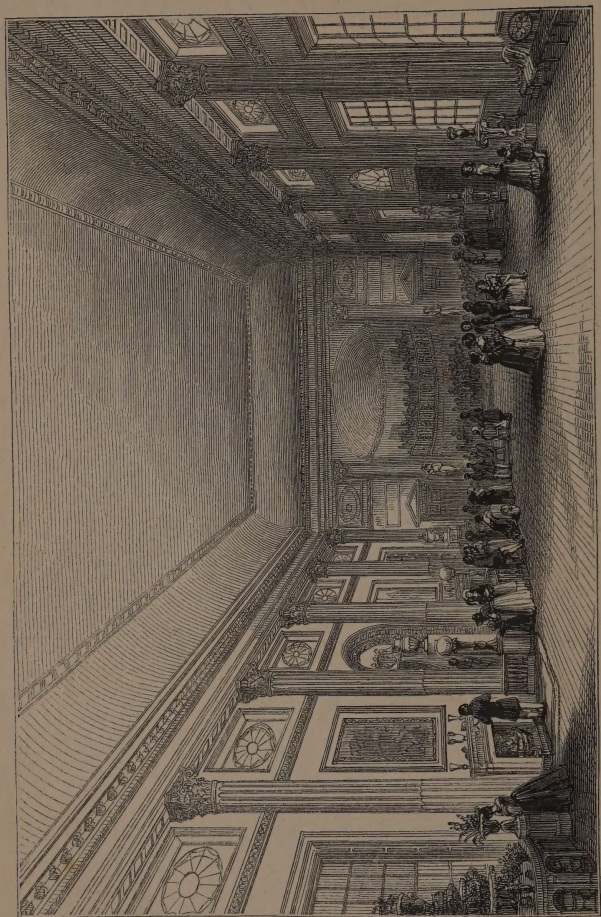


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THE GREAT PUMP, OR CONVERSATION-ROOM, AT BATH.

THE
SPAS OF ENGLAND,
AND
PRINCIPAL SEA-BATHING PLACES.

BY
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SOUTHERN SPAS.



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SPAS OF ENGLAND.

THIRD GROUP; OR, SOUTHERN SPAS,

AND

PRINCIPAL SEA-BATHING PLACES.

SOUTHERN SPAS.

CHAPTER I.

GLOUCESTER SPA—GLOUCESTER.

The AVON—Way to the Gloucester Spa—The PUMP-ROOM—Discovery of the Mineral Water—Its Physical Character—BATH Rooms—HOTEL and Boarding-houses—Dr. BARON and the Spa-woman—Exaggeration and Refutation—Professor DAUBENY's Analysis—Presence of Iodine—Absence of Sulphureted Gas—Medical Virtues of the Water—CAER GLOWE—Gloucester City not in the Movement—First View of the CATHEDRAL—Its Interior—Roman Architecture—STATUE OF JENNER—VACCINATION—Tardy Interference of Government—Plain Questions in regard to the Alleged Failures of Vaccination—PREJUDICE of the Lower Classes—Indifference—Author's Inquiries and Publication on this Subject—SPLENDID MONUMENT—Fate of Eminent Physicians—Ingratitude of the Higher Classes—The late Dr. BAILLIE—FLAXMAN—The Noble CLOISTERS—Contrast in Architecture—Penury Wood and his Old Bank.

MANY of my readers who can only associate the name of Gloucester with its superb cathedral, will wonder, on reading the title of the present chapter, at the mention of any Spa connected with it. Yet so it is: and having been myself informed of the fact while on my journey, I felt it my duty

to proceed thither, and inquire into the truth of the statement.

As my way to the next important watering-place from Cheltenham laid to the banks of the Avon and the Severn, a halt was both] natural and desirable, at a place where the last-mentioned and more important river, after travelling as an inland stream for one hundred and fifty miles, first becomes a marine estuary, and is spanned over by its last bridge.

To find a source of mineral water also in the place was an additional temptation for a short visit.

Leaving the Turk's Head, a superior sort of inn in one of the principal streets of Gloucester, and quitting the town by Southgate-street, I reached, at the end of a short walk, a handsome iron gate on the left of the road, opposite one of the streets which lead to the port, and, entering it, I proceeded along a private road, the left side of which is flanked by a line of houses, evidently of recent erection, and certainly of a superior class to those I had seen in old Gloucester. On the right, or opposite to them, a grass-field skirts the road, which insensibly expands into a green level ground of some extent. It is on this ground that the mineral springs were accidentally discovered in 1814, and it is here that a very neat Spa-house has been raised over them.

The surrounding plain being skilfully laid out in shrubberies and wide gravel walks, arranged in curves and serpentine lines; a promenade of some extent has been obtained around the two green paddocks, of which the ground consists. One of these, extending immediately behind the Spa, is surrounded by high and well-trimmed hedges of hawthorn. To the south, beyond these pleasure-grounds, a low range of hillocks, running from east to south, may be perceived, the highest of which, looking much as Hampstead does when viewed from the Regent's-park, is sufficiently close at hand to enter, with its green grassy clothing, into the features of

the tiny landscape by which this well-arranged Spa-region is encompassed.

These walks, even at the very early hour of the morning at which I visited them, were enlivened by a few of the visitors, who were taking their prescribed exercise between their glasses of water. Their *tournure* bespoke them of the better classes of inhabitants.

Behind the building containing the mineral springs there is a billiard-room, and other conveniences, such as one would desire to have in a place of this kind, removed from the bustle of the city. The walks are shaded by belts of trees on one side, which impart to the whole the character of a private park.

The pump-room is a plain, oblong square building, about thirty feet in length and twenty feet wide, with a door at each end, and one in the centre, exactly opposite that never-failing incumbrance of almost all the English spa-rooms, the counter, at which the water is distributed by means of a pump. A low veranda runs along the front of the pump-room, and is returned partly at the sides, to shade promenaders from both sun and rain.

Here, as at Cheltenham, we have many spouts yielding mineral water. No. 1 draws the water from a well in an adjoining field; another, not so strong, pumps it from a source immediately under the counter; while a third draws the water from a source (the original one) near a private house at the entrance into the Spa.

While digging the foundations for the house just mentioned, a spring of water was tapped which, on the workmen tasting it, they found to be anything but agreeable. It was soon ascertained that it contained common salt and iron. In consequence of this, further search was made to the depth of eighty feet, when the strong saline well, which constitutes, properly speaking, the mineral water of the Gloucester Spa, was discovered.

The taste of this last-mentioned water is perfectly briny, without any bitterness, or *après goût* of any sort: it is a clean, soft, oily, and salt taste when the water is drank cold, which becomes more intensely salt, and not so pleasant, when it is drank mixed with some of the same water previously heated. By my tests I could not detect either sulphureted gas or iron in the water I tried.

The pump-room, I was assured, is well frequented; indeed, I could perceive from the subscription-book that such must be the case. The visitors generally drink a pint of the water at once, or half a pint twice. This quantity immediately or shortly afterwards acts as a purgative.

There are four very convenient bath-rooms, one of which is for ladies. From four to five invalids, perhaps, bathe here in a day. The committee of gentlemen (twenty in number) who have taken the whole concern into their hands, by shares, have spared no pains or expense to render the establishment worthy of patronage. From my slight description, even, it will be seen that they have contributed everything in their power, not only to the usefulness but to the decorations of the Spa.

In the private road by which we approached the Spa there is a good-sized hotel facing the south, with gardens and the open country before it, and ample accommodations within.

The good lady, whom I had rather puzzled and perplexed with my inquiries, as well as by my repeated tasting and testing of the different waters in her presence, was quite enthusiastic in her admiration of the salutary effects she had witnessed in many of the persons who had drank the water since she had been connected with the Spa-room. "Oh, had but Dr. Baron" (she exclaimed, turning round to other persons then in the room) "kept firm at his post—as he was in duty bound to do, for he had made all his fortune with the good people of Gloucester, whom he used to send in crowds, when sick, to this very pump-room—instead of leaving his patients in

the lurch when they most needed his assistance, to go and take up his residence in a totally strange city to him—this Spa, which has been but indifferently attended to ever since, would have been in a very different state at this moment.”

Being at the time entirely ignorant of this part of my skilful brother-practitioner's history, I could neither assent to nor dissent from the honest dame's remonstrance, so emphatically expressed. But I purposely report that remonstrance in this place, as I am thereby afforded an opportunity of declaring that by subsequent information, derived from sources less likely to be biassed in their opinion, I have learned enough of Dr. Baron's proceedings at the epoch alluded to—which was that of the prevalence of cholera in Gloucester, where the learned doctor was then the leading practitioner—to make me view this naked accusation of desertion of his patients, as one founded on pure exaggeration. Dr. Baron's character, as a man, stands not in need of defence either from me or any one else; but as the loose charge of the fair Gloucester Spa-woman has been occasionally bandied about, upon no better authority, even at Cheltenham, I should think myself guilty of a dereliction of that duty which ought to (does it?) bind together all the members of the same profession—namely, of upholding each other's character when unjustly assailed—did I not, from any foolish notion of delicacy, publicly vindicate that of an able practitioner and excellent man, though my acquaintance with him has been merely one of correspondence, and of a professional nature.

The Gloucester Spa water is, properly speaking, the first English mineral water in which iodine has been detected,* by the distinct experiments of Professor Daubeny; although Mr. Murray professes to have been the first to announce its presence in this Spa. As, however, the latter has not published

* The previous announcement of iodine, by Dr. Turner, in the waters of Bonnington, mentioned by me at page 164, refers to another part of the realm—Scotland; so that Professor Daubeny is in reality the first who discovered iodine in the mineral waters of England.

anywhere a regular scientific account of his alleged discovery, the statement of the presence of iodine in the mineral water under consideration is adopted on the authority of the Oxford Professor. His quantitative analysis will be found in the general Table. An old analysis of the water, said to have been made by Accum in 1814, is distributed at the Spa upon a card. But that analysis differs so materially from Professor Daubeny's that it is hardly possible to reconcile the one with the other. In Accum's analysis there are not fewer than seven solid ingredients mentioned, and the total amount of them in weight, in a pint, is $96\frac{3}{4}$ grains. In that of the Oxford Professor, the weight of the solid ingredients in the same quantity of water, is represented to be only 62 grains, and the number of the said ingredients no more than four. The first gives two grains of carbonate of iron, which the second does not mention; but in return the latter has one grain of iodine in fifty gallons of water, and one grain of bromine in ten quarts; which the other analyzer could not have noticed, as neither one nor the other of those substances was known at the time.

Professor Daubeny's silence respecting the alleged presence of sulphureted hydrogen gas and iron, shews that he was not more successful in 1836 than I had been in 1839 in detecting those substances in this water.

I have had not the slightest experience of the Gloucester Spa water, medically speaking. Its composition assimilates it to the pure saline water of Cheltenham; so that one may place confidence in the published statements of medical practitioners, of its efficacy in all those diseases for which the Cheltenham salines have been successfully employed.

A peep at the "CAER GLOWE," or the "Bright and Splendid Town" of the Old Britons, the place in which the great Norman Conqueror, many hundred years afterwards, loved to sing his Christmas carols in the midst of his barons,

was the next natural thing for me to indulge in, after visiting the Spa; and after it a visit to the cathedral and its unequalled cloisters! What stranger can put his foot in Gloucester and not hurry thither to see both?

Gloucester is certainly not in the movement; except that it is brilliantly and profusely lighted with gas at night. The building-mania so visible everywhere in this country has not reached this place. There are indications of a new square, with rows of modern houses on three sides of it, in the immediate vicinity of the Spa; and red bricks have been lavishly heaped together in two or three different parts of the city, and fashioned into two bastiles, the jail and the Union, as well as into a third building, the Infirmary. There is also a more recent edifice, with greater pretension to architectural style, of which I shall speak anon. But beyond these we look in vain for any other symptoms of progressive improvements.

Of the many old houses, several there are which look like deserted palaces, and must have been the old residences of the magnates of the land. In one of these—a very large and ancient pile, not unlike the courtly mansion once the residence of Henry VIII., which I described as being occupied by Dr. Simpson at York—resides the leading physician of Gloucester. He has facing him the high tower of the Cathedral, and the polygonal building of the Shire Hall close at hand.

There is a quaintness and singularity in the exterior walls of the cathedral, mixed with much richness of detail in some of the windows and the porch, which arrest the attention of the stranger at once, and make him almost overlook the signs of dilapidation so strongly marked on the sandstone buttresses and mullions. The square tower springing to an elevation of 225 feet, with its terminal parapet and four ornamented pinnacles, strikes the eye as being much loftier, on account of the great length and comparative lowness of the anterior part of the temple, out of the centre of which it rises, and

also, owing to the precise symmetry of the parts of which the tower is composed, consisting of two equal stories correctly repeated. The richest and most imposing view of the whole body of the cathedral is at the north end from the gardens.

How impressive is the view of the nave? Those short Norman thick pillars, supporting the semicircular arches, are massive and imposing, and so is the simple roof or vault over them. Different indeed is the effect produced by the two pillars nearest to the great western end, raised anew from the ground two centuries later, and upholding a ceiling diversified by rosettes, ribs, and intricate tracery of the finest description. Take it all in all, this is the cleanest, whitest, and most neatly-arranged interior I have seen in the course of my extensive peregrinations through England. It is exactly a century this year since it received its present coat of a creamy tint, which is perfectly preserved. Here the dean has not had the bad taste, as in another cathedral, to which I have referred in the present volume, of removing all the monumental tablets and ancient records affixed to the shafts and walls, but has left them as they stood, in picturesque and ornamental effect.

I like much the simplicity of the early Norman character of architecture. It is a beautiful transition from the Byzantine and earliest Christian Greek style, so grave and chaste, to the richer, luxuriant, but in my mind, not so impressive Saxon, improved upon by the subsequent changes and additions of English architects.

Is there a medical man, or a mere philanthropist, who could enter this magnificent temple and not recollect that in it, among many other monuments of vanished greatness, there exists one raised to the immortal discoverer of vaccine inoculation! There stands the monumental statue of the great benefactor of mankind, in an imposing, erect attitude, seen on the right immediately upon entering through

the western door. It is a praiseworthy effort of Sievier's chisel, obtained by subscription, at the head of which was Dr. Baron. The front panel of its pedestal originally bore Dr. Jenner's name, and the date of his death; but these indications were four years ago obliterated, by order of Dr. Baron, and I could not learn from my informant, one of the vergers, the reason for such a proceeding.

Casual or not,—the mere effect of chance observation, or of a well-reasoned train of reflections, (for to both processes it has been ascribed by contemporaries),—the discovery of vaccine inoculation, as an effectual preventive of that great scourge, the smallpox, is an event, the gigantic result of which to the whole population of the world in future ages, we have hardly had yet sufficient means of justly appreciating. It is therefore in future ages that the name of its author will be held up to the veneration of every nation upon earth, from the surface of which an exterminating plague will have been swept away by the universal adoption of his discovery.

Strange, that in a question of such importance, the government and the legislators of the country in which that blessing to mankind took its origin, should have hesitated for a period of forty years, before it lent a helping hand to the medical profession, in endeavouring to extirpate smallpox from among us, by propagating the practice of a simple operation!

Have the public authorities hesitated in the performance of their duty until now, because a few solitary cases of failure had occurred in the attainment of the expected benefit from the Jennerian operation? What are those cases, or double or tenfold their number, were even so many to occur, as compared to the millions of contrary and entirely favourable results? Why do not sceptical people interrogate themselves, thus:—How many in our own families—how many in the families of our acquaintances—how many in the families of other people living in the same village, in the same district, in the same streets with us, have we known to

have been afflicted with the smallpox during the last thirty or forty years, but especially among the present generation? How many thousands and hundreds of thousands of people have lived and died within these last thirty years, who never had the smallpox through life, owing to early vaccination?

Then let the contrary questions be asked: what family before 1800 used ever to escape decimation by death from smallpox? How many of every family were there who, having survived the infliction of that disease, had had their lineaments and physiognomy permanently disfigured, or their senses and the most delicate organs of the body irreparably damaged? Do we not, all of us, who are past the half century, remember that, of the remnants of the last generation, we had seen every second or third person bear indelible marks on their countenances of having gone through the severe phases of a loathsome disease? And do we meet with such examples among the juniors of the present age?

These are the homely and home questions I usually put to those parents who resist the salutary practice of vaccination on behalf of their offspring, because they doubt of its real efficacy, and listen rather to the hundred-times-told tale of such and such a case of smallpox having occurred in spite of vaccination; as if examples of a second attack of smallpox, after the full course of that disease artificially inoculated, had not occurred in the same individual, much more frequently than in regard to vaccination.

Among the humbler classes, the principal cause which has retarded the progress of vaccination has been an unconquerable feeling prevalent in the breast of the parents, that nature had better be left to take its course. Where the mischievous practice of smallpox inoculation has been admitted among some sections of these classes of people, it has been forced upon them by low-minded practitioners, for the sake of mere lucre, and the pitiful amount of a bill for medicines, which were necessarily administered during the course

of the artificial disease, but which are hardly ever necessary during the progress of the vaccine inoculation. That same motive is at work still, and will not be suppressed by the recent Act of Parliament, which is insufficient for the intended object of propagating vaccination.

During the ten years that I filled the responsible situation of senior physician to the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for sick children, founded by myself twenty-one years ago, I ascertained that though the feeling of the industrious classes in favour of the old practice of smallpox inoculation, as compared with that in favour of vaccination, was only as one to two,—that of perfect indifference in regard to both practices, and as to whether a child should be suffered to catch or not the natural disease, was, as compared to the love of vaccination, as ten to one.

On this interesting subject I published, eight or nine years ago, a curious coloured diagram, exhibiting to the eye at one view, without any aid from arithmetical computation, the march of these three different feelings among the humbler classes of the metropolitan population. It was represented by ascending and descending lines, differently coloured, which were calculated on a scale furnished by the total number of registered cases of sick children under twelve years of age, amounting to some thousands, that had come under the notice of myself and my professional colleagues at the institution here alluded to, during a period of ten years.

This digression on vaccination, while I am standing with my readers before the well-executed marble figure of its discoverer in Gloucester cathedral, will not be considered inopportune; especially at a moment like the present, when some decisive public effort seems likely to be made to forward the views of that patriotic and benevolent man.

How instructive in history, in biography, in statistics, in literature, in feeling, and in the appreciation of the fine arts, is

the perusal of those congregated monuments which one beholds all around in these magnificent temples to God! What volume is more instructive to him who knows how to read it? Gloucester Cathedral, though not so rich in this respect as the Pantheon of Westminster Abbey, is yet a museum of many interesting mementos.

What can be more beautiful, and at the same time more affecting, to a lover of gothic art and the ancient history of these realms, than that exquisite canopied monument of the florid perpendicular, placed over the figure of Edward II., murdered in Berkeley Castle, and erected by the third Edward, and here called "The Shrine," to which pilgrims for ages after resorted, and paid homage and oblation? Not only is the carving of the canopy one of the finest specimens in this country, but the recumbent figure of the murdered monarch is one of the very few of that class in existence which possess real sculptural merit, particularly the face, whose expression of pain and resignation is admirable.

Another murdered prince is here represented in what may be considered as the finest specimen of wood-carving of those times. It is Robert, Duke of Normandy, a very noble and handsome person, who was starved to death in Cardiff Castle, ætat. 26 years.

If the biography of men somewhat nearer to our times interest us more, we may cast our eyes on the curious monument of Alderman Jones, of this city, who had been registrar to six successive bishops; mayor of Gloucester three times; friend and contemporary of Shakspeare, whom he survived but a few years, and whose monument in the chancel of Trinity church, at Stratford, was adopted as a model for this, by order of the alderman himself.

Medical men, after devoting their whole lives and energies, their honest endeavours, judgment and experience, to the service and for the benefit of the better classes of their fellow-men, so seldom meet with the sweet reward of grati-

tude in the continuous support and confidence of their patients, that it must be refreshing to one of that profession to find here recorded, in a monument from the design of Sir Robert Smirke, an exception to that dismal fact, to which the late Dr. Baillie (than whom no medical man was more entitled to public confidence) bore testimony, by often observing, just before his death, to the author of these volumes, that of all the great families he had attended during his long and successful career, not more than four or five had stuck to him as patients with constancy through life! And yet no man had a greater number of friends than Dr. Baillie, or a larger practice. What monument has the public raised to that eminent physician? Or what monument is the memory of an equally eminent surgeon, as devoted and as successful a servant of the public, and recently taken from us, likely to receive at the hands of those many hundred families, or their survivors, whom both the physician and the surgeon just named have been instrumental in saving from death or the pangs of disease? None. A monumental record of their imperishable names and merits has indeed been raised, or ordered, since their departure; but not by those from whom such a testimonial would have been an act of justice. It has been raised by contemporary practitioners, as an evidence of their admiration of departed excellence. Strange that the art which tends to save our citizens' lives, should never have met with the public guerdon of national gratitude, which has been so profusely lavished on those who most excel in the art of death!

Here, in the cathedral of Gloucester, Fry, a surgeon of the infirmary, and an excellent man, who died in 1811, has had his memory perpetuated, in a monument to which I have just referred, and which forms the pleasing exception already alluded to, of having been erected by public subscription of all his friends and patients.

There is a beautiful specimen of Flaxman's art (one of the

few choice geniuses in sculpture this country can be proud of) not far from the last-named monument, which I cannot omit mentioning before I take leave of a scene where I could have lingered long. A lovely female figure (of Mrs. Morley) is rising out of the sea with her infant child. A winged angel, equipoised in the air, lifts her by the hand, while two other angels, equally on the wing, look on. The figures appear to be *appliquées* on a blue slab behind, like a very *alto relievo*. Mrs. Morley died after childbirth, on board ship, while on her way from India to England, and received the burial of those who plough the deep. Flaxman has wrought a pretty and affecting idea out of this incident. The motto inscribed over the figures is—"The sea shall give up the dead. 1784."

I must not trespass any longer on my readers' patience; although the delight I experienced at the view of the finest Gothic cloisters in the Christian world, attached to this cathedral, would have warranted another short delay. But the pen refuses the task of describing, even in the short popular style I have adopted, that which has already been vividly and correctly delineated by architects and antiquaries of merit. The finest perspective view of these matchless corridors is obtained from the south-west angle, which takes in the two best sides.

To an admirer of contrast in architecture, particularly when connected with odd recollections, a short walk down Westgate will afford such a one as cannot fail to attract notice. It is the old dwelling of the rich notorious miser, whose ill-apportioned millions left at his death, have been melting yearly under the hot grasp of the law. I allude to the late Mr. Wood's house, who had dignified it by the name of the Old Gloucester Bank—contrasted with the new and splendid erection of the Gloucester Joint Stock Bank, at the corner of College-court leading to the Cathedral. These two banking-houses are sufficiently near to each other to enable one to compare them together at one view, and mark in the outward

show of the one, and the beggarly, though picturesque look of the other, of which I here present a view,



the immense strides which ideas of pomp, luxury, and ostentation, without any real increase of wealth, have made since the owner of the humbler dwelling, with more treasure at his command than ten times the amount of the wealthiest county bank of the present day, used to stand at his shop-door to invite customers to step in and do business with him,—as represented in the sketch.

As to the more modern structure, which serves to form the contrast (and which I do not think it necessary to represent here), its palace-like front, though showy, exhibits, in the combination of the several members of which the front elevation is composed, a violation of the laws of architectural harmony not common even in this country. The first and second floor centre windows are placed in the space between two Corinthian columns, occupying the centre of the house, and resting on the basement-story, which projects from the wall as much as the whole diameter of the said columns, and no more. But by the side, and close to each of these, is a square pillar, wide as the diameter of the columns, and projecting from the wall with its base and capital as much as they do, and consequently flush with them. Then comes

the side windows, placed between the square pillars and a pilaster of the same width, but only an ordinary *appliqué* pilaster of two or three inches projection, with which the outline of the elevation terminates. The effect of this strange combination in a width altogether of not more than fifty feet, is of the oddest kind imaginable. Still, as a contrast to Wood's old bank, it is, as I said before, a palace, and may by some be taken either as a proof of the progress which architectural spirit has been making in England in recent times; or only as an example of what people nowadays think of the necessity of outward show in business as compared with what they thought of it eighty years ago.

CHAPTER II.

NEWENT SPA—ROAD TO BRISTOL.

CLIFTON HOT WELLS.

NEWENT Spa and Mr. Murchison—Its Origin and Nature—Position—Query: Is it a Saline as well as a Sulphuric Spa?—ROAD TO BRISTOL—The Painswick Hills—Valley of the Severn—*Via Erminia*—CLIFTON—The GLOUCESTER Hotel—Preferable Apartments—CIRCLORAMA—The Streets—Prospects—ST. VINCENT'S Terrace—English Inns—*Lung'Arno* of Clifton—The HOT WELLS—Their Water and Chemical Composition—Temperature contrasted with Buxton and Bath—The SUSPENSION BRIDGE—The Zigzag Walk—Sion Hill SPRING—Topography of Clifton Hill—The Mall—CLIFTON HOTEL—The CRESCENTS—Windsor Terrace—LODGING HOUSES—Living at Clifton—Moderate Charges—Clifton hardly a Watering Place—CLIMATE—Meteorological Data—Influence of Clifton on Invalids—Does the Effect answer the Expectation?—STATISTICAL Facts—Mortality of English Women—MR. FARR'S Opinion.

I OUGHT perhaps to introduce in this part of my narrative a short account of NEWENT Spa, another of the many mineral springs to be met with in the vale of Gloucester, situated about eight and a half miles from that city, near the Hereford and Gloucester Canal. But my personal data of information respecting it are too scanty. Mr. Murchison, in the able work previously alluded to, considers it as a highly sulphurous medicinal spring, formed by the surface-water flowing upon the inclined bed of a coal-measure (anciently worked in this place), which contains much iron pyrites, decomposing the latter so as to become impregnated with the disengaged sulphureted hydrogen gas, and then rising to its original level, through cracks in the stratum of new red sand-

stone, which here, as almost everywhere, overlays the coal-measure.

Newent is seated on the new red sand-stone; and just about where the Spa is, Mr. Murchison discovered a fault in that rock, as well as in the coal-seam below it; and this break in the strata would certainly afford sufficient room for the up-coming of the sulphureted water which constitutes the Spa.

But then in such a case, according to the same able geologist's view previously mentioned, of the origin of saline springs, the Newent water, by passing through the various members of the new red sand-stone, which forms the crust of the soil here (including, I suppose, "the saliferous red marl"), would be charged in its passage with brine, in addition to the sulphur brought up from the carboniferous stratum. That is to say, the Newent Spa water ought to be a strongly *saline* sulphureted water. Now is it so in reality? I have no means of answering that question; but I regret this the less, as Newent Spa is hardly of that character which requires it to be described fully among the principal watering-places that form the subject of my present volumes; and I have only alluded to it in this place as an object of geological interest.

ROAD TO BRISTOL.—Until it reaches the little village of Newport, in the vicinity of Berkeley, the road from Gloucester to Bristol is tame and uninteresting. Grazing-fields are traversed in succession, with herds of cows wandering over them whose milk is destined to produce the "single" as well as the "double Gloucester." The only redeeming features in this flat region are the Painswick Hills, on the left, whence that useful marble is quarried which is so much employed in buildings throughout this country. It was whilst seated on the summit of one of the loftiest of this range, watching the slow progress of the siege of Gloucester, that the ill-fated British monarch descended of a lovely and a still more ill-starred queen, gave that ominous answer to one of his children who was anxious to

know when they should return home : “ Alas, my son ! I have no home ! ”

From Newport forward, however, and up to the very threshold of the “ metropolis of the west,” as the Bristolians are pleased to call their city, the surrounding country opens and expands into the beautiful valley of the Severn, flanked on the west by the Welsh hills, and skirted near at hand on the east by the line of limestone-hills, which, beginning at Painswick aforesaid, to the south of the famed *Via Erminia* of the Romans, and in continuation of the Leckhampton Hills, near Cheltenham, follows a S.S.W. course by Stroud, Dursley, Wotton, and Chipping Sodbury, as far as Bitton and Marshfield, immediately to the north of Bath. From many parts of this road (which, by the bye, is kept in most excellent order, being upon a limestone bottom, hardened by the black-rock material from Bristol,) some exquisite points of view are discerned, both in the wide expanse of the subjacent valley of the Severn, whose very tortuous windings are now and then brought into the landscape,—and among the distant grounds bordering on Monmouthshire, clothed by the magnificent forest of Dean, and watered by the Wye.

In spite of the strong temptation held out to a stranger newly arrived in Bristol, after a lapse of twenty years since a previous visit, of loitering at that most showy hotel called the Great Western (a very fine and imposing Corinthian building just erected not far from College-green), I left it, soon after my arrival, in a fly for Clifton, the *ultima Thule* of my wanderings in this direction,—impatient to take cognizance of a place which has acquired so much celebrity in modern times as a station for invalids.

CLIFTON,

moreover, offered another object of attraction to one engaged, as I was, in the exploration of mineral waters in England—

namely, its *Hot-wells*, as they have been called. But the principal motive of my visit being that of studying the place under the twofold consideration of its climate and of its peculiar adaptation as a residence for people of delicate chest, I directed my inquiries, as I now devote my description, principally to those two highly-important points, without omitting, at the same time, what it was necessary to make myself acquainted with—its mineral springs.

My head-quarters were fixed at once at the Gloucester Hotel, and I sought for a room on one of the upper stories (No. 8) in the body of the hotel itself, which enjoyed a view of the cliff,—having declined a better and larger room in what is called the private house, adjoining, and in connexion with the hotel department.

In the coffee-room a young man sat by the fire, whose physiognomy and tone of voice, and whose whole appearance, bespoke the motive that had brought him to Clifton at this commencement of the inclement season (Nov. 1839). He was dressed in a fashionable style, and held occasional conversation with a healthy-looking young friend, whose demeanour denoted at once the superior class of society they both belonged to. The affectionate and sympathising looks which this youth cast now and then towards his friend, as the latter, after a long, deep, and cavernous cough, would exhibit signs of complete exhaustion, showed him to have come hither as the companion, and perhaps nurse, of one whose span of life was not likely to be long. The poor sufferer survived that dreary winter at Clifton, but succumbed at last under the fatal load of tubercular consumption on the approach of the succeeding cold season.

The coffee-room we were sitting in, though not to be compared to those at the principal hotels in Cheltenham or Leamington, is nevertheless a large and comfortable apartment, and I should say particularly warm, free from draught, and a proper sitting-room for invalids in winter. The house pos-

sesses also a very spacious assembly-room, ninety feet in length, thirty-five feet wide, and in height thirty feet.

I had scarcely left my bed, at early morning, on the day after my arrival at the hotel, while every soul seemed still at rest in that vast establishment, when such a discordant *charivari* of tin trumpets was set up in all directions in the streets, (reminding me of the "stirring times" of horn-blowing newspaper glory, ere Mr. Sturges Bourne put a *quietus* to that stunning practice,) that I wondered how any invalid, particularly the hopeless consumptive, bathed in his cold morning sweat around the neck and over his chest, could, under such a disturbance, prolong his slumbers into a more advanced period of the morning, so as to cheat a few more of his hours of suffering. These tin horns I found, on looking out of the window, announced to the still half-slumbering servant-maids, just roused from their chambers, the approach of a set of noisy striplings carrying morning rolls and muffins for breakfast, in wicker baskets. Surely, the last police-act might have extended its powerful and long arm, in behalf of sickness, even unto this nuisance, though at the distance of one hundred and seventeen miles from the capital.

There is no question as to which rooms I should recommend to an invalid living at the top of the house in this hotel. As a sleeping-room, the one I occupied, being completely sheltered from the north and eastern winds, would be the most preferable; while the room opposite and facing the south, enjoying, as it does, the prospect of a seaward view, and the glorious sight of a western sun, when such ever shines, cheering and delightful during the short-lived days of winter, would admirably answer for a sitting-room. There is a passage between the two, but the *trajet* is short. I doubt, however, how far your large bow-windows, cheerful though they be, whether facing the north or the south, can be kept warm in winter in this country, when placed opposite the entrance-door, which must be so constantly in use.

I have introduced into this place a circular diagram to illustrate my topical description. As they appear from the N.N.E. windows of my sleeping-room at the Gloucester, the several ranges of buildings in Clifton and around it have been set down in my *Circlorama*, and the bearings of their fronts marked by compass.

The highest placed, forming an arch of nearly two-thirds of the northern semicircle is the Upper Royal York-crescent, which looks S.S.E. and S.W. The Lower Crescent faces a little more the W. and W.S.W. The Clifton-vale houses, with verandas, on the slope of Clifton Hill, run north and south nearly, with their front to the west: further beyond these Clifton Church is perceived. Windsor-terrace, with its beautiful architectural façade, looks S.S.E. and Albemarle-row, at a right angle with the hotel, is dead east.

Turning now into the south room, its ample bow-window opens a curvilinear prospect of great beauty and extent. The village of Hotwells, close to the water margin, sweeps at some little distance below. The busy haunts of Bristol occupy the left of the picture, and the romantic, enchanting wooded scene of Leigh Wood and Leigh Down, with a peep at Abbot's-lodge, encircle the right-hand horizon, beyond which imagination carries the observer to the Bristol Channel.

This last-mentioned view to the south of the Gloucester Hotel, lies before its principal front on Gloucester Terrace, where its entrance, showy and inviting, is nevertheless not so highly placed as that of the back-front of the house, the level of which is higher, from the circumstance of the hotel being built against the side of a hill.

I have not seen a portion of landscape any where in England that reminds me so forcibly of Ems, as St. Vincent's-terrace, placed some hundred and fifty feet below the table-land which crowns Clifton-hill, and on which are clustered the several buildings just named, and many more. The river here is wider and deeper than at Ems, and, being a

tidal river, exhibits its depth of muddy banks whenever the stream ebbs. The water is not so limpid; and there is also too great an approximation to the margin of the river, of the opposite well-wooded hill. At Ems, on the contrary, the hills on the farther bank of the river are placed at a greater distance from the water-side, owing to an intervening expanse of cheerful fields. Still the position of the houses, the terrace in front of them planted with trees, and above all the rugged and lofty rock behind, which both towers over and comes close home to the back windows of the said houses, are points of resemblance not to be overlooked by one accustomed to make comparisons of places.

The houses on St. Vincent's-terrace are in good style, and their aspect westerly. They are most effectually sheltered from the south-east, east, and north-east winds, as they bend inwardly within a niche of the rocks behind. Opposite, or on the left bank of the Avon, a screen of green-clothed hills tempers the gales from that quarter, without being too near to prevent ventilation, which is, on the contrary, promoted by every tidal change in the river, so beneficial in other respects, and in a medical point of view, salutary also. The side-glance down the river, as far as the celebrated rocks, which the inhabitants of these houses may enjoy, gives an additional interest to the locality.

The situation of St. Vincent's-terrace, therefore, cannot fail to be of the most genial and warmest kind for invalids, and must be preferred to any other in the place during the winter season. It is the *Lung'Arno* of Clifton, and if people had been wise in our days, instead of perching themselves upon all the peaks and obelisks of the great mighty rock, strewing palaces in all directions over its highest summits, for the sake of distant views and cheerful panoramas, without much consideration as to aspect and local influence for invalids,—they would have prolonged St. Vincent's-terrace close up to the new Hot-well house, and taken down also the shabby low huts in a line with the terrace, placed between

its south end and the village of Hotwells, in order to replace them by handsome boarding-houses. They would also have enlarged, and beautified, and lengthened the terrace in front, making it a most convenient promenade for invalids, to bask in the western sun during the winter months, between twelve and two, or between eleven and one o'clock, on all such days as the tide is high at that hour.

As I am speaking in behalf of consumptive patients, or such as are threatened with chest complaints, and of the best mode of sheltering them during the colder months of the year, I may state that the objection I hold against a lofty wall of natural rocks coming close to the back of the houses, as at Ems, and in this very place of St. Vincent also, does not apply to the latter in the way it does to the former, to which it was strongly directed in my work on the Spas of Germany; because there, nervous, dyspeptic, or hepatic patients, are made to reside during the warmer months of the year, when they require no shelter, but, on the contrary, a free circulation of air all round.

I have no doubt as to the fact that the Cliftonians have been mistaken in their local arrangements, while expanding their colony. The excuse urged in their defence, when I have ventured to make the preceding remark, has been, that the largest number of patients, or rather visitors, who frequent Clifton, go thither during the summer, for pleasure as well as to enjoy the beauties of the country. The invalids, on the contrary, who arrive in winter, are few in number. Be it so. Yet the latter should have the benefit of the best dwellings and in the most appropriate situations.

It will be expected of me, before I proceed farther with my description, that I should, in this place, offer my opinion as to the real advantages which Clifton offers to persons suffering from pulmonary complaints in their various stages. My reply shall be brief.—The result of the last twenty years' experience has not come up to the expectation formed of its salutary and genial influence. Clifton has probably never

been more generally recommended by medical men, particularly by those of the metropolis, for patients in a certain delicate state of health, than during the last thirty years. The expansion of that formerly insignificant village, and the important changes in it that have taken place in consequence, in the course of that period, exceed almost all example. It is still flourishing; and building is still proceeding with vigour, although not quite so briskly as formerly. There must have been, therefore, some good reason for all these improvements and additions, which cannot be attributed to any other cause but to the strangers who come to the place, either for a prolonged or for a mere temporary residence. Still the sanative effects of such a situation in the case of visitors labouring under pulmonary affections, have not been confirmed by a sufficiently large number of happy results to warrant one in setting down the place as on a par with Nice,—to which Clifton has been abstractedly compared. Nevertheless, Clifton has its particular advantages of temperature, air, and locality, which in the hands of a judicious practitioner may be made available in many cases where probably no other situation or measure would avail; and therefore it is to be held in estimation and used accordingly.

THE HOT WELLS.

This is evidently a misnomer. Water from a spring, marking at the utmost but 76° of heat, may be called *sub-tepid*, but is certainly not *hot*. Its real temperature, however, is seldom found to exceed 73° of Fahrenheit, as was the case during the repeated experiments I made, after having had the water pumped for nearly three-quarters of an hour, before it could be obtained at that degree of heat.

This took place in the new Hot-well house, the style, solidity, and taste of which are worthy of praise. The whole building is of the Tuscan order, with the pump-room in the centre, projecting in the shape of three sides of a hexagon. It has

a narrow portico on each side, with some deeper recesses, within one of which, access is had through a door to the interior of the pump-room. Behind these porticos are the baths. Each Tuscan column, without a base, has behind it a square pilaster to correspond. The whole building, however, is low.

I tasted the water at the highest temperature we could obtain, namely 73° Fahrenheit, as I mentioned. Though not insipid, it is not so pleasant as that of Malvern or Ilkley. Its chemical ingredients are few and simple; the whole amount of them in a pint of water being only six grains, and of those the most active, namely sulphate of soda, being present in the proportion of not more than two grains. The water, therefore, chemically considered, is not one endowed with sufficient power to produce any very sensible effects on the constitution, unless drank largely and for a long continuance. Still I can believe that if such a water be employed for general use, and upon all occasions, by the resident invalid labouring under irritative fever, and also in certain stages of phthisical complaints, it will be found highly serviceable. Doctor Carrick's commendation of the water in many of those cases of consumption which at one time were more frequently sent to Clifton than in the present day, and among whom that resident physician's experience was considerable, served to add to its celebrity, now somewhat abated. There was a time, not far removed from us, when Bristol water, as it used to be called, was forwarded to all parts of the kingdom well bottled; but that practice is almost entirely discontinued now. If this water possesses any particular merit above all other slightly saline waters, it is that which depends on its excess of heat over the ordinary temperature of mineral waters; and that excess is lost, of course, when the water is sent away from its source.

The late Dr. Saunders considered Clifton water to be the safest mineral water for use in England, and looked upon it

as being endowed with both diuretic and diaphoretic virtues. In this statement he has been confirmed by the opinion of the practitioners on the spot, with one of whom, Dr. Fairbrother, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted during my stay at Clifton.

From the bend in the parapet, opposite the Hot-well house, at the spot where the self-registering tidal gauge is inclosed in an iron box, what a stupendous view presents itself, looking northwards, at the descending windings of the Avon, hemmed in between its lofty and wooded banks! It is rocky on the Clifton side, and wooded on the side opposite. Here, on a point of the hill, topped by Leigh Wood, a square solid pier, like a large tower of stone, somewhat pyramidal, has been raised, which is to hold fast the suspending chain on the west bank : while on the summits of St. Vincent's Rock, on the east bank, perhaps one of the most striking objects in English landscape, stands the tower (not far from what is called the Swiss cottage), which is to be both the support of and the entrance to a bridge, balanced in the air across the Avon, spanning a space of 630 feet from cliff to cliff, and leaving the stream below at a depth of 230 feet.*

Those who walk from St. Vincent's-terrace, northwards, or who reside in the houses on that terrace, will enjoy daily and hourly one of the most magnificent sights which nature and the wonderful imaginings and works of man can contribute to produce. For the lover of the picturesque alone, this view, with the further embellishment of the "Zig-zag Walk," along which pedestrians ascend by gentle acclivities to the heights of Clifton Downs, will form a subject of the most striking character, worthy of the pencil of Salvator and Claude combined, as there are features in it suitable to both those great masters,—the lovely and the terrific.

The "Zig-zag Walk" just mentioned, leads up the cliff to

* This vast undertaking is slowly approaching to completion.



CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, OVER THE AVON.

Sion House spring, the shaft of which bored through a mountain limestone rock, is upwards of 346 feet in depth. Though situated higher than the hot-well spring, the new spring seems to be identical with the water of the older one in temperature, as well as composition. This new spring now supplies all the inhabitants of Clifton with water for domestic purposes. The aspect of Sion Hill is westwards, and its summit nearly level with the bridge pier on Leigh Wood side. A circulating library, a boarding house, and the adjoining baths, with a spacious pump-room, together with Prince's-buildings, occupy the finest point of this elevated region, than which there is none higher on the Down, excepting the observatory erected on the site of an old Roman encampment.

The topographical details of this region, dry and uninteresting as they may seem to an ordinary reader, are yet due by me to those who may have to consult this volume for practical information respecting the localities to be preferred for a residence on Clifton Heights. It is thus that I dealt with respect to those in the village of Hotwells, and it is but just that the upper village, as Clifton may be properly called, should be treated in the same manner. Patients are often heard to say "Oh, Doctor such-a-one has ordered me to Clifton." "But *where* in Clifton?" "As to that he said nothing—I must see when I get there." Is that fair? Unquestionably, to people labouring under complaints of the chest, troubled with coughs or tracheal disease, or tormented by rheumatism, the loftier region of Clifton village and Clifton Down is not the most propitious. They must either confine their ambition to some of the sheltered houses midway in Hotwells, or descend lower still to St. Vincent's-terrace. But there are many invalids and convalescents who, even in winter, require a more refined and bracing atmosphere, and a well-exposed situation in an elevated region; and many more who, during the summer months, could bear with no other

situation. All these people will find in the upper part of Clifton what they stand in need of.

Turning from Sion-hill houses or from Prince's-buildings, we find some parallel streets running at the back, in an east and west direction, in the centre of which is the Mall, fronted by the CLIFTON HOTEL, with its face to the west. This is a showy and goodly building, of considerable extent, well placed and well frequented by people of the highest class. In it are the Assembly-rooms, where balls and other entertainments are given in the season. The view in summer from either of the floors of this house is magnificent; few hotels in England can equal it. Looking down on the space below, arranged like one of those new oblong squares at Brighton, which run at right angles from the sea, we have on the left Caledonia-place, well named from its due northern aspect, but not eligible on that account; and on the right a far preferable row of houses in process of building, with a southern aspect, called the New Mall. Many excellent lodging-houses and a boarding-house are found on the one side as well as the other.

To such as like to soar in the air, the Royal York-crescent, before slightly alluded to, perhaps (though not so grand in appearance as the Royal-crescent at Bath) the largest range of dwellings perched so high in England, presents plenty of house-room, with its far-sweeping reach to the south, as if in its concave surface it aimed at concentrating all the slender rays of heat which the sun, in such a climate, sheds during the winter. But there is, a little way below, a competitor for the same advantage, and not an unpretending one, which strives to secure its own share of it. I mean the Lower-crescent; and certainly the report of those who dwell within its well-appointed chambers proves that it has competed most successfully.

At the end of these two crescents, those great *échélons* of the cliff swarming with human beings,—the “Paragon,” as

if in mockery of all nice discrimination of climate, sends its bow outwardly to the east, scarcely bordering on the southern verge; and the effect of such a position is strongly marked on its walls, which are black, smutty, and disfigured.

But the prettiest position, after all—the one which combines all the elements of a mixed view in such a place as Clifton—taking within it the city of Bristol and its floating harbour, and on the right the wooded bank of the opposite shore, with enough of the river to enliven the picture—is Windsor-terrace. Besides a most favourable and elevated position, its houses have the additional merit of being tastefully built and decorated, of being inclosed within iron gates, and of having a terrace walk in front, not so wide, indeed, as that which reigns all along the Royal York-crescent, yet superior to that as being sheltered by trees.

After all my lengthened peregrinations in this popular place, I am induced to conclude that as an hotel, quiet, comfortable and fit for an invalid, I would select the GLOUCESTER. I would take lodgings, if I could get them, for a permanent residence, in Windsor-terrace; I would bribe some one to let me have a house in the greater crescent, if I wished to live in the temple of the winds; but if, *par malheur*, I were coughing and wasting, I should shrink or ensconce myself down upon the terrace among the buildings of St. Vincent, with the tepid stream of the Hot-well close at hand, wherewith to quench hourly my fevered breath.

I requested the favour of half an hour's conversation with a lady long resident in Clifton, who had received me kindly on my arrival, and whom I soon ascertained from her answers and remarks to be quick and intelligent. My object was to obtain all necessary information respecting household matters in Clifton, and any other intelligence she could give me.

It appears that neither in the Gloucester, nor in any other hotel, is there a *table d'hôte*. An attempt was made to esta-

blish one in the former, some years since, but after struggling in vain, the attempt was given up; as few, very few, of those in the house would join the general party at the table, and the bachelors or single persons lodging in different parts of Clifton, who it was expected would take advantage of such an accommodation, and come from their own solitary lodgings to dine there, never, or very seldom, attended.

There is but one boarding-house for the convenience of those who like to reside in such establishments, at which, of course, there is a common table for all the inmates; but that establishment is only struggling to keep afloat, and will probably not succeed in the end.

No: the plan here is either to secure distinct apartments in a first-rate hotel, and agree to be boarded at a certain fixed sum per week, or to engage private lodgings, of which there are a great many good ones, and rather reasonable, and so keep house. Housekeeping to a regular resident is not quite so dear as in London; but to a stranger it is fully as dear, and perhaps even more extravagant. All the *désagré-mens* peculiar to lodging-houses in London or elsewhere—such as musty and close rooms, old fashioned and scanty furniture, indifferent attendance, and a desire on the part of the landlady to be made partaker of the good things a lodger has any longing for, and orders for himself through his own servant—all these petty inconveniences accompany the living in lodgings at Clifton. Still there are here, as elsewhere, exceptions much in favour of a residence in lodgings, and at Clifton, perhaps, such exceptions are as numerous as in any part of England. To them, therefore, the visiter to Clifton, when the summer season has gladdened the heart of the invalids who are sent thither for the benefit of their health, repairs to secure both summer and winter quarters.

Of the better class of lodging-houses, and the same may be said of the hotels, some stand upon a higher ground than others. The Gloucester Hotel, as I before observed, is placed low down the hill. The Clifton Hotel, on the con-

trary, and the Bath, are high on the hill; but the two latter are not so desirable as the former for real invalids, although, being far gayer from their situation, they are preferred even by the ailing in health, much to their detriment.

At these hotels there is almost one uniform rate of charge, which may be taken on an average at two guineas a head per week, besides the additional charge for a private sitting-room, when required, and fire. Two families, consisting of four and five persons, with one servant, can be well housed during the winter, and well boarded, in the private part of the Gloucester Hotel, each occupying a floor, and having all meals provided for them and served on plate, and managed by a separate housekeeper appointed solely for their service, at a charge of ten guineas a week. I feel convinced, from what I have seen of the establishment and the enormous cost they are at to keep it up, that such a charge is barely a remunerating one for the winter.

However, such, and no other, is the scale of public living at Clifton. The residents of course manage things differently, and, judging by the class of persons who select Clifton as their permanent residence, it is to be supposed that they find living cheap, else they would not sojourn all the year round in such a place.

Clifton is hardly a watering-place now. It is either a colony of half-pay notables, who have lineage and little cash, or it is a station of transition for Wales and Ireland, and also for the West Indies and (now) America. The *Hot-wells* have ceased to attract. Few people, if any, drink of their semi-tepid sparkling water—fewer still bathe in it. The rock of St. Vincent pours out its ancient stream in vain. As in the oldest times, the seafaring man alone seems to be the admirer of the fair Naiad—the steady and constant worshipper of its salutary wave.

Why these wells have been styled “Hot-wells” it is not easy to conjecture. 76° of Fahrenheit, a warmth 22° below that of the human body, is not such a comfortable thermal

state in a mineral water as to make it worth while to run the risk of a long journey in order to enjoy its effects. Seven degrees lower than Buxton's, and 40 lower than Bath's, its temperature offers but little temptation for either bathing or drinking. Still there are at least 26 degrees of volcanic heat in it, in addition to the ordinary degree of heat which marks the temperature of ordinary water, in relation to the surrounding atmosphere; and according to my theory even 26 degrees of such heat is worth a whole steamer of artificial heat in the treatment and cure of disease.

Not only very few people now ever trouble the Wells as far as drinking the waters medicinally, but it would seem as if physicians had forgotten to recommend its use. They still send patients, though not so many as hitherto, to Clifton; but it is for the expected and supposed advantages of its climate, to which I fear they are disposed to attribute sanative virtues that in reality do not belong to it. We have here a high station exposed to the open and broad S.W. sweeping the surface of the great Atlantic, and wafting over the hill, to proceed to the interior of England, depositing, in the meantime, its enormous showers on this spot.

I asked my cheerful and very civil young hostess, a relative of Mr. Ivatt, the very attentive proprietor of the hotel, what sort of climate they had in such a region; and her candid answer, in one particular at least, settles the point better than any reference to meteorological tables, "It rains a great deal." Meteorological registers fully confirm Miss Ivatt's plain statement; for on looking at the Tables published by Mr. Jones, we find that, in the course of six years, from 1830 to 1835, there had been 1108 days of fair weather, and no less than 1032 of rain, without counting 51 days of snow. It had, therefore, rained almost every other day throughout that period. This is sufficiently dismal.

It rains at Clifton perhaps more than in most parts of western England—probably as much as in Devonshire (which is saying a great deal). True, the limestone rock quickly

absorbs the rain through its strata, and the surface is, in three hours after the rain has ceased, as dry as possible; true, too, they have hardly any moisture or dampness in the air from that very reason; nevertheless, the season of rain is any thing but a gay season, and such a one is too often repeated in the district.

The air is light, and very little burdensome to the lungs, —which I believe to be one of the advantages of the situation of Clifton; it is also of the purest description—as much so as its beautiful crystalline water, and this, for reasons which must be obvious to the commonest observer, provided he *be* an observer.

In regard to temperature, Mr. Jones gives us a more cheering view of Clifton. The *absolute* lowest temperature had seldom been more than 11° below the freezing point, and that only for one day, and the highest was 85° . The *average* heat, however, in winter is much more favourable. The coldest days are in December and January, the warmest in July and August. The most prevalent winds, as might have been expected, have been from the south-west. Westerly winds have prevailed next in frequency, and after them the north-west and north-east; but there have been more south than easterly winds: all which facts tend to prove that the air, barring its moisture from rain, must be of a mild and genial character, and therefore suited to the patients generally sent to live in it—namely, those labouring under consumption.

But does the climate of Clifton favour either the recovery or the prolongation of life in such cases? Or are not, on the contrary, many unfortunate patients sent here who have no chance of a recovery? What a lamentable and distressing sight it is for a conscientious physician, who accidentally casts his eyes on such invalids, to behold the one I found in the coffee-room of the Gloucester on my arrival, fully knowing that he has come hither under hopes which must and will inevitably be disappointed!

“The medical men are more generous or more discriminating nowadays,” observed my intelligent informant “in regard to sending patients from home to such places as Clifton. Formerly, when a physician, driven to the end of his wits in respect to any particular patient affected with chest complaint, recommended that patient to Clifton, in most instances it was a corpse that arrived here, either already as such, or very near being made one. Hence it was not an unusual occurrence to hear of such and such a patient being dead soon after we had heard of his arrival; and the churchyards at Clifton testify to this untoward and imprudent state of things; but such a thing seldom occurs now.”

But what says that able, most valuable and well-digested register of deaths from disease, contained in the official report, published by the registrar-general, and collated and commented upon by Mr. Farr. Looking at the tables and computations of that work, we find that in what is called the Clifton district (exclusive of the city of Bristol) the mortality from consumption, in 1838, had been 98 males and 102 females; while at Bristol, in the same year, it amounted to 253, both sexes included. The relative population of these two localities, in January, 1839—assuming as a guide the progressive increase that is likely to have taken place since the census in 1831—would be as 61,609 for the Clifton District or Union, and 64,183 for Bristol. Now, I find, by a perusal of the documents preparing for next year’s publication, kindly allowed me by the officer, who has taken great pains to supply me with positive data, that in 1839 there had died of consumption in Clifton district 112 males and 98 females, and in Bristol 141 males and 160 females. The result of these two years’ observations, therefore, will give us an average annual mortality from consumption of 332 out of 100,000 living in Clifton district, and of 431 in Bristol—the mean of deaths of both localities being a rate of 381, which is but slightly below the mean annual mortality from the same complaint in all England and Wales, and is higher

than in six other extensive country districts, tabulated by Mr. Farr at page 87 of the report before mentioned.

This then is not a very encouraging account of the beneficial influence of the climate of that particular portion of the English territory in which Clifton is situated, on consumptive patients; for with a total population of 125,792 living beings in 1839, it had lost 511 from consumption, of whom 253 were males, and 258 females. Of this number the village of Clifton proper had had twenty-three cases in an estimated population of about 15,000; but, in the preceding year, the mortality in the same village had been much larger and principally among strangers—people of condition—amounting to forty-six, or double the number of 1839. In this respect, however, Clifton had had the advantage of Bath during the two years in question; for out of an estimated population of about 70,400 inhabitants, 540—that is, 198 more than at the rate of the Clifton mortality in the same years—had died of that most fatal disease, which, according to Mr. Farr, attacks with most destructive partiality the female sex.

I cannot close this already overlengthened chapter more impressively, since we are upon this melancholy subject, than by quoting Mr. Farr's own very emphatic words respecting it. "Thirty-one thousand and ninety English women," he says, "died in one year (1838) of the incurable malady (consumption)! Will not this impressive fact induce persons of rank and influence to set their countrywomen right in one particular article of their dress, and lead them to abandon a practice which disfigures the body, strangles the chest, produces nervous or other disorders, and has an unquestionable tendency to implant an incurable hectic malady in the frame? Girls have no more need of artificial bones and bandages than boys."

Mr. Farr had before very justly stated, that compression by costume prevents the expansion of the chest, and with the indoor life which English women lead, deprives them of free draughts of vital air, whereby the altered blood deposits tuberculous matter with a fatally unnatural facility.

CHAPTER III.

BATH.

BATH—Rome and Edinburgh—Approach to the City at Night—Scenic Effect—The WHITE HART—TOPOGRAPHY before Balneography—The Old and the Modern Cicerone at Bath—Origin of its Modern Renown and Prosperity—Doctor GUIDOTT—Plan of Bath in his days and our days—Situation of the City—Surrounding Hills—The AVON—Position of the Hot-springs—CIRCULAR PROMENADE through Bath—Successive Improvements—The two WOODS—Lansdowne—Bathwick—English Florence—Great Pulteney-street—Sir W. Pulteney—Countess of Bath and Duke of Cleveland—Back to where we started—The KING's and QUEEN's Public Baths—BATH and BADEN-BADEN—Old Fashion—What Harm?—NEW ERA at Bath—Wisdom of the Corporation—Mr. GREEN and Mr. SIMMS—A powerful rescue—Bath likely to resume its rank in England as “King of the Spas”—KING's Public Baths—Quantity of Water from its Source—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BATHING—Important Suggestions and Valuable Changes—Numerous Contrivances for Invalids—Ample Resources.*

OF all the Christian cities,—Rome excepted, whose ancient edifices and recollections have no parallel,—BATH presents the most striking amphitheatrical spectacle which a traveller can behold, as he approaches it for the first time. Edinburgh might dispute with her the palm of grandeur, as it does that of extent and of singularly beautiful scenery marked by contrast. But it is in that contrast alone which her olden structures offer to the more modern ones that her superiority consists,

* I have drawn the largest portion of the materials of this and two succeeding chapters from another and recent publication of mine on Bath, the correctness of the details of which has been approved by local judges and experienced observers. I therefore offer my information to the readers of the “Spas of England” with increased confidence.

and not in that uniform harmony of imposing edifices, reared in the lapse of scarcely two thirds of a century, and crowning many heights, arranged in concentric and ascending circles, by which "the city of the waters of Pallas" is distinguished.

Viewed in a dark and serene night, Bath awakens in the spectator feelings of surprise, such as even "the Eternal City," under the like circumstances, fails to excite. It was at such a time that I entered Bath on the occasion of my present visit, the third I paid to that city with the intention of studying more particularly its claims and resources as a Spa.

As we approached the city nearer and nearer, coming from the south, a sight burst suddenly upon me, the effect of which seemed as if produced by one of those magic representations of a night-scene introduced into French ballets, where, in the midst of darkness, hundreds of enchanted palaces appear, one placed higher than another, until the highest seems to touch the dark azure vault, and with their glimmering casement-lights mock the dazzling stars of heaven. The twinkling of all the gas-lights, profusely arranged in front of the many terraced edifices and crescents placed on different hills, and alone visible; while the buildings themselves were just distinguishable in the shadows of night; and the splendour thrown over the streets nearest to the steep road down which we rapidly descended into the town, passing at the same time under the high Gothic arch that supports the Great Western railway, to enter Southgate-street—all these things combined, presented to my mind a scene unequalled in any city, except perhaps that of the Scots, before mentioned, when approached from the north in the night time.

I halted for the moment at the White Swan, in Stall-street, a sort of Hatchett's hotel, handy for a traveller who wants only a *pied-à-terre* for a short time, sufficiently well attended, and convenient from its immediate proximity to the baths—the centre of attraction of the place.

As I hope to be useful not only to English readers but to foreigners also, while writing the present tour through England in search of a particular object which cannot fail to interest the latter, and which, indeed, has already interested them, as I have had means of knowing since the publication of the first volume,—it is important that I should introduce them, in the first instance, to a panoramic view of this magnificent city, ere I proceed to describe those wonderful sources of thermal water which form the origin of its celebrity.

To English readers, indeed, a particular description of Bath might appear superfluous; yet, even to them, or at least to such among them as are likely to have recourse to its mineral springs for the benefit of their health, a topographical account of the place they are to reside in for a temporary purpose, accompanied by opportune reflections on the various aspects and contingencies of the localities best suited for their residence, will probably not be considered as undesirable.

In the early days of the modern reputation of Bath, the task of a cicerone must have been a comparatively easy one. Having, in the first place, pointed out to the stranger in “Stawles-street,” the King’s and the other baths, and next the Grove, and the Abbey, with two or three sorry houses of entertainment, or the Town-hall, converted at that time into a ball-room as well as a gaming-room, his duty was at once accomplished. When the extraordinary man, who unquestionably was the means of imparting to Bath an European celebrity, first entered that town “he found it one of the poorest cities in England, its buildings being extremely mean and the inhabitants rude and unpolite.” “In these days,” says a spirited writer in a recent number of the most popular magazine in the North, “Bath was a pretty village: its grand place of association seems to have been a bowling-green; its chief promenade was a double row of sycamores, and its principal employments yawning, and drinking those waters *which*

nothing but the most extraordinary fear of death, or the most singular insensibility to foulness in taste and smell, could ever have reconciled any human being to touching after the first drop."

This writer who, but for his testifying to the indifferent condition of Bath in the early days of the last century, in confirmation of what I before advanced, I should not have pressed into my service on the present occasion, considering how *completely erroneous and the very reverse of reality* is his conception of the nature and character of the Bath water—answers my purpose well, and therefore do I quote him; since he too attributes to the same extraordinary individual I have alluded to the beginning and rapid progress of modern Bath. It is, therefore, from the commencement of the reign of upwards of half a century's duration, of the remarkable personage in question, that we must date the origin of that vastness and importance which the Spa about to be considered acquired in recent times, and which consequently call for greater exertions on the part of any modern cicerone.

What reader, on the perusal of the preceding paragraph, does not at once recal to his mind the days of Beau Nash, "the monarch of Bath," and its most renowned *arbiter elegantiarum*? To the third descendant of a Florentine citizen, Signor Antonio Guidotti, settled in England in the early part of the reign of Edward VI., by whom he was knighted, belongs the credit of having revived the fashion of the Bath water. In his quaint performance of 1676, called "A Discourse of Bathe and the Hot Waters there," Dr. Guidott, the descendant alluded to, a bachelor of medicine of Oxford, strove to bring those waters into repute again, in spite of the great opposition he met with from almost all the faculty. He laboured incessantly, and much against his own pecuniary benefit, in extending the knowledge of the health-giving qualities of those springs; and thus paved the way

for that brilliant era which began thirty years later, under the roseate wand of Nash, and continued, as before stated, for nearly half a century after him.

By casting a glance at the plan of Bath which accompanies Guidott's book (1676), and then at the fine map of the same city and surrounding suburbs published a few years since, we perceive at once what prodigious, and certainly unprecedented an extension the exertions of a zealous physician, followed by those of a master of the ceremonies (both intent on rendering available certain valuable mineral springs) have been the means of giving to a place which is now five times larger than at the commencement of the last century, and has a population of upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants instead of the previous one of only one-sixth of that number.

Like Baden-Baden, to which as a spa, but not as a city, it may be compared, Bath lies at the bottom of a valley, encompassed by a triple circle of hills, rising higher the farther they are removed from the city. But the valley here is wider and more circular in form than that in which the German Bath is seated; and the lesser or nearest hills are more splendidly grand, from the greater number of striking buildings with which they are studded, as well as for their beautiful verdure, the gardens and plantations which decorate their surface.

From whatever point of the old or new city we cast our glances around, a height, an eminence, or a hill presents itself, with its own peculiar beauties, natural and acquired. Being all of them parts of a great oolitic range, their shapes are gracefully rounded or waving; and whether we trace the steep ascent of Claverton on the east, up to the down or table-land on its summit, raised 600 feet above the sea level—or turn round to the loftier range of 813 feet elevation, called Lansdowne Hill, to the north-west, passing for that purpose over the lovely eminence of Bathwick in the north-

east; we find every part of the horizon occupied by some picturesque rising, once barren, and almost inaccessible, but now of easy access and teeming with busy population.

In the midst of these hills, all of them bearing distinct and familiar names, with various altitudes of from four to eight hundred feet above the level of the ocean,—the old city of Bath itself being only forty feet above that level,—the Avon, coming from Bath Hampton, in the farthest north-east, is seen winding and turning as it descends into the level valley, laving the foot of the western slope of Bathwick, and skirting with its right or northern bank the old as well as the new town; finally quitting the latter around the south-western base of Lansdowne-hill,—to enter the rich meads and pastures, among which it loves to loiter and meander, ere it reaches the small town of Keynsham on its way to the port of Bristol.

On the narrowest tongue of land which the sudden bend this river makes from its north and south to a north-west course, is seated the Old Bath, or the Bath of the Romans, with its hot springs occupying the centre; and near to them is the celebrated Abbey Church, and the no less famed Orange Grove, with the north and south parade and the pumproom. A wide and nearly straight line of streets from the southernmost or Bath bridge towards the north, cuts the old city into an eastern and western part,—in the former of which are found the localities and objects I have just mentioned, including the two principal springs; while in the latter, the remainder of the hot springs, the two principal hospitals, and the theatre are located.

Old though this part of Bath may be, in reference to chronology of buildings, yet it has been in almost all its parts modernized and embellished, either through the steady and judicious interference of a vigilant corporation, or by the hands of private speculators. Its former antique air therefore is gone; but with it have disappeared also the many low, obscure, and ruinous buildings which encumbered the most frequented thoroughfares, or blocked up the vene-

rable Abbey Church, now wholly insulated; and several narrow and crooked streets have been widened and made straight, among which is the very street I have especially alluded to, being the principal entrance into Bath from the south and south-eastern counties.

The upper or north end of this line, Milsom-street, worthy of the proudest metropolis, and the rendezvous of all the gay world at one particular time of the day, leads us at once into the heart of what may be considered as the second or intermediate city of Bath. It is the creation of the last sixty or seventy years, the work of the two eminent and untiring architects, the Woods, father and son, and rose upon an extended and naked acclivity, which has positively and entirely been covered over with those very striking edifices whence the glory and peculiar beauty of Bath as a city are derived. This doubling of the original city was the result of that singular attraction imparted to Bath by the palmy and glorious days of its now-departed "monarch," which brought strangers to it not only from every part of England, but from foreign lands also.

Queen-square, and a little higher up, the Circus, a perfectly unique assemblage of handsome dwelling-houses, rich in architectural decoration, at the termination of Gay-street, itself one of the finest in England, occupy the centre of this newer section of Bath. To the right, and not far from it, the "Upper Rooms" (a very extensive building, of which more anon,) will naturally attract the attention of the stranger; while if he should emerge from the Circus in a western direction along Brock-street, the grandest amphitheatre of palaces, the Royal Crescent, will suddenly appear before him, arranged upon the slope of a hill, and commanding the most extensive view of the city, with one of the finest public parks in England immediately at its feet. The handsome and straight line of Marlborough-buildings seems to flank on its left this noblest of crescents, as a foil perhaps to its curvilinear sweep.

But the extent of the beautiful and grandiose in buildings

as well as position,—the work principally of the last twenty years,—does not stop here; for ascending still higher, and spreading wider to the east and to the west, as it creeps upwards in a northern direction, the new city has taken possession of the high common and its descending slopes, and there established its Cavendish, Somerset, Lansdowne, and Camden crescents and places, its St. James's-square, besides many handsome and wide streets, gardens, and plantations, together with many other open places for public recreation.

In the midst of this new and aristocratic colony, thus scattered on the summit of Lansdowne, the hill in question, Mr. Beckford's multiform tower of stone and wood rises to an elevation of 154 feet, out of beds of flowers and shrubs, forming a conspicuous object, not only to Bath, but to every remote corner of the valleys of the Avon and the Severn, in very mockery of the tiny but more historical monument erected, not far from its more lofty rival, to Sir Bevil Granville, slain in the civil wars whilst fighting for the good cause against the army of a rebellious Parliament.

From any one point of this gay scene, rich in buildings of the highest order in the class of domestic architecture, a glance cast in the direction of the south-east embraces at once another magnificent sweep of succeeding hills, the nearest slopes and knolls of which are, as in the case of Lansdowne, covered with buildings, principally arranged, however, in this case, as detached villas with their surrounding gardens. This fourth region of modern Bath, known under the general name of Bathwick, is separated from those already noticed by the Avon, between the left bank of which, and the foot of the hill in question, a level tract of land, a quarter of a mile wide, and twice that length, presents as it were a new town, strongly contrasting by its exquisitely-finished buildings, its magnificent streets, and open squares, and the general air of grandeur that prevails over the whole district, with the oldest part of the city first of all alluded to, to which it lies exactly opposite.

It is this part of modern Bath that strongly reminds one of Florence and some other of the principal cities on the Continent; in none of which, however, will the traveller meet with such a double line of private residences, intercepted by squares and gardens, around which equally superb private buildings have been reared, as he will discover here, while standing on the furthest threshold of Pulteney-bridge, with his face turned to the north-eastward.

Here, looking down Argyle-street as far as where it expands into Laura-place, he sees the double line in question continued to the distance of nearly half a mile,—first contracting into one of the most striking streets in Europe—Great Pulteney-street—then expanding again into a wide and extensive hexagonal plantation, called Sydney-garden, around which many handsome houses are suitably arranged—to terminate at last in the new wide and straight road to Warminster—a work of recent years, and by far one of the finest drives of many miles out of any city in England.

Well did the original promoter of this immense addition and improvement, Sir M. Pulteney, and the Countess of Bath, his daughter, who followed up the spirited design of her sire, merit, at the hands of the inhabitants, the distinction of having their names perpetuated in the several and principal divisions of this splendid section of their city: and how fortunate for the citizens that the same intentions in favour of modern Bath should have been afterwards adopted and carried into effect by the nobleman at present in possession of this immense property!

And now, the visiter being brought back by a circular tour of Bath, made since he set off on his panoramic view of the place from the centre of the *old* city, to a point exactly opposite that on which the principal hot-springs surge; and having moreover made himself at once master of the general topography and distribution of the place, let him follow me across the Avon, from east to west, over the new and pretty bridge that spans that river, exactly opposite the east end of the North-parade, whence, after leaving Wilkins' elegant Doric portico

of the Literary Institution on our right, we may pass down York-street, and presently reach the KING's and QUEEN's BATHS.

I had never paid so much attention as on the present occasion to the value and peculiar fitness of Bath as a Spa of the very first order if properly managed; and, unquestionably, the sight of that profuse supply of volcanic water uppoured from the bowels of the earth, by that impetuous spring which presently fills the two ample reservoirs designated by the names just mentioned, was calculated to impress my mind with the conviction that Bath equals in importance, and nearly so in power, Baden-baden—the Spa so much resorted to by Englishmen. This position I shall prove before I have done with the subject.

It is natural that a stranger who has read the stirring history of Bath in its palmy days, should feel impatient to behold the two public baths or springs of hot water into which ladies, full toiletted and *bien coiffées*, are said to have waded up to their chins, at an early hour of the morning, escorted by their cavaliers, thus to enjoy together the luxury of bathing in the open air in hot mineral water, varying from 99° to 104° of temperature, but much hotter in the centre or over the source.

The practice of associating the two sexes during the operation of public bathing, which prevailed in England as well as in foreign countries down to a very late period, has been a subject of never-ending animadversion, until, as in the case of Bath, and I may say almost everywhere else, at present, regulations have been wrung from the authorities to put a stop to it. At the time of my visit, the hours and days in the week for the bathing of the one sex were arranged so as not to interfere with that of the other, by allotting alternate days to each. Dame Wakefield, who boasts of upwards of twenty-two years' services as an attendant in the ladies' department, would fain have persuaded me, at our interview, that she had not given so many baths as before to ladies, since the separation of the sexes and the prohibition of promiscuous bathing. "What harm did it ever do, or could it do," she would say,

“to see the nice dear creatures go down the steps out of their private undressing-rooms, and enter the bath with their bathing-wrappers, made of rich stuff and fashionably cut, down to the feet and hands, and fastened to the waist,—their hair gathered up under a very elegant *coiffe*,—walk up through the water to shake hands and exchange morning salutations with the gentlemen of their acquaintance already in the bath, attired in the very pink of fashion? One might as well object to their walking together, or meeting and greeting each other in the GROVE, in dresses not very far different. There they are immersed in air—and here they are immersed in water. Of the two, the latter is the most decent element, as it is not quite so transparent.

“Oh! ’twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks.”*

The old dame must have been put up to this species of wire-spun reasoning in favour of a practice now entirely abolished, for it is too fine for a person of her class. True it is, as she assured me, that since its discontinuance she had not seen the twentieth part of the number of ladies bathe whom she was wont to help in that operation at the commencement of her career. But for such defalcation there are more legitimate and substantial reasons—reasons, too, infinitely less onerous to the feelings of delicacy and propriety which have ever characterized our fair countrywomen.

In the print facing this page are represented several buildings, above which the Abbey Church tower is seen. On the left is the great pumphoom, and next to it is the entrance to the KING’S and QUEEN’S public baths, as well as to the private baths connected with them. The whole group of buildings just mentioned forms a pleasing elevation, which, when “Stawles-street” was the gayest and most fashionable promenade, and not, as “Stall-street” is at present, the busiest and most plebeian thoroughfare of Bath, must have forcibly struck the attention of all visitors.

See Anstey’s Bath Poetical Guide—King’s Bath.



THE KING AND QUEEN'S BATHS, BATH.

Of the interior of these buildings I formed but an indifferent opinion from what I saw around me—beginning at the vestibule, in which I was received by honest Master Ridley, exercising for upwards of twenty-two years the functions of bathman,—and passing down and through dark corridors and stairs to the baths, which are several feet below the level of the surrounding streets.

But a new day has dawned on all the principal establishments of the place since my visit. The corporate body of the city, who are guardians of the springs, had been for many years using their best endeavours to maintain their importance, and the usefulness of these two baths in particular. Finding, however, that, in their own hands, the baths thrived not, but that, on the contrary, the receipts for many past years scarcely covered the expenditure, they determined on placing them and the rest of the springs, baths, and appliances, under a different system of management, by letting them all for a term of years to the most eligible bidder.

Some such measure, indeed, had become absolutely necessary to save the King's and Queen's Baths from thorough neglect, and the private baths adjoining from their threatened declension. Such, indeed, had been the diminution in the number of bathers that, at my visit, Master Ridley considered it a subject of exultation that the baths he had daily administered during the season just elapsed had risen to the wonderful cipher of 25 per week !

The lapse of little more than half a year has worked a wonderful change since ; and the two individuals selected by the corporation as lessees by a large majority of votes, including all the more influential members of that body, have by their prompt and unremitting exertions shown what can be effected in such a place and with such immense resources, when, instead of a committee of many persons not individually interested in the result, a smaller number of individuals, having a pecuniary stake in the whole concern, is invested with the power and authority to wield those resources to the

best advantage. In fact, the individuals at the head of an establishment of this kind should, in order to secure success in it, not only have a pecuniary interest, but be well qualified also for the purpose; and such, there is every reason to believe, is the case in the present instance.

Two persons, Messrs. Green and Simms, bear the ostensible responsibility of all the present arrangements; and in justice to them, as well as in accordance to that system which I have followed throughout this publication, I am bound, as I am happy, to say, that I have hardly met in this country, in the course of my long peregrinations, with any proprietor or other individual connected with a Spa, who has evinced greater zeal, or better abilities—a readier disposition to receive and act upon proper suggestions, or a more spirited determination to do their duty—than the individuals alluded to have already displayed. It seems as if they were resolved to raise Bath once more to that station as a Spa, which it ought never to have relinquished, and to which alone it is entitled in England—that of “King of the Spas.”

Their qualifications, fortunately, are coincident with the object for which they have been selected, and would seem, indeed, to have pointed them out for the purpose. The association of a practical and experimental chemist by profession, well known in Bath, with a person who for some years past has taken an active part, from choice as well as profession, in the concerts and other amusements of the city, offers the best security that the salutary, not less than the diverting departments of the revived Spa will be conducted in the most effective manner. The mature age of the first partner, and the more youthful bearing of the second, by imparting to the personal manners of each their peculiar characteristic, will tend to make the two associates popular, and by a natural consequence give popularity to their enterprise. This, I am assured, has already been fully demonstrated by the experience of the last season, the first of their administration; and it shall not be for want of fairness and justice on the part of the author

of the "Spas of England," who is about to develop to his readers the resources of modern Bath, if the next and every other succeeding season do not prove still more successful.

Under such impressions and with these views have I drawn up the present account and description of this truly Royal Spa, in which I have mingled, as best suited my object, what I myself observed or experienced with what, I am assured, has been effected since; not omitting the several improvements I suggested, and those which I have been told have already been adopted.

Of the latter class are those connected with the public baths previously alluded to. The objectionable entrance to them has been obviated by constructing, at a large outlay of money, a staircase from the vestibule in the centre of the building, which affords now an easy access to the King's and Queen's public as well as to the private baths.

The kingly appellation of the first is probably derived from its original dedication to good old King Bladud, a Briton by birth, an Athenian by education, and the supposed discoverer of these hot springs 863 years before the Christian era. His statue, such as it is, decorates the centre of the bath, which is railed round by a brass rail on brass standards, to point out the part where the temperature of the water is highest—being there 116° of Fahrenheit; whereas, all round and especially nearest to the surrounding walls, the temperature is hardly ever more than 100° . In these very walls are recesses and seats for the accommodation of the bathers, who have also the advantage of a covered place on one side of the bath, supported by a handsome Doric colonnade, to shelter them during unpropitious weather.

Some curious relics are here seen, in the shape of massive brass rings fixed by means of staples into the walls, on many of which are inscribed the names of individuals, several of them redolent of aristocratic recollection. By some it is presumed that these rings have been left by grateful patients as votive expressions of the benefit they had derived from the baths; but they seem to me in reality nothing more than the rings which

served the invalid, and the feeble, and crippled patient to hold fast by, while standing erect in this large body of water, and on which the names of the owner was inscribed, to secure undivided possession of the accommodation as long as he was in a state to require it. It may possibly tickle the curiosity of many in our days to know who the magnates of the seventeenth century were who committed their sweet persons to the hot wave, and grasped these massive rings; I can supply the names of a few. Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, A.D. 1674. Sir William Whitmore, Baron Knight, A.D. 1679. Thomas Windham, Esquire, 1664.*

The immediate access to the water is by small doors in the wall, and down a few steps to reach the pavement, which, in the King's Bath as well as the Queen's, was laid down afresh this year, and is, in virtue of more recent regulations, cleansed every day after the hours of public bathing. Formerly, such an operation was but rarely performed, and on one occasion such was the collection of rubbish of every kind found in it, particularly in the shape of nut-shells, cherry and plum-stones, that to account for their presence one must imagine the beaux and belles who paraded daily in this water, at a given hour, during Nash's reign, to have been excellent customers to the fruiterers of the day, and to have amused themselves in consuming their *denrées* during the operation of bathing.

* Antiquaries may make much of this species of catalogue; but the learning of the old city folks of London will not appear very conspicuous in the following inscription on one of the rings.

"Lydia White, Dawter of William White, Citesen and Draper of London, 1612,"

Some of the rings would seem to indicate that their usefulness for the purpose mentioned in the text was deemed sufficient to induce patients to fix them at their own expense as tokens of gratitude or charity. Thus we have

"Thomas Deloes by God's marcy and Pomping, Here formerly ayded, Against an Imposthome in his head, caused thisto be fixed, June 13, 1693." And another

"In memoriam Providentiæ devinæ Anno Domini 1693.

"JASIEL GROVAL of London."

I find from a Memoir by Sir George Smith Gibbes, M.D., that the King's Bath and spring just alluded to, pours forth daily 184,320 gallons of water, or 128 gallons every minute, at the highest temperature previously specified. The dimensions of the bath itself being sixty-five feet ten inches, by forty feet ten inches, it fills in about eleven hours, and contains, when filled to its usual height, 364 tons, two hogsheads, and thirty-six gallons of water.

The Queen's Bath, which is much smaller, has no spring of its own, and is supplied from the main source of the King's; and being farther removed from that source, though separated only by a wall, contains water at a much lower temperature, and is therefore more generally applicable for bathing. It is in this bath that I should recommend the introduction of a thick layer of fine sand (such as is thrown up by the main source in the King's Bath) over the pavement, which would render the walking more pleasant, and the warmth more agreeable to the feet of such as admire this mode of bathing in the open air. The surface of the bed of sand might be raked every time the bath is emptied, and the sand renewed altogether at distant intervals, as is done at Wildbad; which natural warm-bath the Queen's Bath would more nearly resemble; first, because of its more moderate degree of heat, being that nearest to the temperature of the human body; and secondly, because of the persisting uniformity of that temperature, occasioned by the incessant supply and simultaneous passing away of the water after it has reached a certain level. This is no mean recommendation of the Queen's Bath, and an advantage of the utmost importance in my opinion, which private baths, holding a definite quantity of water supplied once for all at a given temperature, do not possess.

After all, I have strong doubts whether this mode of bathing in very deep water of a high temperature, *sub divo*, the patient standing or walking the while, is calculated to produce always a good effect, or does not rather defeat its own purpose very often. I admit that in a few instances a

considerable benefit is derived from the use of such large masses of hot water surrounding, under the canopy of heaven, the bodies of the patients; for they can then move and agitate their persons in every direction, while a refreshing air fans their heated countenance and head. But in the majority of cases requiring such water as that of Bath, bathing in a reclining and quiescent posture is in my opinion essential. The patients may be directed to move their limbs and body in the water now and then; but to maintain the body in an erect posture, to exert all the muscles, and to fatigue the body by exercise during the operation of bathing, are circumstances which greatly militate against its good results, and in such cases, therefore, neither the King's nor the Queen's Baths can be suitable.

As to the private baths connected with the King's source, I was not satisfied with a mere inspection of them, but tried their effects on myself, and studied their capabilities. My notes taken on that occasion, as they lie now before me, speak but indifferently of the order and condition of that establishment,—which may be said truly to have had the aspect of “a house that is falling.” I the more gladly, therefore, spare myself the pains of transferring them to these pages, as I am informed and have reason to believe, that a most extensive change in this department also, as regards cleanliness, comfort, and every convenience, has taken place since my visit. Proper arrangements have likewise been adopted in reference to the public baths as will enable the most fastidious lady or gentleman to bathe in the latter *each day* in the week, and not on alternate days only as heretofore.

The apartment too, containing the different sorts of *douche* baths, especially the *ascendante*, which is managed as at Ems, and the shower-bath, with every contrivance for hot and dry pumping on particular parts of the body—to the condition of all of which I could not have borne favourable testimony at the time of my visit—have all been since put in the most complete state of repair. The formation of a vast cistern or reservoir (in 1833) capable of containing 32,000

gallons of water from the King's Bath source, raised by means of a small steam-engine, through a fountain in the centre, and other lateral pipes for the purpose of cooling it,—has afforded ample means of accomplishing these various objects, and of regulating at the same time the temperature of the water to be employed in them. This quantity of cooling water is renewed daily.

A new vapour-bath has likewise been erected, in which the patient may either have the whole body enveloped in the steam, or the person only, and not the head, thereby avoiding the inhalation of the steam. This is an object of importance as far as regards the natural steam of volcanic waters charged with the volatile particles of very active ingredients.

Of the particular effects produced on myself by the hot water in the King's and Queen's public and private baths, which approached nearest to those I once experienced in the thermal spring of Töplitz, as described in the "Spas of Germany," I shall say nothing in this place. A much fitter opportunity will present itself of stating those effects of the Bath water when I come to speak of the "Hot Baths" in the next chapter.

With all these appliances and uses of the volcanic water issuing from the King's source, there still remains as may be supposed on reading Sir George S. Gibbes's statistical data, an excess of it, which is disposed of in various ways, such as filling the tepid swimming bath, to be hereafter described, and furnishing the necessary quantity of water for the baths in the general hospital, placed at the distance of the whole length of a street called Union-street, whither the stream is conveyed by means of a powerful steam-engine, with very little loss of temperature. Still nearly the half of the general supply from the King's Bath spring remains unemployed,—or rather is suffered to run waste. We shall see by-and-by how readily and advantageously a large portion of this excess of water might be made available, and how necessary it will be hereafter, should Bath resume its wonted rank among the Spas of Europe, to adopt the suggestion I shall venture to submit upon this subject.

CHAPTER IV.

BATH CONTINUED.

The CROSS BATHS—Ladies' Tepid Bath—Conversion into a Wildbad Bath—The KINGSTON or Abbey Baths—The HOT BATHS—The finest private Baths in England—Want of Success, and future Prospects—Their Description—EFFECTS of Mineral Water at 114°—Author's Experiment—BATH, BADEN,' and TÖPLITZ—Suggested Improvement—The SUDATORY, or Reclining Room—Charges for Bathing—Hours of Attendance—The GREAT SWIMMING or Tepid Bath—Source of its Water—The GREAT PUMP-ROOM—Principal Entrances—Interior—The Pump and the Serpent—Distribution of the Water—Military Band—Great and recent Improvements—Others suggested—Promenade Concert—TASTE AND APPEARANCE of the Water—Popular Error—Bath Water has no Sulphur—Pumps again—How to do without one—FASHIONABLES and their Promenade of the present day—The ORANGE GROVE and its modish Company in 1750—Masked Ladies—Loungers and Oglers—Few now drink the Bath Waters—CAUSE OF DECLINE—Bath unjustly neglected—The most powerful Mineral Water in England.

A SHORT but wide and handsome street, along each side of which runs an open arcade, and called Bath-street, leads from immediately opposite the establishment just described to an insulated building, which forms, as it were, a terminating vista to the street, once the fashionable lounge of this noted Spa. The space in which the building stands is ren-

dered more conspicuous by the crescent-like shape given to the two ends of the street—a shape which has been adopted also at its commencement opposite the King's Baths. A cross once erected on this spot marked the spring of hot mineral water in which the queen of James the Second had bathed in 1687; and to that spring, which upon the subsequent removal of that memorial of royalty was converted into a series of convenient slips for bathers, and private apartments, containing a reclining slipper or sarcophagus bath, the name of the “Cross Bath” has been given. The temperature of the water here is the lowest of any of those observed in Bath. At the time of my visit the building was hardly ever open for use; yet I considered the establishment susceptible of many important applications; and I should have rejoiced to have found that since it had been converted into a spacious tepid bath, kept exclusively, and furnished most appropriately, for the use of ladies, at the moderate charge of one shilling admission, the arrangement had been eagerly resorted to. Such, however, has not been the case; and the accommodation has consequently been turned over since to other bathers, as a second class plunging bath.

An opportunity offers at this source, and in this very building, of adding to Bath a valuable continental feature, which could not be otherwise than highly beneficial to the place, and still more so to invalids repairing thither with paralytic and other nervous disorders that require a permanent and milder degree of volcanic heat for their treatment. In two words I mean that the “Cross Bath” of Bath should be converted into a “Fürstenbad” of Wildbad. In the first place strew upon the hard pavement of the present swimming-bath a bed of soft white siliceous sand; and secondly, let the water springing from its natural source, rise over the sand about two feet and a half, at which level it should be maintained by means of a waste issue kept constantly open. Around the walls, and at short distances from each other, place suitable back-boards for the patients to lean against

when seated or half-reclining upon the sand. The water will then reach to their chins, and by its natural, permanent, and never-varying temperature (which at this source happens to be little more than the temperature of the human body), will affect the patient equally from the first minute of his entering the bath to the last at coming out, thereby producing uniform results, such as are known to be produced by the baths of Wildbad.

The immense advantage of such an establishment will be soon apparent to such as will reflect for a moment, that at present there are but two ways in which an invalid can bathe at Bath. He must either use the public bath, and stand erect in a large mass of water hotter than his complaint may require, and when perhaps that complaint unfits him for the erect and constrained posture he must take; or he must have recourse to the Royal Private Baths, or a reclining or slipper bath filled with the mineral water, the temperature of which, being previously reduced, either by cooling or by the immediate admixture of cold water to the suitable degree—say 99—will not continue the same throughout the time that the bath lasts, but lose on the contrary four or five degrees during the progress of that operation. Whereas in the Cross Bath, arranged as here proposed, the water of the bath being never the same, but on the contrary changing continuously and always from the real and natural source, such a loss of heat or change of temperature in the bath could not take place.

It is impossible to calculate the prodigious amount of favourable results which the adoption of this plan would infallibly bring about. It would at once detain at home hundreds of people who seek health abroad through the process of bathing in thermal waters. Of course, connected with this bath, there should be suitable private dressing-rooms, where the patient, coming out of the bath, may quietly rest for a little time.

This proposed arrangement would not interfere with the

plan of having a tepid plunging-bath on particular days of the week in the same locality; for in such a case, the lower waste issue or pipe being closed, the water from the source would be allowed to fill the baths to the higher level even now adopted for the swimming-bath; and the substitution of the siliceous sand at the bottom would suit remarkably well its intended purpose in both cases.

The slackness just alluded to, observed during my visit in the employment of the natural resources of Bath in the way of mineral water, I had occasion to notice also in regard to another establishment, called the "KINGSTON BATH," but more appropriately the ABBEY BATHS, from the circumstance of their immediate proximity to the Abbey. In this spot was the Roman Bath, discovered in 1758, with a pavement at the bottom, perfectly well preserved, although the steps leading down to it bore marks of having been worn out considerably by the naked feet of the bathers. The temperature of the water differs but little from that of the King's Bath, between which and the western bank of the Avon the source of the Kingston Bath is situated. These are the only baths in the place which are not the property of the corporation. They are let to an individual who endeavours to keep them in a state deserving of public patronage. I examined them with attention, and am bound in justice to make this declaration.

But the establishment for bathing, which bears away the palm of superiority in Bath, and leaves all competitors behind, are the "Hot Baths,"—under which denomination are comprehended a range of private baths, a tepid swimming-bath, and two large open baths. Perfectly new, or modernized and reconstructed buildings have, within the last twenty years, given to this establishment an importance which, while it shows how much the authorities of the place had at heart the welfare of Bath, and its restoration to the rank of a principal Spa, ought to have secured to it the countenance of the profession, and the support of the public

generally. Large sums of money were lavished on the occasion with judgment and much discrimination; and whether we look to external decorative architecture, or to internal fittings and tasteful establishments, as well as conveniences, we must admit that few establishments in Europe are superior to the one under consideration.

It might have been expected that after such efforts and such successful results, the extension of the practice of bathing would have been so considerable as to render the seven beautiful private baths which form part of this establishment, too few in number for the demand; and that soon after their completion, double that number of baths would have become necessary. Whether under the present management, as already alluded to, such a necessity will be felt or not, it is impossible to predict from any recent experience. Certain it is, that the success expected by the corporation fell far short of every just expectation, notwithstanding the very reasonable charges made, and the many facilities afforded; and it remains to be seen how far renovated zeal, a fresh outlay of money, greater individual exertion, with better skill and experience such as are now embarked in the working out of this grand feature of the "king of English Spas" will succeed in rousing a most unaccountable apathy on the part of the profession, and overcome the blinding influence of fashion.

At Baden-baden, from twenty to thirty private baths in each of six or more hotels, constituting altogether a series of 208 *baignoires*, suffice hardly to the wants of the place during the season;* and here scarcely a dozen private baths are in request or full use in a day; and yet it would not be difficult to demonstrate, that for many bodily disorders the Bath water is superior to, while in some others it is equally as good as, that of Baden, notwithstanding its originally higher degree of temperature.

* See "Spas of Germany," vol. i., page 21, first edition, and page 11, second edition.

It was in one of these private baths that I put to the test the immediate influence of Bath water at its natural and highest temperature on myself, the effect of which experiment I shall take leave to record in this place, with a minuteness which some general readers may be inclined to consider as tedious and unnecessary, but which, I venture to say, people ignorant of such influence and effect, yet desirous of knowing everything concerning them, will be glad to ascertain.

The ROYAL PRIVATE BATHS, as I find them styled since my visit, connected with the source called the "Hot Baths," consist of a series of apartments to which you descend from the level of the street in Hotbath-street; and to the left of the insulated building previously named, the "Cross Bath." A running and well-sheltered corridor affords access to those apartments, seven in number, as before stated, and perfectly new. Each apartment consists of a dressing-room, lofty, and lighted from above, well carpeted, and with a fire-place, a sofa, a dressing-table, and mirrors, besides every other convenience that the toilet of an exquisite even could require. Adjoining to this is the bath-room, equally lofty, and lighted from above, with the bath sunken four feet six inches into the ground, in the shape of the letter T. There are side-steps at the single end, or that which is nearest to the door, to descend by into the bath, and a seat at each of the other two extremities. Around the room sufficient space has been managed between the wall and the margin of the bath, for the attendant to walk along in case of need. Hand-railings of brilliant metal serve to help the invalid in the descent of the steps; and three brass-handled stop-cocks are placed within his immediate reach, for admitting the natural volcanic water, either at its natural temperature, or tepid, or lastly cold—the latter of which is kept (as in the case of the King's Baths) in a reservoir open to the air. These baths are lined with white tiles,

and kept in a state of cleanliness and order not to be surpassed in any other establishment of the kind.

The one I was about to enter contains thirteen hogsheads of water. I saw it emptied and filled before me with water direct from the source—an operation which occupied about ten minutes; but when the bath is prepared for ordinary use at a temperature of 98° , and the cold is admitted at the same moment with the hot water, the time required to fill such a vast basin is considerably shorter. The effects of such a mixed water and lower temperature I had already tried the day before, as I have had already occasion to mention. My object at present was to test a much higher temperature, in other words, the natural volcanic water alone; and this, therefore, was let into the bath, from the real source whence it issues at 114° , although, after the bath is filled, one degree of heat is lost at its surface.

The highest temperature of Bath water, it ought to be stated, is 120° , which is found in the Lepers' or Patients' Bath, connected with this same establishment; but this degree of heat is found below the pavement only. The next highest temperature is that at the King's Bath, which is 116° , though the thermometer marks two degrees more when lowered into the opening of the source. And, lastly, comes the temperature of the Royal Hot-Baths, 114° Fahrenheit at its source; the effect of which temperature, on my person, I find thus noted on the spot:

“ I feel perfectly tired, nay aching in every limb, in consequence of having been on my legs exactly twelve hours since breakfast, without sitting down at all the whole time, and engaged in perambulating Bath and its environs. Since that repast I have tasted no food, and feel greatly exhausted. My head is heavy and dull, but not aching, with a return of the hissing noise in the ears to which I am subject in London after protracted fatigue, but which I had lost since I had been travelling. The pulse beats 74.

“ On plunging the thermometer into the centre of the bath I found it marked $113\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and the steam which rose from the surface of the water obscured the lamps with which the room was lighted. The attendant tried to dissuade me from entering the bath at that degree of heat; he had never witnessed such an experiment, and felt sure it must do me great injury. To calm his apprehension, I promised to proceed cautiously, and requested him to be in immediate waiting in the adjoining apartment, that if he heard me call he might rush into the bath-room, and let the cold water flow into the bath.

“ I immersed the feet and legs into the water by descending three steps, but the sensation of positive scalding made me quickly retreat. In a few seconds I repeated the trial, and brought the water to my knees, by getting to the third step again: it was then bearable. I descended farther so as to bring the water as high as the lower margin of the thorax, and found it again scalding and painful for a few seconds, during which time the whole part of the body exposed to the water had become of a fiery red, as I could distinctly perceive through the beautifully-transparent semi-greenish fluid. These were but first impressions, for, in a few seconds, the heat became more bearable and even comfortable.

“ Encouraged, I proceeded lower down, and brought the water as high as the breast. My breath became suddenly short, and I felt seized as if I had plunged suddenly into very cold water. It was but for an instant; and I again found the temperature comfortable. I now lowered the thermometer deep into the middle of the stream, and saw it marked 114° of heat. My pulse beat heavy, full, round, and one hundred times in the minute. There was a slight increase of noise in the ears; the head felt intolerably hot within, but neither heavy nor throbbing.

“ I at length took hold of the two rails, and let myself

down fairly into the body of the water, floating between the surface and the bottom of the bath, the head alone being unimmersed. By this time the colour of a red lobster pervaded the whole surface of the body to an extraordinary degree; but, strange to say, instead of the skin of either the limbs or the fingers feeling, as it does when one plunges the hands or feet into ordinary water at a high temperature, crisp and corrugated, the reverse was the case, for it felt quite smooth and soapy.

“After ten minutes’ plunging, I tried the pulse once more, which had by this time risen to 115. My temples throbbed violently, and the singing in the ears had become louder and louder; yet I was not sensible of any disturbance in the region of the chest. The bath-man was now summoned to let in cold water, which by agitation was presently mixed with the rest so as to bring the temperature down to 105, at which it felt deliciously comfortable, the disturbing symptoms in the head gradually subsiding. In thirteen minutes more I left the bath altogether.”

I cannot describe the satisfaction I experienced on reaching the dressing-room, and attempting, after a few minutes’ rest, to wipe dry the surface of the body; finding the same difficulty in accomplishing that operation which I had experienced, and so minutely described, in the case of the Töplitz water, and other thermal baths. Big drops of perspiration started in a hundred places, wetting the whole surface as soon as dried, and continued to do so for half an hour; the skin, at last, when positively dry, feeling as smooth as satin-paper: such being the effect of volcanic water, and of it alone. No ordinary hot-bath will produce anything like it; and upon such a specific effect of thermal water on the human frame is based the cure of many of those complicated disorders of limbs and joints which the thermal baths alone, whether of water or of mud, have been known to produce.

But in order to secure the full benefit of this effect, an

additional means is wanting in almost all the thermal bathing-establishments of Europe, and in this of Bath especially; I mean a sudatory, or reclining apartment, into which the bathers should retire on coming out of the bath, after having been properly rubbed and wiped, and where, being wrapped up in a suitable long dressing-robe, which each invalid might bring with him, he might recline at full length on one of the couches placed along the sides of the apartment, for three quarters of an hour, before he retires to his own dressing-room to complete his toilet. Here, either a cup of tea or of coffee, or of broth, or of milk, or of rum and milk, or even of cold water, or lastly a glass of the mineral water (each of these appliances, according to the nature of the case, and the constitution of the patient, and the effect which the hot-bath may have had upon him), should be administered; and as it is important that no sleep should be indulged in at this conjuncture, the sudatory, or reclining apartment, should be calculated to receive several bathers at the same time, and be a species of reception-room, where the assemblage of many persons, all intent on the same object, and each with equal hopes and anxieties, by affording occasion for conversation, mutual encouragement and mutual diversion, would become instrumental in promoting the success of the bath. Lastly, another advantage of the new arrangement would be found in the gradual transition obtained through it, from the heat of the bath, to that of the air of the dressing-room.

I strongly urge the present enterprising managers of the mineral waters at Bath, to introduce this highly important improvement (for such it will unquestionably be) in their "Royal Private Baths," at all events, if not elsewhere; and I entertain not the least doubt of its popularity and success.

I must just add, to the credit of the managers of these baths, that their charges are unusually moderate for the accommodation they afford, being only thirty shillings for thirteen baths, attendants included. An invalid, and perfect

cripple, who should require the contrivance of a crane and pulley to let him in and out of the bath, as it exists in one of these private baths, would be charged only sixpence more. Equally reasonable are the prices for the *douche*, or dry pumping out of the water, consisting of three hundred strokes; or for pumping in and under the water, as well as for the ascending *douche*; for all which useful applications of the Bath water there is every suitable convenience and machinery, improved and perfected moreover since the change of management.

In all these baths, which are open daily from ten o'clock in the morning till ten at night, (except from ten A.M., to eight P.M., on Sundays,) any degree of temperature may be procured below or as high as 114° Fahrenheit.

I may now conclude the narrative of the immediate effect of the bath upon myself. The head, for at least twenty minutes after I left the bath, continued to pour forth torrents of perspiration as fast as it was wiped, and in proportion did the singing in the ears diminish, until at last it ceased altogether. The sensations of heat within the head also disappeared; and the feeling of absolute lassitude and aching of limbs with which I had entered the bath, had vanished completely ere I had reached my hotel close at hand; where I did justice to mine host's simple but abundant fare in the coffee-room, with the sharp sauce of an appetite I certainly had not before I entered the water, notwithstanding my long fasting.

Contiguous to the Royal Private Baths is that elegant oval *piscina*, or swimming-bath, sixty feet long, twenty-one wide, holding thirty-six thousand gallons of water, the heat of which is kept at what is called a tepid temperature, by admitting the thermal water from the source of the King's Bath (as was noticed before) at the same time with other water from the same spring, previously cooled in a reservoir. The entrance into the building is at the end, and under the arcade, on the left side of Bath-street. A series of windows and a

dome-lantern light the interior, around which are openings leading to separate and convenient dressing-rooms, whence the bathers descend by steps into the baths.

I saw this bath emptied after the operation of the day, and examined the floor, which they were cleaning previously to the admission of fresh mineral water, that was seen soon after to issue with great rapidity through the copper grating in an angle of the bath, so as to fill the latter in a short time, and thus make it ready for the morrow. Decimus Burton is the architect of this structure, which is highly creditable to him.

There is another cleanly octagonal bath not far from this spot, which I believe is used for charity patients; but I have said enough, and indeed I have already embraced in my description all that there is to be told, on the subject of bathing at this important Spa.

Bathing, however, is not the only operation and resource afforded by the Bath water; which is, on the contrary, as is well known, employed largely, or at all events has been and ought to be employed largely, as an internal medicinal agent. For this purpose there is the Great Pumproom, which, as it has been newly arranged and decorated since my visit, I shall describe, both as it was, and as it is.

My readers will at once form a correct and favourable idea of the interior of this showy saloon, by glancing at the frontispiece plate of the present volume; bearing in mind at the same time, part of the elevation of its exterior, from having looked at the plate facing the present chapter. On the architrave, supported by four handsome Corinthian columns, which decorate the front entrance into the pumproom, as seen through the open colonnade in Stall-street, stand inscribed the three first Greek words of the first ode of Pindar—"Ariston men idor"—as if to proclaim that the water to be drank within the edifice is of elements the best.

The internal area of the saloon has a pleasing form, from the circumstance of its having a curvilinear recess at each

end, whereby the length of the room in the centre is eighty-five feet, though only sixty feet at the side. The width is fifty-six feet. Three-quarter Corinthian columns are set round the room, supporting a bold entablature, above which rises a coved ceiling, standing thirty-four feet from the ground. Suitable large windows and lunettes throw a profusion of light within the building, which, architecturally speaking, is much to be commended. A light gallery in one of the recesses, raised considerably above the ground, affords suitable accommodation for a band; while in the opposite recess, or that at the east end of the saloon, a posthumous marble statue of the *great* Nash, executed by Prince Hoare, at the expense of the corporation, is handsomely ensconced.

Immediately opposite the principal entrance, and in a semi-lunar recess, below a large painted window, a space appears, inclosed by a neat dwarf balustrade, bronzed and gilt, and surmounted with a marble hand-rail. In the centre of this space rises a fine pillar of the same material, supporting a vase; and a sea-shell at the foot of it, resting on rocks, receives the water which the mouth of an encircling serpent pours into it, whenever a pump is worked from behind. On the wall by the window are two inscriptions, containing appeals to the benevolent in behalf of the poor afflicted of Bath.

Thus I found the great pumproom at my last visit, in 1839, as far as arrangement and the distribution of its several parts. In other respects it seemed to me unworthy of Bath; for its general appearance was that of a barren and unfurnished apartment. But since the new management every part of it has been renovated. Sculptured groups and casts of some of the classical figures by Canova have been distributed over the room, which, with the farther introduction of crimson draperies, mirrors, candelabra, elegant stands for minerals, shells and plants, has been converted into a gay and showy saloon fit for royalty.

Here the volcanic stream is distributed to the subscribing invalid, at the moderate charge of half a guinea for one month, three and sixpence for a week, or fourpence a glass to the non-subscribers; the former being allowed, in addition, the privilege of *entrée* to the grand pumproom at all hours. Nor is this an insignificant boon, considering the present character and attraction of the place, and the high enjoyment it affords from the recently introduced first-rate military band, which performs daily during the season, from two till four o'clock, the choicest productions of Rossini, Auber, Strauss, and other favourite composers, aided occasionally by some first-rate *artiste* from the metropolis.

Formerly, the Bath orchestra and its pumproom musical performances were the theme of general commendation in England. With the decline, however, of the renown of the Spa, its musical attractions declined likewise; until at length the mere semblance of an orchestra remained, such as I myself heard as late as 1839, to scrape upon a few sorry cremonas the same eternal bars of Corelli and Handel every day at two o'clock. As might have been expected, this meagre performance ceased to attract within the pumproom any other than a score or two of idlers, many of them of the lowest order, to whom the doors of this great room had been equally thrown open, free of expense, as to the less vulgar and more select. Now, however, that the establishment of a moderate rate of subscription has enabled the managers to introduce, for a six-months' season, Promenade Concerts *à la Musard* the influx of visitors has greatly increased in number, as well as respectability, and a promenade in the great pumproom, at the noontide hours of fashion, is become *une affaire de rigueur* for the *élite* and the elegant of this beautiful city.

While groups of the latter are wandering about and contemplating the many objects of curiosity and *vertu* in the room, and before they proceed to their accustomed walks out of doors, whither we shall follow them presently, let us, *en passant*, taste the renowned mineral water. After repeated

pumping, the stream from the mouth of the serpent had poured forth water at the temperature of 112° only. The day was very cold, and some degrees of heat were lost during the operation of pumping up the stream, for it has to ascend from the source in the King's Bath, whence, by means of a pipe inserted deep in the shaft, all communication between the water used for drinking and that in the bath is prevented. The taste is that of boiled water cooled down to the above temperature, with a hardish *après goût*, as if a little ochrey powder had been deposited on the tongue and teeth. The writer in a popular periodical, to whom allusion was made in the early part of this description of Bath, could not have drank of the Bath water to have represented it as he has done. It is in no way unpleasant. It is perfectly transparent, and almost colourless; the light sea-green tint observed in the private and public baths, where a large body of water is collected, is scarcely perceptible in a small quantity of it in a glass. This taste and appearance I noticed, also, in the public as well as private baths of the "Hot Baths," as I did also in the pumproom of the latter establishment, called the HETTLING pumproom, a detached building, in which the water I drank had a temperature of 115° . The peculiar creamy deposit noticed on the surface of the water at Ems, and at the Kochbrunnen at Wiesbaden, is entirely missed in the Bath water, which resembles, more than any other, the hot water at Töplitz, the temperature of which is, moreover, as near as possible the same.

It is incredible how difficult it is to eradicate an erroneous impression from the minds of ordinary persons. Here, as at Wiesbaden, and Gastein, and Töplitz, I found the bath-men and oldest attendants impressed with the notion that the Bath water holds sulphur in solution; and this error is propagated by the writers of guide-books, who assert that the water has "a fine sulphureous, steely taste;" whereas not a vestige of sulphureted hydrogen exists; as I proved, like many observers who have preceded me, by suitable tests on the spot. The

fact is, that the peculiar odour perceivable on approaching the King's Bath, especially at noon, is a faint animal smell, due to the presence of some extractive matter dissolved in the water, and playing, most probably, an active part in the category of its medicinal virtues, as at the thermal springs of Germany just mentioned. But this erroneous idea of the presence of sulphur in the Bath water is not that of the vulgar and ignorant only, for we find it recorded also in the works of people who ought to know better.

Before I leave the pumproom (I detest this vulgar appellation—why not adopt the Saxon word *Kur-saal*, or Anglicise it a little, as thus “*Cure-sal*”) I cannot forbear repeating the objection I shall ever take, in behalf of the public, to the system of administering mineral waters through pumps. Where it can be done, at all events, the source whence the water is taken should be seen, and the water itself drawn direct from it by the patient himself, or the attendant in his presence, as is the case at the Old Well at Harrogate, at Buxton, Gilsland, and Scarborough. It is that which forms the charm of the *Sprudel*, the *Ursprung*, the *Kochbrunnen*, and the *Kraenchenbrunnen*—all equally thermal springs, where the invalid dips his cup and is satisfied. The means of procuring such a satisfaction to the invalid at Bath are easily to be attained in the great pumproom. Remove the pillar and pump; convert the present space, now railed in by the balustrade, into a sunken ornamented basin with circular steps down to the bottom of it, which should be level with the great orifice of the source in the King's Bath, placed immediately outside the wall; let the pipe which now conveys the hot stream from the said source to the well of the present pump continue to carry the same (after the pump has been removed) into the basin, where, after being suffered to reach a certain level, the superfluous water would be wasted; or, let the conveying pipe be sunk below the level of the source in question, and its discharging extremity, being turned ver-

tically upwards, let a *jet d'eau* be formed, through which water shall be perpetually flowing in the centre of the basin. In this manner the most sceptical would be made to believe, the most fastidious patient would be satisfied, and the most indifferent will be attracted by the sight of Nature's undisguised and unsophisticated bounty.

But the last thrill of the corneto has just sounded from the band in the gallery, and the fashionable throng is sallying out of the saloon to spend an hour or two in visiting or walking, in observing and being observed, ere they sit down to their principal repast. This promenading is their daily bread. When the witty Christopher Anstey, in one of the lightest and most amusing satires in the English language, undertook (1766) to mark and hold up to ridicule the manners and follies of Bath as a watering-place, the theatre on which they were publicly displayed was not so extensive as at present, though perhaps more conspicuous, because more concentrated. Even as late as 1783, another elegant writer, who regretted that a charter of incorporation had been granted to Bath, gave as the reason of his regret that "Bath was such a *small* place." The north and south *P'rades*, as they were then affectedly called, or parades—the one for the summer, the other for the winter months—the neighbouring coffee-house (now, alas, desecrated by its conversion into a wine-vault) in which the choicest wits of the age assembled—and the ever-famed Orange Grove—these were the resorts and promenades, for many years, of the gay visiters and steady citizens of Bath.

Of this last-mentioned rendezvous of fashion, such as it was thirty years before the satirical poet by his pungent verses fanned its intriguing and agitated atmosphere into a perpetual tempest, I could form an idea (and the contrast with our present modest habits is an amusing one), from an old print I saw at Mr. George's, an intelligent and honest bookseller, intended for a large fan then much in vogue. Instead of the present circle of sycamores, planted of late years around the

obelisk, seven parallel rows of lime-trees spread their shade *en quinconce* over the open area, the principal end of which was towards the Abbey ; while at the opposite extremity three or four houses, still in existence, attracted notice, from the circumstance of one of them (built in that style of architecture which Vanbrugh, the creator of Blenheim, had rendered popular,) being at that time the residence of the Earl of Burlington. The obelisk, or memorial, erected to the Prince of Orange, then in England, and whose name the Grove assumed in consequence, occupied then, as now, the centre.

The costume of the age is clearly delineated, in the many groups of people who are sauntering up and down the avenues of the Grove ; ladies in their *sacs* and fan, wearing a mask, *à la Vénétienne*, which they hold with one hand to their face ; clergymen in their silk gowns and white bands, like Roman *Abbés* ; gentlemen with bag and sword ; some of them in court costume, but others buttoned up to the chin in a hunting-frock and square-toed hunting-boots that reach above their knees. Some of the fair ones are seen promenading with hoops, and their head full dressed, without either cap or bonnet ; while many of the cavaliers, equally uncovered, disport their hats as an appendage of the *hand*, like the cane of our modern exquisites. The noted Bath-chairs, with their lusty bearers and fair cargoes within, are seen at various points crossing the Grove ; and all seem to be basking in a far different atmosphere than would be found convenient in our days for such *bizarre* costumes.

This famous Orange Grove was not so large as the half of Golden-square ; and where Burlington reigned supreme, now Mr. Packer sells music, exhibiting his Broadwoods in the very saloon which had so often re-echoed with the smart sallies of the wits of the age of Pope.

Out of doors, in our days, the idlers and the invalids, with a more extended field of very handsome streets, and of some of the finest landscape views in England, have abandoned the

parades and the Grove, for far different and more distant promenades. Some, strolling leisurely up Union-street, turn aside into the paved alley, decorated with magnificent shops, and the name of Bond-street, out of which such as have sounder lungs will be seen slowly panting up the steep pavement of Milsom-street. Here a few of the more languid or indolent loungers terminate their outward course; and walking back with lighter gait and loftier head, descend the declivity, towering for a moment over many of their betters, who are seen in their turn toiling up the same very handsome street from the bottom, in order to reach the very showy transverse street formed by the York, the Edgar, and the Prince's-buildings. Goodwin, the SAMS of Bath, has planted here at the upper angle of Milsom-street, his circulating and subscription library, at whose newspaper-room window your old codger and septuagenarian, kept green by Bath air, Bath water, and Bath whist, spend their days and hours at the "witching time" of four in ogling the fairest portion of the promenaders, and staring the most modest among them out of countenance.

Others of the loungers, after the pumproom hours, not satisfied with these brief and monotonous turns, keep ascending step by step, higher and higher, all the way to the Royal Crescent, but over the most beautifully and evenly paved streets, the broad foot-pavement of which, laid with flag-stone, it is a luxury to tread. Thence they will trace their steps back by Brock-street and the Circus into Gay-street, —than which few streets are handsomer—albeit on a steep ascent. The character of its houses bespeak it as a fit quarter for aristocracy.

How few, however, of all this goodly company, even though they may have been seen to issue from the great Cure-sal, have partaken of its health-giving water, or of the baths! How few, compared to the good old times, learn during their temporary residence in Bath, that such things as baths of

mineral water, and splendid sources of it, exist in the place they have selected for their summer or winter *séjour* ! It is a fact, that although the number of people who now visit Bath is ten times larger than what went thither even in the days of the "Monarch," those who use its mineral resources are infinitely fewer in number.

It would have formed a curious and interesting object of statistical inquiry, to have compared the actual number of persons who bathed or drank the mineral water in those palmy days of this famed Spa, and at present. But I was not able to collect sufficient data for that purpose, as no registers have been preserved by any of the authorities in the place, of the number of former visitors, which might be compared with those in recent times. An idea, however, may be formed in the aggregate, of the difference that must have existed between the two numerical figures, favourable to the number in former days, from the fact that the great pumproom alone, or Cure-sal, with another smaller pumproom at the Hot-Bath, was let by the Corporation for no less than one thousand pounds per annum, and both were eagerly sought after as a provision for the widow of some poor decayed citizen of repute. Of late years, on the contrary, the same establishments have not paid their own expenses; and it remains to be seen whether the present lessees will succeed in making them do that and a great deal more, as their public spirit deserves. The experience of the first season has been very encouraging.

And yet it was not for want of public spirit and liberality on the part of the old Corporation, that the mineral water of Bath has failed gradually but successively to attract invalids to that Spa; for in the erection of the greater and lesser pump-rooms, the public and private baths, and in providing many other appurtenances and appliances, the same municipal body expended upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds !

This decrease in the reputation of the Bath water, and in the number of people who drink it, as compared with what was the case fifty years ago, may be traced to various causes, one or two of which it will be well to state in this place, in order that they may be eschewed for the future or rectified. Others I have already alluded to in the Introduction to these volumes. Thus much I will venture to assert beforehand, that this falling off of Bath as a medical resource of great power in the treatment of disease, is unjust and unmerited; for England possesses not a more powerful Spa, nor an agent of the class of mineral waters more calculated to do away with the necessity of removing to a foreign watering-place for the successful treatment of some of the most obstinate cases of disease.

The *genius loci* of Bath, speaking through the organ of an anonymous writer, at the close of the last century, in a small work entitled, "Bath Anecdotes and Characters," seemed almost to have foreseen one of the causes of its future decline as a Spa, by what he asserts of the conduct of medical men in his time. "Formerly," says he, "the physician of the place attended here (the pumproom), to meet the company in the morning; and then a fee at coming and a fee at going away generally satisfied him. But, *tempora*, &c., physicians now expect a fee at least every other visit they make, and don't attend at the room; which makes physic expensive." And he might have added—and the Bath waters also—for from the moment that such a practice obtained (as in the case, for instance, of the famed Dr. Moysey, who introduced it into Bath), visits were multiplied; the interference of the Doctor with the action of the Bath waters became incessant; and the patients soon found that they might as well have staid at their own homes; for, instead of mineral water and fair play, they had nothing but physic and *to pay*! The witty author of the "Poetical Bath Guide,"

has admirably portrayed this in his description of the consultation of three doctors, who having talked of every thing else except of the poor sick man's case during their deliberation, ended by ordering physic as usual ; which induces the old nurse thus to exclaim :

“ ——— ’Twas a shame he should swallow such stuff,
When his bowels were weak, and the physic so rough.
Declared she was shocked that so many should come
To be doctored to death such a distance from home ;
At a place where they tell you that *water alone*
Can cure all distempers that ever were known.”

A second, and very influential cause of the decline of Bath as a Spa, is its vast increase and almost unparalleled success as a city. There are now upwards of 60,000 permanent residents, who of course never once think of the mineral springs ; and as these have all been covered over or inclosed, whereas they formerly stood in the open face of day, and every stranger and traveller could see them as he passed, and be attracted by them, the chance of the latter halting in the place for the purpose of using the water is lost ; they, on the contrary, pass through Bath without ever once suspecting to what powerful and natural sources of mineral waters the city owes its origin and renown ; while of the native inhabitants, and of the people who visit Bath for pleasure and other motives, an extremely small number indeed forms part of those who apply for Bath water and bathing during the season.

The sixty thousand inhabitants who have crowded the place have surrounded the springs with extended lines of houses and streets, and public buildings, and squares—the best of all of which they themselves occupy. Strangers, therefore, are unwilling to plunge, when looking after health and tranquillity, into the turmoil and confinement of a large city, in the most crowded and busy part of which the springs and the baths are hemmed in. There is a reluctance to come

to Bath, evidently on that account; and the *City of the Sun* began to lose character as a Spa, the moment she began to swell out into a first-rate city; which she now unquestionably is—fit to be the capital of a small kingdom.

CHAPTER V.

BATH CONCLUDED.

CHEMICAL Composition of Bath Water—The Latest Analysis—WALCKER of the German Spa at Brighton—The Older Chemists—Odd Notions—MEDICAL EFFICACY of Bath Water—Opinion of the Oldest Practising Physician in London—Recent Writers—BATH EXTERNALLY on Health and Disease—Compared to the German Hot-baths—Precaution necessary—*Bad-Sturm* at Wildbad a Nonentity—Proofs—STRIKING CASE of Recovery—Supreme Comfort and Delight of Wildbad—INTERNAL Use of Bath Water—Quantity to be drank—How—Practical Suggestions—Early Hours Essential—CHANGE OF SEASON proposed—DISEASES benefited by Bath Water—Enumeration—Struve's Mineral Waters drank while bathing at Bath—ADJUVANTS—Promenades—The VICTORIA PARK—The GREAT CRESCENT—A Colossal Head—Ill-fated Genius—OSBORNE, the self-taught Sculptor—The UPPER ROOMS—Description of the Interior—Their Renovation—Effect at Night—A Gala Day—Public and Private Balls—Ladies' Card Assembly—Fashions Change and so do Manners—Beau Nash Laws—Comparison and Difference—MUSICAL Parties—Dinners and Routs—Public Concerts—THEATRICALS—Food and House Rooms—HOTELS—York House—BOARDING HOUSES—Hayward's—CLIMATE of Bath—Statistics of the Weather—LIVING at Bath—That of Baden and Bath contrasted—Fresh Water—Police of the City—Bath-chairs and Hackney-coaches—MENTAL RECREATIONS—What remains to be done—Sir Isambard BRUNEL and the GREAT WESTERN—TRIP to Bath.

Few mineral waters in this country have engaged a larger share of attention on the part of the chemist than the Bath water. In more recent times, (not to speak of obsolete analyses) not fewer than four or five different statements have

been given to the public, respecting the chemical composition of this water; and although for medical purposes their general conclusions may be considered as somewhat analogous, theoretically and chemically speaking they vary in more than one particular. The distinguished chemist of whom I have spoken elsewhere, Mr. R. Phillips, takes the lead among the modern writers on the subject. Sir Charles Scudamore, who followed him, and was aided by Mr. Garden, and afterwards corroborated by Mr. Children, both well known as practical chemists of great experience, detected the presence of an ingredient which had escaped the attention of Mr. Phillips, namely, magnesia. In other respects there was something like a concordance of results, with this exception, that Phillips's analysis contains two carbonates which Scudamore's has not, while the latter mentions two muriates respecting which the former is entirely silent.

An industrious, and perhaps one of the most painstaking analysers of mineral waters, Mr. A. Walcker, who was too soon snatched by death from his post of director of the German Spa at Brighton, undertook a fresh examination of the Bath water, the results of which vary materially from those obtained by his predecessors, in quality as well as quantity. The exposition of Mr. Walcker's experiments, the fulness of their details, and the philosophical inductions he has derived from them, and clearly stated in his elaborate paper on this subject (inserted in the *Journal of Science* for March, 1829) leave no doubt on my mind of the accuracy of his analysis; and I am bound to say at once, that I admit it in full confidence, and in preference to any other.

Four years afterwards, the scientific professor more than once named in these volumes, Dr. Daubeney, made numerous experiments respecting the amount of gaseous principles in the Bath water, which have since been admitted as the representation of the real state of the case upon that one point; and, individually, I am quite ready to bow also to the cor-

rectness of the learned Professor's inference, that the city of Bath is probably indebted for its hot springs to the action of a volcano beneath it.*

Mr. Walcker had been educated under the immediate eye of the late Professor Struve, to whose skill and accurate observation of nature in the formation of mineral water, the world is indebted for that beautiful and perfect imitation of those waters which have for years been distributed at Brighton. The process of these imitations requires the nicest discrimination and knowledge of analytical chemistry, and that process was confided to Mr. Walcker as long as he lived. This fact alone suffices to stamp the analysis of the Bath water by so consummate an experimental chemist, with that character which such inquiries and their result ought always to bear in order to inspire confidence. I have, therefore, inserted in my general table of analyses at the end of this volume Mr. Walcker's results; and I have only to add in explanation here, that neither Mr. Phillips nor Sir Charles Scudamore admit in their analyses the chloride of sodium (common salt), nor make any mention of sulphate of potassa or alumina in their account of the Bath water, all of which substances Mr. Walcker has detected. †

It is curious to notice how differently the simple-minded chemist of the seventeenth century viewed the composition

* Respecting the origin of heat in Bath water, the reader will not be sorry to learn what was the theory of the wiseacres 180 years ago, gravely propounded before the Royal Society. Master Joseph Glanvill (almost a namesake) saith "that two streames having run through and imbibed certain sorts of different minerals, meet at last, after they have been deeply impregnated, and mingle their liquors, from which commixture ariseth a great fermentation that causes heat: like as we see it is in vitriol and tartar, which though separately they are not hot, yet when mingled beget an intense heat and ebullition between them.—See "*Philosophical Transactions*," No. 49 (1660).

† Dr. Wilkinson, about forty years since, announced the presence of common salt in Bath water, and to a greater amount than Mr. Walcker.

of these mineral waters whose “vestal or sacred fire,” as John Mayow called it, they were almost disposed to worship; while the latter chemist stoutly denied that either nitre or sulphur were dissolved in the “Bathes of *Bathe*” (Baden-baden), for reasons which, if alleged in modern times, would prove nothing to the purpose. Dr. Guidott, who came soon after him, denies the accuracy of the conclusions. Guidott was wrong and Mayow right; but Guidott discovered or suspected the presence of common salt, which was never afterwards noticed (except by Dr. Wilkinson) until Mr. Walcker analysed afresh the water. Both Mayow and Guidott knew of the presence of iron in the Bath water, which modern chemists have also detected; but, whereas, some of the latter find it in the form of oxyde, and others in the form of proto-carbonate; the former, or older chemist, thought it was combined with vitriolic acid, and called it *vitriol*,—no trifling difference, in a medical point of view, with reference to the medical applications of the water.*

One thing appears to me to have escaped the vigilance of all modern chemists, which the older had paid more attention to; and that is the prodigious quantity of carbonate of lime found deposited wherever the Bath water has come in contact with iron; so that the pipes and waterducts which serve to convey the water have been known, even as late as within these two years, to be nearly choked with the deposit or incrustation, by which the bore of the said tubes has been reduced to the smallest dimensions.

* Differences of opinion have existed as to the real presence of iron in the water, arising from the fact, that by the usual tests, especially tincture of galls, many people have failed to detect it. This arises from the rapid manner in which the iron is precipitated when the water cools. If, however, a piece of linen be dipped in the tincture, and suspended over the spring, it will immediately become brown or tanned—proving the presence of iron in this water. This experiment also shews that the vapour of such a water carries particles of the metal along with it.

Of the medical effects of a water which, besides being endowed with a temperature averaging 117° of Fahrenheit, is charged with eighteen grains and one-third of various active chemical ingredients in a pint, my readers will expect to hear much. In days of yore, wondrous were the effects which the Bath water was supposed to be capable of producing, even upon inorganic substances. "The Cross Bath," says honest Joseph Glanvill, "eats out silver exceedingly, and I am told that a shilling, in a week's time, has been so eaten by it that it might be wound about one's finger." This same writer, by the bye, who has a place in the Philosophical Transactions, records also another still more curious observation of his, which, besides showing the odd physical notions entertained in those days (1660) in England, marks a singular practice in the toilet of the ladies of that epoch. "When women," observes Glanvill, "have washt their hair with the mixture of beaten eggs and oatmeal, this will poison the bath so as to beget a most noisome smell, casting a sea-green on the water, which otherwise is very pure and limpid. This will taint the very walls, and there is no cleaning of it but by drawing the bath."

No subject has been more largely canvassed by medical writers than the action of Bath water on diseases; and assuredly its importance deserves the attention of my professional brethren, who seem to have nearly forgotten that such a water is in existence. Conversing one day, very lately, with a venerable and veteran physician, whose experience of forty-six years in London, during the best part of which he has been at the head of the profession, enables him to institute a comparison between what Bath was and what it is now in the hands of medical men,—he expressed himself unable to account for the very great difference. "When I first came to London," said he, "hardly one of the leading physicians of the day would consider any of his better class of patients as completely recovered from their malady unless they

ended their treatment with a course of the Bath water. Sir George Baker, Millman, Pitcairn, Warren, and Dr. Ash, my then contemporaries, invariably followed this practice. Accordingly, we find under that date a variety of medical publications testifying to the great virtues of that water. Now, on the contrary, one never hears of a patient being ordered to Bath, except as it were by chance; or, at all events, the number of those especially sent thither is very small. How is this? The water cannot have lost its virtue all at once, and that it possessed much of it my own early experience in town fully testifies. Pity, then, that so efficacious and sure a medical agent should be so neglected."

This learned and accomplished scholar as well as successful physician was right. The profession should be told of this, and be roused from their apathy or forgetfulness on this subject.

Dr. Sigmond, in an elegant Latin dissertation, published in 1814, in which he quoted the names of the medical practitioners best acquainted with the virtues of Bath water (such as Charlton, Heberden, Wilkinson, Falconer, Saunders, and Gibbes), in support of his own faith in those virtues, endeavoured to bring back the profession to the employment of that water in disease. Sir Charles Scudamore a few years later equally contributed his account of the Bath water towards that very just and praiseworthy object. The testimony of all these writers and practitioners is uniformly in favour of the valuable properties of the water in question; so that its recommendation in the present volumes does not go forth on the single authority of their author, but on that of many medical men of high reputation; to which must be added the very favourable opinion expressed in 1822 by Dr. Barlow, a physician, practising in Bath.

The immediate effect of the Bath water employed externally on a healthy person may be deduced with tolerable precision from the minute description I have given of the sensations

produced on myself. Of the many individuals who had tried the baths under various circumstances of health and disease, and whom I had consulted, few disagree in that respect. It may be stated in general terms, that Bath water used as a bath, stimulates the skin and strengthens the muscles. Furthermore, that it will render supple stiff joints, animate paralytic limbs, and quicken the circulation to such a degree indeed as to require caution in its use, and render it necessary to discriminate well the nature of the patient's constitution ere the bath and its various degrees of temperature are recommended.

In this respect Bath does not differ from many of the German thermal baths. Baden-baden, Töplitz, and Gastein, for example, as we have seen in "the Spas of Germany," excite the circulation and quicken the nervous power, often to a dangerous degree; so much so indeed, that in the case of Töplitz in particular, the common people either apply leeches to or get themselves cupped in the back before they commence or soon after having commenced the bath, and always with singular benefit. At Bath I have known more than once the necessity of similar measures having occurred; but there are medical practitioners at that Spa who are rather too prone to interfere with the active process of the bath by introducing and employing the lancet somewhat too liberally. One fact is quite certain, namely, that with a tendency to fullness of blood in the head to a well marked degree, or in cases accompanied by sanguineous congestions (fullness) of any of the most important internal organs—still more in active inflammation—the use of all the stronger thermal springs, those of Bath included, is dangerous unless preceded by bleeding of some sort or other. When the latter operation has been had recourse to under proper advice, even the patients labouring under the peculiarities of constitution just mentioned, and afflicted with diseases known to be essentially benefited by Bath water, or any other thermal spring

equally powerful, may use them with perfect safety, and will derive the expected result—perhaps with even greater celerity.

Now these precautions and observations hardly apply to the thermal springs of a minor degree of natural heat, such as Buxton, Schlangenbad, and Wildbad. In the latter the slight precaution of bathing the head the moment one enters the bath with the same water, which naturally cools immediately after, suffices to protect any patient, though he be disposed to fullness in the head, from any immediate risk.

Of the dire effects of the *bath-storm* or (bad-sturm) tempest, proclaimed by a recent writer on Spas as referable to the last-mentioned Spa, my readers may rest assured that none have ever been observed by those who have been somewhat more than two hours resident in the place. During five weeks that I spent at Wildbad last summer (being my second visit) in charge of an important case of paralytic affection consequent on a foregone attack of apoplexy—which case recovered most completely—I did not see even once the smallest symptom of bath-storm, though I watched the patient during the whole period of each daily bath for the twenty days; and yet the tendency of blood to the head in this patient was manifest enough; for when a sudden, unexpected, and most vexatious moral affection occurred in the midst of those high spirits which returning health from the effects of bathing in the Fürstenbad had produced, symptoms supervened that rendered the application of leeches necessary, and under which the temporary inconvenience in the head was removed in the course of a few hours.

I had also the medical charge of all the English invalids at Wildbad at the time, and in not one instance did I notice the semblance of the pretended disturbances of the circulation, except in the case of two gentlemen, the one labouring under active gout, the other with swimming in the head, who having arrived at Wildbad from mere curiosity, attracted

by the account in my work, one morning plunged into the hottest bath without consulting any one, and came out the worse for it. In these two instances the one got a severe paroxysm of gout immediately, for which I attended him afterwards; and the other pain in the head with increased swimming, for which I bled him, and he was relieved.

It is a most glaring mistake on the part of those who have not had any possible means of observing accurately, to state that English invalids have gone to Wildbad, and left it in a day or two the worse for its baths. Travellers of that nation have occasionally made their appearance there, whom mere curiosity had attracted to see that beautiful succession of valleys, far different from the tiny nooks and hills of Schlangenbad, and then disappeared; and some few unlucky patients, being misdirected by medical men unacquainted with those baths, have found them unsuited to their cases, and so departed after a short trial; but surely this is not to be attributed to Wildbad, as has been unjustly done. On the other hand, the expressions uttered by all the rest of the patients present at the time alluded to, nearly two hundred in number, at the delight and comfort experienced in the baths—particularly the Fürstenbad, which I originally commended—testified to the propriety of my recommendation.

Now this is precisely the state of things I should wish to see brought about in Bath, where the Cross Baths might be converted into a Fürstenbad. I will venture to aver that there will be no *bad-sturm*, nor bad storms either, in such a case. Indeed good old Dr. Saunders, whom the medical hydrologists of this country hold so much in respect, would more than smile at this over anxiety of some new labourers in the field of mineral water treatment, and perhaps laugh outright at their timidity, as to bathing in thermal waters: for he himself thought that Bath water, applied externally, exercised no more specific or stimulating influence than ordinary water heated to the same temperature;—thus running into the opposite extreme.

Used internally, the Bath water is more likely to produce disturbance by its heating properties unless it passes kindly off as an aperient. This, however, it seldom does. Its chemical constitution is not of a character to produce that effect; it is rather more of a diuretic, and decidedly also a diaphoretic, than a purgative agent. To render it the latter, one should increase the natural proportion of Glauber-salt in the water, just as people do at Carlsbad when the Sprudel is found to heat the patient and not to purge, and additional salts are dissolved in the quantity of water usually drank: or at Baden-baden, when Carlsbad purgative salts are added to the hot spring to render it active on the intestines. Dr. Falconer has testified to the heating effect of the water, by stating that he had known persons whose stomachs received it most kindly and gratefully, but who were constantly thrown into a fever after the use of the water, although no apparent tendency to fever existed in the habit of body of the individual. Sir George S. Gibbes has likewise noticed this property of the Bath waters, of exciting feverish heat when taken internally; and he very properly adds, that when they prove grateful and refreshing to the stomach, they may be said to agree perfectly.

The quantity generally recommended to be drank is a pint or a pint and a quarter. I find Sir Charles Scudamore, and others before him, have advocated the use of that quantity in two doses,—the first of which it is suggested should be drank an hour before breakfast, and the second at one or two o'clock in the day. My long experience in mineral waters does not allow me to coincide with the propriety of any such mode of exhibition. *Mineral waters should be drank early in the morning*, and before any repast, and seldom in the middle of the day, and never in such large quantities at one time. In a few cases only in Germany are mineral waters, particularly of the thermal class, allowed in the evening as well as in the morning; but with the exception of some very few instances marked by peculiarities of constitution, they are

never prescribed in the middle of the day, and always in small doses. There are good reasons for this practice, which repeated observations and experience have fully established.

As there is a minute proportion of iron in the Bath water, which, being diffused and held up in it by volcanic heat as well as carbonic acid, is rendered even more than usually energetic,—such patients as cannot bear the action of steel should allow the water to rest in the glass for a short time, and then drink the upper half of the contents only. According to Walcker's statement, part of the iron is precipitated instantaneously, when the mineral water, by pumping and pouring into the tumblers, mixes with the atmospheric air; and this is the reason why the effect produced by the action of the tincture of galls on the water just drawn from the pump, is slighter than one could anticipate. Still a sufficient portion of iron remains to render the use of the water objectionable in some cases, without the precaution just mentioned. Or a better mode would be to fill a white glass bottle with the water over night, and after decanting its contents carefully into another bottle next morning (when an ochrey deposit will be observed at the bottom, which is the protoxide of iron), plunge the second bottle into the King's Bath for a sufficient time to impart to it the temperature of that source, and then drink the required quantity in two, three, or four small doses of four ounces each, and no more; with a promenade on the parades, or on the new bridge contiguous, or in any other situation more eligible, between the doses. Those who fear not the presence of iron need not take all this trouble; still less will those patients do so, whose cases are, on the contrary, likely to be benefited by and require preparations of that mineral.

Sir Charles Scudamore has recommended the cooling of the Bath water for a few hours, so as to deprive it of iron by precipitation; but he suggests its being afterwards warmed in the ordinary way. That will not do; the ordinary heat is not the heat of the Bath water: else the Bath water, which in

the palmy days of that Spa used to be bottled and sent all over the country, would have produced its wonted effect when drank after it had been warmed by the ordinary mode, instead of having served, as I stated in my Introduction, to bring Bath water into discredit by the constant failures which followed its use when so drank. What physician alive, no matter how aged, recollects any number of patients whose cases derived benefit from drinking Bath water at a distance ?

No ; the water must be drank at the fountain's head, and always early in the morning, and not in bed ; nor at a late hour in the day, as patients at Bath are constantly doing ; for here, the Cure-sal, instead of being thronged with water-bibbers,

“ When the golden sun salutes the morn,”

as in all the splendid saloons of that description in Germany, is empty at that time, and full only at the late hour of two, *post meridiem*.

Of the propriety and common sense of the former practice, and of the absurdity of the latter, it is needless to offer a single remark in illustration. I could almost go the length of stating that by the latter practice the very peculiar effects of Bath water are entirely frustrated. But in order to carry into effect the desirable change of hours for drinking the Bath water, it would be absolutely necessary also that a change should take place in the period of the principal season for drinking the Bath water and for bathing. The autumn and winter have hitherto been considered, the one as the minor, the other as the principal season at this Spa ; and although there are always a few invalids who go to Bath in the summer for the benefit of the water, the greater bulk of those who proceed thither for the same purpose, have with one common consent done so at the period of the year just mentioned. At such a period, the state of the weather and

atmosphere, the prevalence of extremely cold winds, the lateness of the hour at which every one rises, and the darkness that prevails at the earliest hour of, and till late in the morning, are so many impediments against carrying into effect the wholesome and excellent practice of the Germans. Why not, like them, therefore, select the most appropriate season of the year for going through a course of the Bath waters, namely, the months of July, August, and September, when every thing around combines in facilitating the proper mode of using the water, when the human frame is better prepared to receive the benefits of it, when the water itself seems as it were endowed with greater virtue, and when lastly, little or no chance exists of catching cold, or of being debarred of a proper out-of-door exercise,—nature on the contrary inviting the invalid to it by the display of all its rifest beauties, and an early sunshine chasing him from his bed-chamber?

If the patients who wish to avail themselves of the great and important advantages of Bath as a Spa will take the word of one who wishes them well, and who has had no mean experience in these matters, they will all agree to alter their time of assembling at Bath for purposes of health, from winter to summer; reserving the former season for a pleasant residence in Bath, as offering, out of the metropolis, at that period of the year, more resources than any other city in England for that object. It is the duty of all those who are interested and concerned in the Spa-appliances of Bath to assist in carrying into effect this important and essential change and suggestion.

Having said thus much, I have only to state farther, respecting the medical question of the Bath waters, that used externally they will be found beneficial in many cases of paralytic affections, chronic rheumatism, and cold, atonic or unformed gout. When the latter disease has existed for some time in its more decided character, and has become chronic, attended as it generally is with stiffness of joints,

coldness of extremities, and deficient energy in the muscular action of the body, I have known the "*Bathes of Bathe*" to produce admirable results. In this I have the corroboratory testimony of Sir Charles Scudamore; which is all that a patient labouring under such a disease can desire.

Master Joseph Glanvill told the Royal Society many scores of years ago, that "Bath is good in *cold gout*, as they call it. An alderman of that city told me that when troubled with the fits of it he used to go in as soon as the fit took him, which then went off presently, and returned not in a considerable time after. He used to put his feet on the hottest spring in the King's Bath. But it has a contrary effect in *hot gout*, and some who are troubled with that distemper tell me that the bath puts them into a fit, if they go into it without preparation; or if they have the fit before, it inflames it more, and sends it about the body, and disables the joint, so that there is no treading on it for the present."

As to certain paralytic affections, the statistical records of the Bath Hospital sufficiently testify to their being benefited by the waters. I find it recorded in Dr. Sigmond's essay before-mentioned, that Dr. Charlton of old had known eight-hundred and thirteen patients out of nine hundred and sixty-nine, afflicted with various modifications of palsy, to have been either cured or considerably relieved. And in confirmation of this statement, I read, in the official report of patients treated at the Bath Hospital and Infirmary, between April 1839, and April 1840, now before me, that of four hundred and fifty-seven of those patients labouring under different forms of palsy, of rheumatism, and of sciatica and lumbago, one hundred and twenty-two were cured, and two hundred and thirty discharged "much better," all of them having used the mineral water. It is remarkable that in the paralytic affection common among painters, and produced by white lead, the Bath water seems to act almost as a specific remedy.

There have been cases of obstinate dyspepsia, sluggish

liver, and retarded or checked secretions in both sexes, which I have known to have been completely restored by a combination of the Bath water, applied externally, and a moderate quantity of it drank at the same time. Connected with this subject, I may just hint to my readers that patients labouring with the “hyppo,” or the wretched hypochondriacs who are found to linger around the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden, and the Sprudel, at Carlsbad, were in the same manner known to congregate in former times at the King’s and Queen’s Baths in this place ; and if we are to believe the old ballad, entitled, “An Easy Cure ; or, a Prescription for an Invalid at Bath,” they did so with chances of success :

“ If, brother hip, you want a cure,
At Bath a lodging warm secure,
There drink the wholesome stream by rule.”

Injectsions, douche, and dry pumping upon ailing parts, swellings or indurations, have been successfully employed in a variety of cases. In some of the most obstinate of the last-mentioned affections it will be found highly advantageous to use the pump, directing each stroke to the complaining part, while the patient is in the bath, so that the part in question be not subjected to the simultaneous, and I must add, inconvenient exposure to the atmosphere, as is the case when what is called dry pumping is employed.

There are a great number of instances in which the patient will not bear both the bath and the internal use of the water ; and in all such cases I have recommended, and do strenuously recommend, the drinking of some one of the cold and effervescent aperient mineral waters of Germany (those imitated by Struve will suit quite as well), as is done at Wiesbaden, at Töplitz, and at Gastein, at Ems, and Baden-baden, at which places, besides bathing, the patient uses some of the mineral waters alluded to, derived from the nearest natural source. Thus at Wiesbaden the *Paulinen*, or *Weinebrunnen* of Schwal-

bach, at Töplitz, and at Gastein, the Kreuzbrunnen of Marienbad are drank.

One class of diseases not mentioned in the foregoing enumeration of those benefited by the Bath water, I am bound not to omit,—and that is the class referable to the female constitution. During nineteen years' incessant practice as an accoucheur in the metropolis, which I only surrendered from ill-health five years ago, I can safely aver that I have had reason to be highly satisfied on many occasions with the Bath waters employed in more than one way. Indeed Baden-baden does not, in my opinion, afford better results in such cases, although it has been so much vaunted on that score; and Tonbridge Wells is decidedly inferior to it.

But in order to derive a full benefit from the Bath water in disease, and to give it a full trial for that purpose, invalids should not do, as it is the fashion in this country, go thither for a fortnight or three weeks only, use the water perhaps a dozen times, and then run away. A full course should consist of at least five or six weeks.

A SPA is imperfect as an establishment, unless it offers to the invalids some one or many of those ADJUVANTS on which I have largely descanted, both in my "Spas of Germany," and in the introduction to the present volumes. In that respect Bath again claims for itself the rank of "King of the English Spas." No place offers better or more numerous resources in that way than Bath, whether for out-of-door amusements, motives for exercise, or attractive objects for distant excursions, on the one hand; or, on the other hand, for in-door pleasing as well as useful occupation, such as libraries, subscription-rooms, balls, fêtes, and even society—

yes, I say, even society, which will no doubt become even more select and desirable, should the influx of strangers of the better classes increase, in consequence of Bath recovering its pristine honours and splendour as a Spa.

Accompanied by Dr. Fairbrother, who had kindly come from Clifton, his usual residence, to escort me about Bath, after having visited with him the principal institutions in Bristol (of which, however, I must not say a word, as my volume is already becoming too bulky), I proceeded to view in detail many of the most attractive parts of the city, listening with pleasure to his explanations and anecdotes. In this manner even a complete stranger becomes quickly acquainted with the town and its inhabitants. Perhaps, for the latter purpose, a walk through that delicious garden, formerly called the "Subscription-walk, or Bath-park," but now the VICTORIA-PARK, in which all the *élite* and the *élégantes*, the equestrians and the curriculars, exhibit at a particular hour of the afternoon, affords the best opportunity. Thither, therefore, we bent our steps, entering by the Royal-avenue and through the Victoria-gate,



opposite to which, but at a considerable distance and forming a pleasing vista, rises the triangular obelisk, placed on

a pedestal and supported by crouching lions, erected to commemorate that royal visit in consequence of which the park was honoured with its present illustrious name. Wide gravel walks, and straight as well as tortuous or circular drives, have been cut and opened over the slope of a vast hill, dipping to the south, which, with its many plantations, avenues, and groups of trees, presents an animated scene when carriages and pedestrians dot its varied surface.

It was yet the season of living nature, and the meads were covered still with luxuriant herbage. Parterres enamelled by brilliant flowers, or hedge-rows flushed with crimson and lilac hues, diversified the scene, which acquired a grandeur from the stately edifices that rise around its upper boundary line.

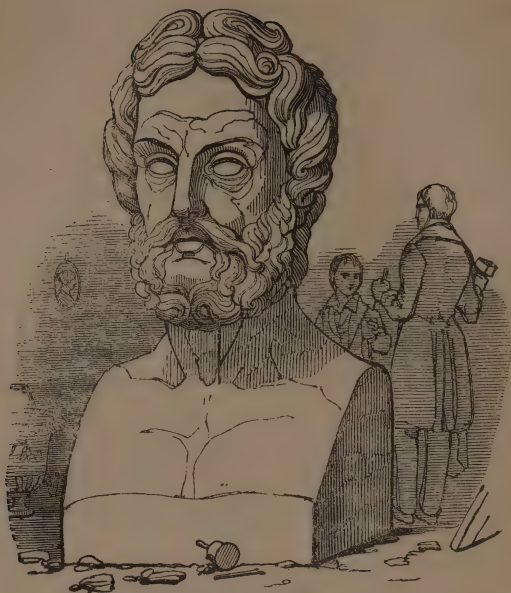
The centre of the latter is occupied by a structure perfectly unique in Europe—the already-mentioned Royal Crescent. A sweep of 100 three-quarter Ionic columns, sixteen feet high, marking the first or principal story of a series of palaces, which present themselves in a concave or quadrant form to the S.S.W. is the first feature that rivets the eye, as we look up from the principal avenue in the park towards the north. The intercolumniations of this grand curvilinear building contain the first and second floor windows, crowned by a beautiful entablature, the running frieze of which is both rich and elegant. It is a glaring fault here that the basement and sub-basement, forming the line of elevation from the lower margin of the principal story to the bottom of a very wide and deep area and at least forty feet in height, should not have been rusticated; and many might object also to the insignificant dimensions of the principal windows, as contrasted with so vast an extent of columns. Yet, after all, we will look in vain for such another colonnade in Europe.

One of the sights I would recommend a visiter at Bath to

enjoy, at night, is the effect of light, reflected by the large gas-lamps in front of this very Crescent, and playing with various tints over that lofty structure,—here marking the principal features of the building with deep and dark, and there with brilliant and dazzling lines.

Turning then our faces to the south and east, the general illumination of the opposite hill, divided into lighted streets, squares, and terraces, as well as of the lower city at the bottom of the valley, will present us with a picture for which we may look in vain in any other part of the world. As to London, nothing that it contains can be compared to it, or to the park I was just now describing. The Regent's-park is handsome, and its endless lines of varied architectural elevation, albeit of brick and plaster, instead of being of free-stone, is striking at first view. But all these are light play-things in their proportions, and the garden-grounds before them flat and unmeaning, compared to what the Bath people have the happiness and delight to possess.

It was a sort of gala-day, the one on which we paid our visit to the Victoria-park. A grand colossal head raised upon a pedestal, the latter erected from a design by T. Barker, Esq., had just been placed in an appropriate site of the park, and thousands were crowding to behold this extraordinary production of an untutored, and, as usual, an ill-fated genius. How grand is the effect of a single colossal object rising insulated in the midst of space! Those who have beheld the stupendous work of Gian di Bologna, the worthy pupil of Michael Angelo, representing *Jupiter pluvius*, cut out of a mass of rock at Pratolino, in Tuscany, will readily assent to this proposition. But how infinitely more impressive the sight if that object, like the one here placed for the contemplation and admiration of the Bathonians be a single head exceeding in dimensions that of Memnon, in the British Museum, with features strictly ideal, yet stamped with a sublime expression!



Poor Osborne ! Born in penury—a mere shepherd's boy—he died in misery—an admired genius, and a statuary worthy of a place among the ablest chisels of either ancient or modern times. As a youth, he taught himself to model in clay ; then became a pupil of Bacon, the London sculptor, through the patronage of an honest yeoman ; and finally, after many vicissitudes, settled at Bath, where, having put by a small sum of money from the savings of what he had earned in executing monumental carvings, he purchased a block of Bath-stone, weighing upwards of six tons, and set about fashioning it into a colossal bust. In this he succeeded ; but the exertions cost him his life. After his premature death the head was purchased by subscription for one hundred pounds, for the benefit of the destitute widow and fatherless son, being their sole legacy !

Many think that the bust represents the head of Jupiter, a surmise which the poor artist to the day of his death denied. The severe grandeur, majesty, and placid character of the physiognomy may bring to the minds of those who are acquainted with the statues of Jupiter, those noble and purest productions of Grecian sculpture; but the artist in this case cannot be charged with plagiarism in his work, which, on the contrary, is stamped with the character of originality. This novel and grand feature of the Victoria-park is a just and proud boast of the Bathonians, who ought to have converted it into a monument to the unrivalled and unfortunate sculptor, by making his grave under it.

Retracing our steps through the beautiful Circus into Bennet-street, the sight of an immense square building, extending from the angle of that street to the corner of Alfred-street, and measuring two hundred feet each way, unattached to any other house, attracted my attention. "These are the Upper Rooms," observed my kind escort. "It is here that, after the destruction of the 'Lower Rooms,' where the 'monarch of Bath' had held his sovereign court, and the proudest of our nobility, be they lords or ladies, had bowed to the dictates of one who, without rank, had power, and whose power acknowledged no control; it was here that the bustle of congregated fashion assembled. You shall see a sorry full-length portrait of that singular personage, and a better-executed bust of him placed by the new managers in these apartments, the whole suite of which must be prepared for a ball on a magnificent scale to be given to-night; and as I cannot prevail upon you to prolong your stay in Bath another day, so as to assist at this grand sight, which would have afforded you the best living panorama of all the rank, beauty, wealth, and importance now resident in this city—take a view at least of the *locale*, and say whether, for its intended purpose, as a public building, it be not one of the finest in Europe, if not, indeed, quite *unique*."

I have seen this edifice in all its gorgeous trappings for the

temporary occasion, and its more permanent decorations ; I have paced the octagon, forty-eight feet in diameter, and the tea-room, seventy feet in length and forty-three feet wide, and the great ball-room, *en suite*, one hundred and twenty feet long, with a breadth equal to that of the preceding apartment ; I have been struck with the loftiness of these three principal rooms, which measure forty-two feet in height, and marvelled at the boldness of the architect, who, not content with this spacious arrangement, added to it a card-room longer than the tea-room, though neither so wide nor so lofty, but still of grand proportions. Access to all these apartments is had through a Vestibule in the centre of the building, which is, perhaps, the most perfect architectural feature of the whole fabric.

From this piece passages branch off to distinct cloak-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, right and left, and to the outer hall, chair lobby, and carriage drive ; whilst into the passages themselves open a spacious club-room, and two large billiard-rooms, which complete the suite, placed all on a perfect level, without a single step in the floor throughout, the whole range. I say that I have seen all this, and I add that in the course of all my travels I have not beheld the like at any Spa on the continent. In asserting as much, however, I confine my expression to the great number, size, harmony, and fine proportions of the several apartments, truly palatial, just enumerated in this place ; for, with regard to striking architectural decorated edifices for the specific purpose of a pump or promenade-room, in which balls and dinners are occasionally given, the Kur-saals of Bruckenuau, Kissingen, and Wiesbaden, are in every respect superior. The celebrated Conversation Haus, however, at Baden-baden, of which I have given a full description in a former work, though more grandiose in its exterior, is decidedly not equal in its interior to the Assembly, or Upper Rooms at Bath.

These rooms, which of late years had been utterly neg-

lected, as dark, dirty, and comfortless, and were consequently deserted, have been recently placed in a state worthy of the most renowned days of Bath, by their present spirited lessee, who nothing dismayed at the high rent demanded, and the difficulties to be encountered, has remodelled and renovated the whole establishment. I attach so much importance to the innocent and inspiring amusement of dancing as an auxiliary in Spa life, that I cannot but consider this revival of the rooms as beyond all doubt of vital consequence to Bath. It would indeed be a cause of reproach to that city, should its inhabitants again permit these rooms to sink for want of patronage. Policy, and a sense of justice equally call upon them to give the necessary support to the enterprising individual on whom alone lies the entire responsibility of this great concern.

The rooms are brilliantly lighted with wax, in large glass chandeliers, pendant from the lofty ceiling, and by large semicircular lamps projecting from the walls, on ornamental cantalivers; and it was stated by persons frequenting them that the regulation of the temperature and due ventilation of the rooms is perfect. Servants in handsome liveries are seen treading with nimble steps the beautifully carpeted octagon and card-room, obedient to the slightest call; while female attendants neatly attired, wait in the dressing-rooms for the ladies. At the various entrances, porters also in state liveries see that the ingress and egress of the company is free and unobstructed. In fact the whole establishment displays a comfort and convenience, such as one meets with in a nobleman's mansion, but hardly expects in a place of public resort.

There is no question that, much as Bath has fallen in the estimation of the public as a Spa (and most undeservedly so), no place in England can be compared to it for all the appliances requisite to constitute a Spa, and for this very branch of its amusement, the Assembly Rooms, in particular. Every thing connected with it is on a grander scale, in better style, more

ceremonious, though not affected, and manifests stronger signs of high life than we meet with at any of the other Spas in the country, no matter how fashionable. Much of this is due to the superior class of people who habitually reside in the place during the winter, as well as to many of the invalids who visit the Spa both in summer and winter, and who belong to the aristocracy of the county, and take a part in the amusements of the place. Several of these, both noblemen and commoners, will form themselves into committees, and either superintend the regular balls which are given every Thursday, from the early part of December, to the first or second week in May; or set on foot private subscription balls, several of which take place on Mondays, including occasionally a grand fancy ball; and certainly no range of rooms in England is better suited to the display of upwards of one thousand persons in fancy costumes, who generally meet on such occasions. It is reported that the last season (1840-1), had been more brilliant than any preceding one in every respect, and I trust it may be taken as an earnest of what is to be expected for the future under the present system. The effect of a full and superior band, such as I was told performs at present in the rooms, must indeed contribute greatly to give to the diversion of the place the most inspiring and inviting character.

Nor is the very economical and moderate rate at which subscribers are called upon to contribute to these entertainments less remarkable, when we consider the object to be attained. Most assuredly the sum of one guinea for each person's admission for the entire season; or a three guineas subscription, which admits all the members of a family who reside together for the like period; or the sum of five shillings for a single admission to each ball, is a charge no one can object to, even when increased by the slender additional contribution of six-pence a night, paid on entering, for tea, which is served during the whole of the evening. This, and the

wise regulation which limits the time for dancing to between nine and twelve o'clock, are probably some of the motives that induce from three to five hundred people to assemble in these rooms on all those occasions. At the private subscription ball, however, the dancing hours are extended at pleasure, and all sorts of refreshments are given on a liberal scale. The introduction to all these public or private assemblies can only be obtained through a friend, a subscriber, or a member of the committee. No "unknown" is admitted, on which point the master of the ceremonies is both vigilant and peremptory.

A remnant of the "old glory" of Bath may be traced in the still existing practice, nowhere else adopted in England, though very fit to be introduced into the first class metropolitan clubs, of a ladies' card assembly, which takes place in the "Upper rooms" every Wednesday evening, from seven till twelve o'clock, when from fifty to one hundred ladies and gentlemen meet to play at cards. But instead of the faro and lansquenet of the days of yore, a quiet rubber at whist or casino, without the smallest attempt at introducing high gaming of any sort, occupies the time of the company. The subscription to these assemblies, which is exceedingly low, begins in October, and lasts as long as there are four tables, which of late years has often been throughout the year; the attendance being, of course, strictly confined to persons eligible to the balls.

Nothing marks more distinctly the successive changes that have taken place in the manners, costumes, amusements, and intercourse of the superior classes of society, than the curious codes of laws framed by succeeding dictators (yclept M.C. S.), from Nash to Dawson, and later still, for the governance of the assembled "ladies and gentlemen," frequenters of the Lower and Upper Rooms.* "Bath and the Company," said

* "The Lower Rooms," with an M. C. to boot, who made laws also, are no longer in existence. They were destroyed by fire, and from their ashes arose the Literary and Philosophical Institution.

Nash, in an advertisement, when he undertook the office of *arbiter*, “are in a state of confusion.” In those days a great duchess was likely to be rebuked for wearing a splendid point lace apron, worth five hundred guineas, at a ball, which in these times every one would admire, and the ladies in particular view with envy; or a pretty royal princess would be refused the very modest request of a little longer dancing, rather than that the laws of the ball-room (unalterable, like those of Lycurgus) should be violated. Then ladies who intended to dance were forced to appear in a full trimmed saque, or an Italian *night-gown*, similarly trimmed, a petticoat with lappets, and a dress hoop; but not a “pocket hoop,” for that was too small. On the other hand, a gentleman durst not stand up to dance a minuet, if his hair or wig had not been dressed with a bag, and himself was not clad in a French frock. All other dresses “being insufficient to attend on ladies.”

These minute regulations, this strict adherence to etiquette, this institution, in fact, of the *ton* and *tournure* of courtly and quasi-royal balls, have been smiled and sneered at by the *parvenus* of the present day, who with a stiff black cravat, a coat and waistcoat thrown off the shoulders, a pair of hessian boots, a cane, and the hair *chiffonné*, contrive to sneak among their betters, with the pretensions of men of fashion, and thus swell out the too compact crowds at a modern ball. Yet we may easily understand that when they prevailed, and the enforcement of such laws allured the celebrated beauties of those days, whose names have descended to us—the Lady Anne Coventry, and the Lady Bampfylde, or the Lady Augusta Campbell, with the lovely Mrs. Powis, or Miss Kitty Gore—to the public rooms in Bath, there to grace a dress-ball; a spectacle, finer than any which Europe could produce, must have been nightly exhibited in Bath in those days, not only on account of the personal charms of the ladies, but from the magnificence of their dresses and

that of the rooms in which they were assembled, as well as from the order, decency, and decorum observed on all those occasions.

To the preservation of the last-named proprieties, the company who frequent the balls of modern Bath no doubt can lay equal claim. Nor have the gifts of nature been lavished with a less profuse hand on the fairer portion of the assembled dancers in our days; still less can the present be deemed inferior to the former rooms in splendour. Yet the *ensemble*—the *coup d'œil*—the movements and the composition of a gala-ball at Bath, must be far less imposing now than in the glorious days of 1748—the most triumphant year of the reign of Bath and Beau Nash.

As akin to this kind of amusement, one might mention the occasional performance of public concerts in Bath. These, however, which were once a distinguishing feature of the Bath season, have not of late been successful; first, because people have become more fastidious on the score of music, and have got a finer ear, so that they are not pleased unless called to listen to professional excellence; and, secondly, on account of the many *soi-disant* amateur musical “treats” to which people are invited gratis. “Les prétendus concerts d’amateurs,” says a modern observer of Parisian fashion, which is indeed the fashion of London, and many provincial cities, “sont aujourd’hui multipliés d’une manière si effrayante, qu’ils sont devenus un véritable fléau, une peste, que nous appellerons *musical morbus*.”

Private dinner-parties and balls are also not unfrequent causes of interruption to the successful progress of public concerts, and even theatrical performances, the latter of which, indeed, are, as everywhere else, *en décadence* in Bath. Again, the mania of routs and *grandes soirées* has extended to that fair city, and seems equally to interfere with the far preferable amusements of public balls. People possessing noble and spacious saloons—and none have

better in England than the grandees of Bath—are not satisfied unless they convert them, three or four times a year, into what old Talleyrand used to call “*une Macedoine sociale*.”

Of the social condition of Bath I know nothing from personal experience, never having had the good fortune to be long enough in that city to become acquainted with the state of society there. But having discoursed with two old residents well versed in the humours and ways of that modern Florence, though each differing in opinion as to its real and intrinsic merits or defects as a social city, the conclusion has forced itself on me, that Bath must be a much more desirable place to live in in our days, than it could possibly have been even during the glorious days of Nash, or the subsequent and closing years of the last century, so lamentably described by the author of the “*Bath Anecdotes and Characters*.” Surely, dullness itself is far preferable, or no intercourse at all, to that frivolous gaiety and dangerous medley of castes and classes of people which prevailed at Bath about the year 1783, when the laying of snares for young women, intriguing with such as had a husband, hunting after the fortune of widows, and entrapping the unwary youth with more money than wit into a lansquenet club, held on a Sunday night at the Three Tuns in Stawl-street, formed the principal occupations of the majority of those assembled at Bath. Public sinning, infamy, and plunder were then reduced to a system of precision, not more awful in itself than disgraceful to those who permitted it. Sharpers, under the auspices of great men, and footmen, living in an easy style, set down as decoys, were ready for their work, even at noontide, in the gaming-room. People were always at hand to negotiate the notes and bills obtained from the unsuspecting victim. Drinking deep was the predecessor of all these iniquities; and when payment was demurred to, threats were employed—first of disclosure, then of duels, and, lastly, assassination! Thank

God ! we may exclaim, that Bath is now a dull place, if such was the state of society half a century ago.

By this time my readers will begin to think that enough has been said of the principal auxiliaries peculiar to the Bath Spa, and that something ought to be mentioned respecting other adjuvants of no less importance to the invalid—namely, house accommodation, means of living, and objects of mental recreation.

In all these adjuvants I can, upon good authority, aver that Bath is behind no Spa in England ; nay, that it stands prominently forward as almost unique, both with regard to facilities of procuring excellent house-room, and for the supply of good food. After what has already been stated in reference to the extent of magnificent streets, and handsome dwelling-houses, with which one is particularly struck in Bath, it is hardly necessary to add that the simple visiter, as well as the invalid who proceeds thither with the intention of remaining on account of his health, will find every convenience he can desire in the way of house-room. If any farther testimony of this truth were required, we should find it in the parliamentary returns, moved by Captain Pechell, R.N., of the names of twelve cities in England which paid the largest amount of window-duty in 1840. Those returns elicited the curious fact that Bath, with one exception, is by far the largest contributor, being considerably above ten of those places, and only second to one—Liverpool ; the latter having paid in that year 22,550*l.*, while Bath had contributed 18,856*l.*

But it is notorious that, whether as regards hotels, boarding, or simple lodging houses, or, again, as to single and first-rate houses, Bath offers every possible facility.

Prominent among the establishments first-named, stands “York-house,” a conspicuous building, very handy to the great fashionable lounge, Milsom-street, and always well known, I believe, even from the earliest times, as a first-rate hotel in Bath. Since the death of its former master, Reilly,

the present spirited proprietor, Mr. Emeney, has, at one fell swoop, cleared away dirt and drones from an establishment which had fallen into inanition and decrepitude—made extensive changes in the interior arrangements and accommodations—beautified and repaired the houses throughout (operations which he had just completed when I visited it), and thus restored to it once more its former attraction and celebrity. It is the most frequented hotel in Bath.

I have already spoken of the hotel I dwelt in—the White Hart; and of the rest I took no notice for want of time; but I was informed that the Lion among them was one which had recently been fitted up with much style and elegance. It is admitted on all hands that the charges at all these establishments are moderate.

While speaking of the profuse supply of thermal water thrown up by the source in the King's Bath, and of the very large proportion of it wasted, I hinted at a suggestion I should have to propose, at a subsequent period, respecting this unemployed excess of mineral water. That suggestion may be comprised in a short query. Why should not the principal hotels in the town (as at Baden, Töplitz, and Wiesbaden) have the use of that surplus, conveyed to them by glazed pipes and a forcing-pump, so as to accommodate invalids with baths of the natural water, in or near their own apartment, at those hotels, where, in that case, suitable provisions should be made, and a proper remuneration paid to the lessees of the mineral springs?

Of the boarding-houses, that which captivated me the most from its appearance, and above all its very desirable situation, is Hayward's, in South-parade. The house is much frequented by both sexes—the charges being 2*l.* 10*s.* a week in winter, and 2*l.* in summer, including everything saving a private sitting-room. A handsome flagged pavement, fifty-two feet wide, stretches in front of the house to the extent of 538 feet, serving as a lounge for the invalid who loves to bask in the occasional sunshine of the wintry solstice. Beyond

the pavement is a handsome carriage-road, and next to it a well-cultivated garden, with a varied prospect over Widcombe, Prior Park, and Beachen Cliff's high-towering hanging wood. Exposed thus freely to the south, and sheltered from all the other objectionable points of the compass, the delicate would find in this house an almost meridional climate.

Longford's, another eligible boarding-house, but principally for gentlemen, is well situated also, in the immediate vicinity of Queen-square. There is another in Princess-street, and a fourth in Duke-street, equally commendable, though not enjoying equally the same favourable front aspect ; but they, as well as the two first-mentioned houses, have the advantage of being close at hand to the great Curesal and the Baths. In summer, however, their situation would not be considered as equally desirable with that of another boarding-house near Laura-place, Great Pulteney-street, or with the lodging-houses to be found still higher on the different hills ascending north and north-eastwards.

I have often heard it discussed in society whether the climate of Bath be dry or damp, cold or temperate, much exposed to winds, and variable, or the reverse. An inspection of some meteorological journals for the last quarter of 1838 and two succeeding years (1839 and 1840), which appear to have been kept with singular precision by Mr. Biggs, of Charles-street, Bath, supplies us so far with positive data for safe conclusions. Upon looking at these records, then, I find that in twenty-seven months consecutively there had fallen five feet seven inches four-fifths of rain—that the year 1839 had had the largest share of this quantity—and that in general November seems to be the wettest month ; next June and July ; whereas February, March, April, and May, are more than usually dry.

With regard to temperature, the average degree of any of two daily observations of the thermometer standing in the

open air, for every day during twenty-seven months, has never descended so low as the freezing point—the lowest average temperature having been thirty-five degrees; while it has never reached during the summer months a higher average degree of heat than seventy-two degrees. In several of what are called the cold months elsewhere, November, December, January, and February, the temperature of the external air at Bath, at three o'clock in the afternoon, has often been 44-5-6-7-8, and even 49; which bespeak the mildness of its climate in winter.

As for the direction and strength of the wind during the two last years and a quarter, the same journal records thirty-eight days of easterly winds in the last quarter of 1838, 129 days in 1839, and 119 days in the succeeding or last year; making a total of 286 days on which the wind blew from the east quarter during the before-mentioned period—in other words, nearly one day in every three. We have seen that, owing to its peculiar position, Bath is not exposed to the full force of an easterly wind, except that part of the modern city which is built high up on Lansdowne-hill. Bath-Hampton stands as a screen, though in the far distance, between the north-east and Bath; while Combe Monkton, the furthest, and Prior Park, the nearest hill, act in the same capacity as regards the south-east. And yet when blowing hard and long, the direct east wind will rush down the sheltering but distant slope of Claverton, passing over Widcomb in its way, to envelop and annoy with its deadly gushes Bathwick first, and next the older city, placed in the hollow cup of the valley. The frequency of such a wind, therefore, is an unfortunate meteorological feature for Bath; though in that respect Bath is not singular. The next most frequent wind is from the south-west, which generally brings rain. To this the valley lies broadly open. After it, come the north and north-west gales, with a dry nipping atmosphere. But against these the fair city has an almost triple rampart of defence in

the Salisbury and Charmy Downs, the farthest and highest ; and in the North Beacon, Sion, and Primrose Hills, the nearest. The genial breezes from the south, and the cheering and inspiriting westerly winds, blow principally in May and June, accompanied often by a cloudless sky.

On the whole, Bath's climate is as fickle as that of many parts of England. It is marked by nearly as many wet days as that of other places in the west ; but the rain falls at stated periods of the year instead of being diffused throughout the year, or being nearly constant ; and moreover, as was before observed, from the nature of the soil, the moisture is promptly absorbed, and the streets become dry with amazing rapidity. It is in its mild temperature, arising from the very sheltered position of the city just described, that consists the principal merit of the climate of Bath, and in the purity of the air ; whereby invalids, any way delicate in their lungs, may with safety be recommended to sojourn in this city during the winter months, though they ought not to be suffered to bathe in the thermal spring before the more genial season arrives.

Perhaps, after all these mere learned and comparative statements, the safer mode of judging of the climate of any place for practical purposes is to take the opinion of a sensible and accurate observer who has resided long in it, and whose means of judging have been frequent, as well as judiciously and impartially used. From such an individual I have obtained the following information, which I committed to writing immediately after I returned to my quarters from a visit I had paid him.

“ Bath air is what is called relaxing. I had a sister who, while she lived in old Bath, was subject to fainting and losing her voice ; so that, though an excellent singer, she never could sing after a day or two's exertion. She moreover used to lose flesh. The moment she left her abode and went up the hill all these ill-effects disappeared, and

she got strong again. This was repeated several times, so that there is no mistake. At last she found a husband in Wiltshire, on the highlands, and she has continued well ever since.

“But then” proceeded my informant, “this very state of neutrality between laxity and tone is probably the main cause that people who have got beyond the fervour of youth or of very robust health, live longer here than anywhere else. The candle burns dimly; for the combustion is lower and fainter, owing to the atmosphere it burns in; and therefore it lasts longer.”

People have come to Bath almost decrepid, having, either through long illness or advanced age, got into a state that threatened immediate dissolution, and they have gone on living for ten or a dozen years more. I met a gentleman the day after my arrival at Bath, who had lived abroad a great deal, sparing himself not a little, and who afterwards expected, but did so in vain, to rally in London under medical care; and I asked him, “How do you get on in Bath since you have transferred yourself to this place?” “*Je vivote*,” was his reply, using a very expressive French phrase, though applied generally to the means of living rather than to the state of health. But he meant to express that here his physical life went on slowly—and consequently was likely to be prolonged.

This, however, is only in the basin of the valley—down by the baths and thereabouts; for up the hill to the west, perched on the pinnacle of the rock, the flame is fanned as elsewhere, and the combustion is in proportion more active as well as destructive.

It is singular that in such a region or lower part of the town fever and typhus and other epidemical disorders, which will rage at times in the upper region, are seldom if ever known. Such at least is the information I obtained from a most intelligent and talented person who has been fifteen years in Bath,

and in one of the oldest streets of the primitive part of the city.

Yet the mania has all along been, and is so still, to erect mansions higher and higher, on the western and northern hills, away from the salutary influence of the spring atmosphere, which here, as at Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, and Baden-baden*, exerts a salutary influence on the animal system, though the air may not be elastic. Hence your Royal Crescent and your Circus, already overlooking the spring's basin, are over-topped by the Somerset Place and the Lansdowne Crescent, and these by Lansdowne Square, and the Square at last crowned by Mr. Beckford's tower!

Living in Bath is very reasonable, and there are excellent markets for all sorts of provisions. All the topographers of Bath, both old and young, agree that Lansdowne mutton is "the best and sweetest in all Europe." No wonder either, if it be, as the same authors assert, "the best in England," for where is there any mutton fit to eat out of England?

Mountain water, beautifully transparent and pure, though

* Baden-baden, to which I somewhat compare Bath, suffers even more than the latter city from dampness, even during the beginning of the summer, but especially in the spring and fall of the year. When I published my account of that Spa I was not aware of this unlucky peculiarity of its climate. The parties who supplied me, at my visit, with information, which I could hardly be expected to have gained by *long* personal experience, were interested in keeping that fact from my knowledge. But many English patients of both sexes, who have resided the year round in Baden, either on the recommendation found in the description alluded to, or by my advice, have since communicated to me the result of their personal observations, which is to the effect above specified. During the hot months, or principal part of the season, that inconvenience is not felt so much; yet even then the evenings are damp; and one lady in particular, who suffered much from dampness, and had passed a year at Baden, when she came over to Wildbad last year to consult me, complained bitterly of the sad influence of the Baden air upon her nerves, and was revived by the mere inhaling for one day of the more genial and balmy atmosphere of the Würtemberg valley.

somewhat hard, is abundantly supplied by a company; and the river water, into which sundry city drains pour their contents, is never by any chance used for domestic purposes. Such a practice is left entirely to the metropolitans, who love to revel in the filthy solution of Thames water handed to them for potation and ablution, as well as for the dressing of food, by sundry companies at a very heavy charge. The Bathonians would turn in disgust from such a chalice; but the Londoner swallows its contents and says nothing.

Fuel is cheap as well as abundant. Coal is obtained in prodigious quantities between Radstock and Bath, and sold at very moderate prices. It has its defects, however; for it is hard to burn, and leaves behind prodigious quantities of something like red brick-dust after combustion.

This varied information I have deduced from conversation had with one or two persons well able from long residence to form a correct opinion upon these matters. The one was a clergyman, connected with one of the churches; the other an old messmate and captain in the royal navy on half-pay, who, with his *modicum* of his country's gratitude for his "tossings and woundings," had contrived to sail for many years over the tranquil waters of Bath, with a flying pendant and a wife in tow.

The city of Bath is profusely lighted with gas at night. The streets are very well paved, and kept clean; indeed the materials with which they are paved and flagged, as well as their dip or inclination, will not admit of dirt or wet after rain to remain, and make it a matter of no difficulty to maintain that peculiar cleanliness in Bath which has always proved particularly striking to strangers.

With vehicles and other means of conveyance, Bath is proverbially well supplied. Who has forgotten the *Bath chairs*? These and the hackney carriages are under wholesome regulations by the magistrates, and their fares are rather below than above what is fair. To be carried by two lusty fellows

the distance of one thousand one hundred and seventy-three yards, or nearly two-thirds of a mile, for one shilling, must be admitted to be a cheap luxury.

It is needless to say anything respecting public conveyances of any sort for a journey to or from Bath, as these, with the exception of the railroad, will have probably vanished ere this volume can be generally read. Fifty years ago there was advertised as a wonderful performance, "a flying machine to London from Bath, at eleven o'clock every night, which arrives at seven in the evening of next day in London;" performing the journey in *twenty hours*. Other machines (which were not flying), were advertised to go in two days, or forty-eight hours. What say the dons at the Paddington Embarcadero upon this point? Why that they will send invalids from London to Bath in one sixteenth part of that time.

For mental recreation, I have stated that Bath possesses resources equal to those of a small capital. How far the Literary and Philosophical Institution which that city numbers among its public establishments, is made available, and the public libraries are frequented, I have no means of ascertaining, except from hearsay. The object, however, of my present chapters is not to give a full description of Bath, which I must leave to guide-books, but simply to enumerate the several resources afforded by that city as adjuvants to the Spa. It is thus that the invalid will be instructed how to occupy profitably his time in aid of the beneficial effects from the mineral water, by avoiding idleness and indolence, either of body or mind. It will therefore be sufficient to state generally, that there is no lack at Bath of the usual means for intellectual occupation.

There remain still two or three subjects of interest which I would fain have introduced into this account of the "King of the English Spas." I should have liked to have entered the portals of its cathedral-like Abbey Church, admired its

many and exquisite specimens of Gothic tracery and carving there found, and its new stone Gothic altar-piece, and dwelt on its numerous and important monuments and tablets, ancient as well as modern, albeit arranged in a formal and stiff manner, so as literally to cover all the walls around. I should have wished, also, on emerging from thence, to have escorted my invalid visiter up to Prior's Park,



once the mansion of "humble" Ralph Allen, a sort of "fortunate youth" of his day, at whose hospitable board the brightest wits of the age, Sterne and Fielding and Smollett, with Warburton, Garrick, and Quin, had often assembled, but which is now converted into a palace for a Popish prelate of pious character, and into a college for the education of Popish youths. I should have desired, lastly, to salute the hallowed spot on which stands Bath Easton Villa, the Parnassus of Bath during the years 1750—60, presided over by a single muse, who invited the votaries of fashion and fortune to a refined social intercourse by rhyme and verses. All this it would have been a satisfaction to have accomplished; but I am warned of how much yet remains of my unfinished task in other parts of England, and how rapidly my volume is thickening; I must therefore close my description of the fair "city of Pallas," and of the "waters of the sun," by simply

inviting all those who may have visited the foreign baths, Baden especially, and who have not yet seen the English "Spa of Spas" (as I trust it will soon again become), to proceed thither in numbers as soon as Sir Isambard, the magician, shall, with his *Great Western* wand, have brought Bath within three hours of the metropolis, and so judge for themselves of its superiority and importance.

CHAPTER VI.

ENVIRONS OF BATH—MELKSHAM SPA.

SOMERSET SEA-BATHING PLACES.

ROAD TO THE SOUTH-WEST COAST.

WELLS—GLASTONBURY—EXETER.

Corsham House—Bow-Wood and Longleat—The MENDIP Hills and CHEDDAR—MELKSHAM Spa—Its Mineral Waters—Three Wells and a Spa-house—Bristol Coast—Sea-bathing Places—WESTON-*Super-Mare*—Pelagus of Sands—MINEHEAD—Mildness of its Climate—Journey towards Torquay—Objects of Inquiry through Somerset—The TURBARY—The POLDEN Hills—Hawkins and the *Psauri* Fossils—Approach to GLASTONBURY—A Lias Village—WALTON Drive and Hood's Monument—Magnificent View—Glastonbury Torr—The OLDEST CHURCH in England—The George Inn and the Pilgrims—The RUINED ABBEY—Harry the Destroyer—WELLS and St. Andrews—The CATHEDRAL and the Bishop's Palace—The Allotment Colony—Its Success—The Worthy Bishop—FRONT of Wells Cathedral—Its Interior—MONUMENTS—The Philanthropist of Montacute—The CRYPT—Skull of INA—Favourable Position of the Cathedral—Progress into Devonshire—The WELLINGTON PILLAR—TAUNTON—Descent into EXETER—A Coffee-room Scene—Foreign and English Manners—Look at Home.

THE same reasons which restrained my pen, when treating of one of its most interesting suburbs, Clifton, from dilating at the same time on the many important establishments of Bristol, where wealth, industry, and knowledge have made rapid strides since my first visit in 1812, compel me to pass over in silence many subjects of interest at Bath which

would have been justly entitled to consideration. But, as I approach nearer the conclusion of my Grand Spa Tour through England, space is failing me for more than a mere glance at many of the several topics,—such as those, for instance, which are enumerated at the head of the present chapter. Though, as a traveller, I have derived both pleasure and information from their contemplation, as a writer, I have no reason to conclude that a minute description of them would equally interest my readers. Of the environs of Bath most likely to awaken the curiosity of the stranger, those in the direction of the old London-road, but now upon or near the Great Western Railway, present a higher degree of attraction, as being the residence of titled rank, wealth, and taste.

It is impossible to visit that immense Gothic pile, CORSHAM HOUSE, and its splendid gallery of paintings; or BOW-WOOD, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which lies a little to the right of the former, near the old Roman-road, without admitting the truth of my remark. How beautifully the latter mansion, by its noble station and architectural elevation, contrasts with the former building. Of the same character, but more seignorially imposing and extensive, is LONGLEAT, in another direction, though still within an easy reach of Bath, from whence the approach to the quadrangular structure of the Thynnes, over that fine Warminster road of which notice has been already taken, is beyond description enchanting.

But if the Bath visiter or invalid be more in favour of Nature than Art in the choice of objects for his excursions, then let him direct his chariot's course to the south-west; let him mount, and again descend, the Mendip Hills, there to be lost in astonishment and awe among the Cheddar Cliffs, while looking straight up to catch a glimpse at the vault of heaven, between two nearly perpendicular rocks that rise eight hundred feet above the level of the valley where that

well-flavoured cheese is manufactured which *gourmets* love to taste before a bumper of tawny port.

There is one of the environs, however, of which, in a book on mineral waters, I am bound to speak more especially; and that is MELKSHAM SPA. Two wells of mineral water, respecting which I regret to say I have no modern and well-authenticated quantitative analysis, are to be found at the small town of Melksham, about eleven miles distant from Bath by the London or Great Western railroad. The one is said to be a saline aperient, the other a chalybeate. But a new spring, somewhat stronger, as a saline aperient, was discovered afterwards; so that Melksham is abundantly supplied with mineral water. A company was formed to extend, improve, and work out these several wells; and some lodging-houses, as well as a spa-house, were built in consequence. But I am not aware that the fortunes of this new health-giving source, so near the great leviathan Spa, have been prosperous; and here I must leave Melksham Spa.

The mania for sea-bathing is certainly not the one most conspicuous among the people of this country; and yet fewer nations love better than they to dwell on sea-shores at certain seasons of the year, be it only to look upon the glorious ocean, and listen to its roaring. Accordingly here, on a line of sixty miles of coast in the eastern and western divisions of the county, forming the English boundary of the Bristol Channel, Somersetshire reckons nearly as many bathing-places (so considered) as there are towns or hamlets possessed of a beach or a sand-strand before it.

Of these, WESTON-*Super-Mare* and MINEHEAD are the most frequented, and consequently the most fashionable places of summer resort. The former is situated at the foot of Ashcombe Cliff, looking south-westwardly, and forming the north horn; while the latter lies under the slope of a rocky eminence, called Greenleigh, constituting the south horn of Bridgewater Bay.

At Weston, the view of the ocean, and its use, are dependant on the incoming tide; for to such a length does the water recede at ebbing, that the sea, which at one time of the day does nearly lave the foundation of the newly-erected buildings rendered necessary by the increased influx of visitors, becomes in the next two or three hours a distant view only, or indeed almost a peep—leaving behind a Pelagus of sand such as is hardly to be seen in other parts of the coast. Upon these the beaux and belles of *Zomerzetshire* saunter away their duller hours.

At Minehead *c'est une autre chose*—albeit it has been stripped, by the ruthless hand of reform, of the mighty honour of sending a representative to Parliament. Here we have a regular bustling, fishing, trading sea-port, with a good deal of uninviting sea-water in one part, and a cleaner portion of sea-shore on the other, where strangers come to bathe from many parts of the country. But in regard to inns, lodging-houses, and baths,—as well as in reference to one or two public buildings recently erected at the expense of a patriotic individual—Minehead must yield the palm to Weston. The mildness of the climate, however, much more than sea-bathing, seems to be the real attraction to invalids at this place. I am not aware on what authority or authentic data the assertion is made, but Minehead is said to be the climate in which delicate flowers appear sooner and die later in the open air than in any other local climate in England. In the course of my excursions through the country, I had occasion to meet and converse with persons of delicate health, who had passed several winters in this dismal town, which has only its fine surrounding landscapes at the back, and the pleasing though distant prospect of the Welsh coast in front, to redeem its natural *tristesse*: they thought themselves much benefited by their sojourning in the place.

I am now wending my way to the south-western coast of England, with the view to examine the more important sea-

bathing stations there, and more especially Torquay, which, as a medical man, claimed my most serious attention. No sea nook has been more talked of in this country, for the last fifteen or twenty years, than Torquay; and as a great deal of loose, flippant, and unsupported assertions for and against its climate have been advanced in books which are propounded as guides to the public, I deemed it an additional duty on my part to proceed to the place, and see with my own eyes, and judge for myself, ere I attempted to instruct others.

In my journey thither many were the objects that arrested my attention, and detained me from my ultimate destination. The desire of looking at the few small sea-bathing places I wished to examine along the coast of the Bristol Channel led me, in the first instance, to take the road from Bristol to Bridgewater, which, after crossing the two parallel and lofty ranges of the Mendip Hills already mentioned, enters a vast extent of marshy ground, called in some parts of Somersetshire the *Marsh* and in others the *Moor*, which spread from the coast to as far east as Wells and Glastonbury. The most curious objects on this road are the green knolls or hillocks that rise suddenly in the midst of this vast plain or morass; and of these Brent Knoll, 470 feet high, is the most conspicuous. These knolls are truncated cones of the newer red sandstone, supporting lias; but in the case of the Brent, the cone is capped by the inferior oolite.

The *Turbary* into which a large portion of this swamp or morass has been converted, is of the first class in England. Land for cutting turf in it lets at fifty shillings an acre, a higher rent than it will fetch afterwards when cultivated with corn. But to a naturalist that part of the district now under consideration is more interesting which lies nearer to Glastonbury, and the Polden Hills, those important lias ridges which supplied Mr. Hawkins (now living at Sharpham, not far from them) with the splendid collection of *Psauri* at present decorating the galleries of the British Museum. In the lias quarries at

Street, the finding of these fossil reptiles is by no means an unfrequent occurrence.

The sight of the Polden Hills, on the back-bone of which ridge runs the mail-road from Bath to Exeter, tempted me to halt for a day or two, at a picturesque little village, situated upon them, where one of my sons officiated as curate. Under his escort, and in his vehicle, I explored the ruins of Glastonbury, and retraced my steps as far as Wells, to admire its splendid cathedral. Both objects are worth a much longer deviation from the right road, and are equally deserving of a digression. Indeed, what better service can a medical guide to the English Spas render to the invalid who proposes to follow his steps than to afford him excuses for prolonging the diversion of travelling and seeing "strange things," whereby he may cast from his mind, through the contemplation of interesting subjects, the reflection of his own suffering condition?

As we were descending the Poldens, our faces turned to the north-west to reach Glastonbury, the village of Walton offered, in its construction, a curious feature to our attention, besides another interesting object, the new residence of the Rector, Lord John Thynne, built I believe after his own design, in the Elizabethan pointed style. The village is considerable, and the peculiarity of its structure consists in the material used in the building of the houses, as well as in the latter having all their principal fronts turned to the southern sun. Near Walton and the adjoining village, Street, the richest and finest quarries of that curious clay formation called the blue lias, exist; and the facilities of obtaining that indurated and easily worked material so near at hand, has induced people to introduce it in every form and shape in the buildings of the village. Blocks and slabs of it are used for that purpose, some of the latter of which I have seen standing up as fence walls, which measured ten feet square, and many more of them eight feet. Not only the houses and cottages are built

of this useful material, but some of the shops and cottages have their very doors formed of one single slab of it. In places where greater protection or resistance is required, substantial blocks of this lias, eighteen inches long, by four inches in thickness, are employed in constructing a wall, the top of which they render difficult of access, by placing every alternate block on end, so as to form a sharp embattlement.

From Walton a very delightful carriage-drive leads over a very extensive line of the Walton Hills, to a view of Hood's naval monument, a meagre design of an ordinary pillar, having for its capital a combination of flags and the sterns of ships. The prospect from thence is magnificent, principally extending over the plain country, displayed like a green map at the foot of the hills, and encompassed by the Poldens and the Mendips. This last great parapet or mountain wall, presents, even from this elevated spot on a fine day, one of its most striking features, the celebrated Cheddar cliff, to which allusion has already been made. This vast chasm, which breaks the continuous and lofty ridge of the Mendips running from east to west, looks at this distance as if man had striven to force its passage through the barrier. Far mightier power, however, has caused this portentous fracture, in days unnumbered and unrecorded; and its rocky and gloomy side-caverns remain to tell the internal structure which that fracture first revealed.

We had no sooner done admiring this astounding feature in the horizon, than, carrying the eye five or six miles in advance of the Mendips, and nearer to us to the eastward, over the *Turbary*, it rested at last on the pinnacle of one of those green knolls which have been noticed before, and from the top of which a tower of an unknown age overlooks the country, and forms an insulated beacon to the surrounding plain. The scene is hardly characteristic of this country; it reminds one rather of the baronial castles on the Rhenish

Hills. It is the Glastonbury Torr, near to which Glastonbury itself, with its neat streets, and the abbatial ruins, is seen to occupy the declivity of a slender eminence in the plain. The first part of this, the oldest christian town in England, that presents itself on a near approach, with its short quadrangular tower, backed by the dark-green and wooded bank of Glastonbury-hill, is the old church, reminding us of the very first introduction of Christianity into Great Britain. By the side of it rises even more conspicuously the newer church;—yet old enough, having been erected by Andrew Bere, the abbot. Few ecclesiastical structures, in the later style of English architecture, present towers of so graceful a character, with highly wrought turrets and decorated battlements.

The landlady of the George Inn in Glastonbury, the very house of entertainment kept by the olden monks for the pilgrims who visited the celebrated abbey and monastery, holds in her custody the keys of the precincts, within which the important remaining vestiges of that grand structure are now secured and carefully preserved. The aspect and form, and recent renovation of the George, however, are in character with the recollection of the destroyer, and not the preserver, of those glorious edifices; for they betray, by their style, the Harry and Elizabethan times.

I will not allow myself the gratification of dwelling on the exquisite impressions I received on entering these grandiose, imposing, and magnificent remains; would that they were placed, like Fountains and Bolton Abbey, in a landscape more suited to the melancholy tone of grandeur they retain! How happy the present proprietor of the abbey-land must be, to have before him at all hours of the day such noble vestiges, as seen from the principal apartments of his own modern dwelling-house, built in a style of architecture to harmonize with the venerable remains to which it is almost contiguous! Many a time and oft, while in the act of contemplating the yet upstanding relics that are daily before him,

of one of the finest temples reared by christian worshippers, and while marking on their sandstone, ivy-clad surfaces, the different effect produced on them by the Vandalic hand that has destroyed, and the corroding tooth of time that has spared, must this modern "lord of the sacred glebe," blush for the scandalous and sacrilegious deeds of the debauched king of this country, who stained the page of English history at every step of his life; and who, in this instance, not content with the firm grasp he had got of their wealth, threw a destructive noose also around the throats of the wretched monks of the abbey, and strangled them on Torr Hill!

But I must hasten on to WELLS,—the cathedral of which even now, as I descended the hill on leaving Glastonbury, appeared conspicuous at the distance of about seven miles. Neither the pleasing tradition which carries us back to the years immediately succeeding that great event which secured our redemption; nor the sight of "Weary-all" Hill, and its yearly flowering thorn, by which that tradition is suggested,—shall detain us on our way to the capital of the Kings of the West Saxons.

To St. Andrew's well, which abundantly flows through part of the city, is the honour ascribed of having given its own name to it. But that honour might be successfully disputed by the locality or position of the city itself. Never was an assemblage of houses and streets so deeply sunk into a well as these appear to be, to the traveller who approaches the place from Glastonbury.

Two objects merit the attention of strangers in Wells; its Cathedral and the Bishop's Palace. But the philanthropist and the Englishman who love their race, must also feel an interest in a third object, peculiar to modern Wells—I mean the colony of allotment-labourers, formed by the venerable prelate, whose presence I had the regret of missing at the time of my visit, he being absent for the benefit of sea-bathing at Weymouth. A long acquaintance of twenty-

four years had enabled me to appreciate the many acts of benevolence which have marked the career of this most venerable dignitary of the church, equally exemplary in his public as in his private life ; and I felt, therefore, not at all surprised to hear the head domestic at the palace describe with feeling and admiration this new work of judicious philanthropy of his revered master—the formation of the colony in question.

The allotments are just below, and to the south of the hills. There are about 500 tenants with a quarter of an acre of land each, for which they pay the yearly rent of ten shillings, and they succeed remarkably well. The bishop visits them every morning early on horseback. They attend morning and evening to their land : and employ profitably the rest of the day. A shilling is returned to them on rent day instead of giving them a dinner. Their conduct, I understood, is exemplary. In how many hundred parts of England that I have visited, might such a scheme be adopted, to the great benefit of the landlord, the improvement of waste lands, —and what is more important,—the amelioration of the condition of a wretched peasantry ! Will not the example of the good Bishop of Bath and Wells find many followers in England !

But the venerable prelate, whose life has been one of great activity, directs his eye to every thing that needs it. Thus his liberality and taste restored the famed hall, contiguous to the palace, which had been in ruins since the days of Edward IV., and in that way has he rescued from ignominious uses a noble building, in which the mock trial of Abbot Whytyng had taken place. That abbot's chair is in the bishop's private chapel, which has been beautifully restored. The moat, filled with quick water from the abundant well of St. Andrew before mentioned, surrounds the modern garden and inner court, round the embattlements of which runs a raised terrace within, and a gravel walk without at the foot of the

wall; both of which, like all the rest of the premises, are kept in a state of peculiar neatness. Besides these arrangements and restorations, which are all the work of the good prelate, he has enlarged the great library of the palace, and at the end of the vast drawing-room has thrown out a very beautiful oriel window.

The front of the cathedral is the most complete in all its parts of any edifice of this class I have seen, except that the two side-angle towers so richly decorated and finished at their bases, particularly at the corners, are truncated and left unfinished. But the design of the front, as originally drawn, was here actually completed and finished in its minutest parts, and so are the sides and porches; though here the decorations are more sparingly distributed, and so far differ from the beautiful work of Lincoln Cathedral. The two front-angle towers, and the central one rising from the cross, are, like the Ripon towers, of two different heights; the upper part of the central and loftiest tower, with its three windows and double mullions, being of the finest construction.

The interior has a warm, bright, creamy colour spread over it, now of many years duration, though still perfect. There is nothing very interesting in the way of monuments here collected, except those of the older abbots and bishops. Among the modern memorials, one by Chantrey is pointed out in a very conspicuous place, destined to commemorate the worthy philanthropist of Montacute. It is an alto-relievo. The head is entirely detached and insulated, as well as the left side of the body, with the arm hanging over the back of a chair. A large gown supplies an excuse for a drapery, the folds of which, as they fall from the knee and thigh, are marked by the usual hardness and stiffness of this artist's draperies. The head is the part which claims praise for its execution and expression. It is indeed in that particular branch of statuary that this modern sculptor excels. The

representation of any ordinary man, clad in modern clothing, and sitting in a chair (no matter what attitude you may give him), is not a very difficult object to represent: a model will supply all that is necessary for the purpose. But to finish and give the figure movement and life in spite of all the pictorial as well as classical defects of modern clothes, appertains only to the very superior class of sculptors: and those qualifications in the present figure are wanting. The monument cost 800 guineas. No lack of encouragement to the arts here!

The crypt under the church is remarkable, first for the very curious massive lock observable upon its outer gate, and secondly, for the arabesque iron ornaments on the panels of the second or inner door, over which the wings of the hinges so much admired expand. I, however, descended into it, not on this account, but simply to examine a human skull, flat, square, wide, and ample below the posterior part of the parietal bones, which was found some years since in a stone coffin under the centre of the nave. The bones of the skeleton were left where discovered, and the head alone was removed, and with it a copper vessel in the form of half an egg-shell (of dimensions sufficient to contain two pints of liquid), in which the heart of Ina, king of the West Saxons, was found swimming yet in some of the original preserving fluid, a portion of which, tinged greenish by the presence of the salt of copper, is still shown in a phial.

Wells Cathedral, placed as it is on a green, surrounded by the houses of the different dignitaries, and enclosed within Gothic gates, much better preserved than those at Lincoln, has the advantage of being seen unobstructed, and in a tranquil simple scenery wholly suited to its character. It is built of a strong freestone, which has, however, suffered in many parts; and even the clusters of small Purbeck marble pillars of the west front exhibit symptoms of decay.

As I quitted the Poldens, I left the fine and varied country

behind me, and beyond Bridgewater I entered upon a far different-looking district, extending partly into Devonshire. The land appeared rich in meadows and pasture, and orchards filled with apple-trees, but is dotted with mean-looking villages, the houses of which are mostly of mud, thatched and white-washed. There is no imposing or attractive feature within sight of the road, throughout the whole extent of the district I traversed, either in the remaining part of Somersetshire or that portion of Devonshire which follows, and in which are principally found the properties of Lady Cox Hipplesey, Lord Waldegrave, Lord Politmore, Sir T. Ackland, and Lord Cream, and the Earl of Egremont, who was a Captain Wyndham, R.N., of whom every one seemed to speak with respect and affection. Indeed the first small town we entered, after travelling about ten miles into the latter county, I mean Collumpton, more reminded me of the miserable-looking Jewish towns of Russia and Poland than of the usual neatness and show of comfort one expects to meet in England. Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland's, Killerton Park, is not far from this spot.

The first view of the great and dark range of the Blackdown Hills, which come in sight before you reach Taunton, is the only redeeming feature. As we came close to it, while just about to enter Devonshire, the direction of the hills being west-south-west, and a little to the left of the road, there appeared upon the one nearest to the town of Wellington, towering alone, and pregnant with yet recent recollections of the hero whose deeds it is intended to commemorate,—the WELLINGTON PILLAR.

In this day's excursion TAUNTON was the head-quarters, and a visit to various parts of this comfortable-looking town, in which antique and modern structures are blended together, well repaid me for the sameness of my previous drive. The top of the very handsome tower of St. Mary's, a beautiful object which I descried many miles before we reached the town, has the same ornamented and curiously-wrought battlements

and pinnacles which I noticed in Abbot Bere's New Church at Glastonbury. Many, indeed, of the churches in Somersetshire have the same character, as if they had been erected at the same time, or were imitations of each other. As in Lincolnshire and about the fens, so in this country, where the flats or marshes were rescued, not many years since, from almost perpetual inundation, the churches are large and handsome, with showy exteriors, and lofty quadrangular towers.

The general appearance of the population I this day beheld in my progress, and of their dwellings, was not calculated to make a favourable impression on a traveller. The inferior classes may be above poverty, but that seems as much as can be said of their lot. In partly agricultural districts in England, whether in Yorkshire or Somersetshire, no matter how far apart the counties may be, where the produce is dearly got and scantily obtained, no appearance of wealth or much comfort can be expected: such districts barely produce enough to support life and prevent positive starvation. The cultivation of apples, which yields only a precarious and uncertain result; and even the more lucrative rearing of that useful weed the teasle, without which the Leeds clothiers cannot work, but which so frequently proves a failure,—may serve to put money into the coffers of a few farmers, but will give no surplus bread to the labourer. The consequent effect of all this is, an inferior development of physical beauty, and a corresponding deficiency in the unfolding of the intellectual faculties.

I apprehend that the statistics of the agricultural parts of Somersetshire, as applied to the inferior classes of people, confirm the foregoing notions. It is idle for a critic to smile with conceit, and treat with contempt the passing remarks of an observing traveller, merely because they *are passing* remarks. It does not require a residence of months or years among country towns, villages, and hamlets to judge

whether they wear the aspect of comfort, and whether the people who live in them seem happy, well fed, and well constituted. Depend upon it, that the contrary state to all these things is soon seen, not in England only, but wherever else it occurs, for *il saute aux yeux*, and you cannot mistake it.

A steep descent into Sidwell and High-street brought my vehicle at a rapid rate, and somewhat at the risk of my neck, before the gate of the Half-moon in Exeter, where I found a most civil landlord, very attentive to his business, in the conducting of which he is ably seconded by his good help-mate and some very pretty daughters, in their appearance and manners altogether superior to their station. One must, however, secure a private sitting-room at this house in order to be comfortable, inasmuch as the coffee-room, small and confined as it is, is nevertheless frequented by many and all sorts of people, most of whom are not of the most choice description. My own company was dismal enough. A coal merchant sat opposite me, calling for a third rummer "as before," extending, at the same time, his one-pint empty tumbler to the waiter, who nodded assent while he repeated the laconic words "Scotch whisky," whose powerful influence, by the bye, was even then visible in the gestures and squint of the dealer in black diamonds. On my left a "young gentleman" with his hat on was finishing his tea, sucking now and then the tips of his finger and thumb, which an instant before had held a square piece of buttered toast, and whistling in the intervals a tune he had heard at a masquerade ball, whence he had just returned. In the box behind me a portly elderly person had been for the last hour munching and swallowing oysters, lobster sallad, and North Wiltshire, with the loudest *gnam, gnam, gnam* of tongue and palate collapsing as it has ever fallen to my lot to listen to. Hot brandy and water succeeded large draughts of London stout; and while the mouth incessantly full, was thus sonorously masti-

cating its contents, the nose, acting the part of a breathing proboscis, was whistling through a labyrinth of "Irish black-guard," which the pot-bellied gent was snuffing up, with great gusto and action, between every four or five morsels.

We talk of the German and of the Italians of the middle classes picking their teeth with the prongs of their forks, sweeping up the last drop of gravy from their plates with a bit of bread, and licking the point of their knife clean before they immerse it into the saltcellar to help themselves to some of its contents : but when we publish to English readers these nationalities, do we ever reflect on such little scenes at home as I have just described, in a coffee-room of one of the crack inns of an episcopal city of such notoriety? Which of these habits are the most revolting, or most inconsistent with the general notions of good breeding?

CHAPTER VII.

EXMOUTH—TEIGNMOUTH.

ROAD TO TORQUAY.

Torquay and Dr. DE BARRY—Premature Death—EXETER—The Old and the New—In a State of Transition—Changes, Rifaccimentos, and Desecration—The Grammar-school and Guildhall—ROUGEMONT—Pilgrims to our Lady's Chapel—The CATHEDRAL—Its Exterior—Unique Screen—Curious Old Paintings—View of Exeter from South-west—TOPSHAM—The Earl of Devon's Baronial Castle—Recent Improvements—View of EXMOUTH—Its Situation—Peculiarities and Disadvantages—Sea-bathing not genuine—The HALDON Hills—MAM-HEAD—New Red Sandstone District—TEIGNMOUTH—Its Celebrated Bridge—Construction—Interruption—Residence and House-room—Company—Détour inland—Favourable Position of some Houses—UP-RIVER SCENERY — BISHOPTON — Genial Air of the District — NEWTON-ABBOT — Nearer Approach to Torquay — The Invalid's Valleys—Cheering Prospect.

WE may now bid adieu, at least for some days, to the Spas of England, and turn our attention to the principal Seabathing Stations on the south and south-western coasts, which public opinion, sanctioned by experience or the sentiments of professional men, has assigned as the most favourable retreat for certain classes of invalids during the inclement season. Among these, Torquay has almost monopolised, in our day, that reputation of superiority which, in

years not long passed, had been shared by three or four other sea towns not far removed from it. To Torquay, therefore, I directed my willing and anxious steps—the more eager to reach it as I expected to derive much valuable information and assistance from a talented and skilful practitioner, Dr. De Barry, whom my occasional and indeed recent professional correspondence respecting certain patients I had committed to his care, had led me to expect I should find at his post. Alas! on my arrival, I encountered only the mourners who had just returned from consigning this young physician to an untimely grave! He had, with intense assiduity, attended, by night and by day, an interesting case of fever, which had proved fatal; and the same disease, developing itself immediately after in the physician, snatched him from among the living, even before the new-made grave of his patient had been covered with the green-sward.

Ere we enter the precincts of the south-western asylum of condemned lungs, let us cast a retrospective and a superficial glance at the episcopal city we have just left. Exeter is not only a *transit* city for the south-west of England, but is itself in a state of transition. Ancient as York or Coventry, it is nevertheless losing, one after another, its characteristic signs of primordial life, and assuming a new character. Whether it be also, and at the same time, emerging from monkish superstition and its attendant darkness, it is not for a mere chance passenger to determine.

In its exterior, the city of Exeter, from being in a *transitive* state, offers some peculiar and startling contrasts as well as features. No one, for instance, can walk along its main street, the ancient way of the place from north-east to south-west, without having his attention attracted, first, by the buildings of a Gothic age, and then by those imitated from the Greeks and the Romans, either opposed to each other, or rising side by side—the one marking the days of

yore, the others those that are even now passing. High-street and Fore-street in Exeter, to which I am thus alluding, are perhaps in those respects as interesting as High-street, and Cannongate, and Princes-street in Edinburgh would be, if the respective elements of architecture of those separate localities were mingled perchance together to form but one successive line of buildings as in Exeter. Here we have, for instance, the imposing elevation of the Free Grammar-school, with its few yet grand Gothic windows and a fine gateway on the one side of High-street, contrasting with the Corinthian and pretending front of the West of England Insurance Office on the other side.

This last modern edifice and others that are seen in the same street with many equally modern-built or modernized dwellings, would lead one to expect a speedy and total extinction of the venerable aspect of Exeter, by which all travellers must have been, as I was, greatly struck, in passing through that city twenty-nine years ago. That protracted period of peace had not then arrived which followed later, and which has permitted the people of this country to set their minds on works of art and comfort, and, in this instance, almost to obliterate the works of their fathers. But the sight of the Guildhall portico, projecting with its dark gloomy mass into High-street, recalls the ancient days of fifteen hundred.

The prevailing tendency, however, is to cancel every mark of teutonic time. All the old city gates have been demolished, or are in progress of being so. The castle of Rouge-mont (a name fit for a romance) is desecrated by the presence of an ordinary-built English session-house, and every inhabitant whose house happens to have an ancient front, a projecting oriel, a carved gable, or a bay window, with mullions, and grotesque or arabesque figures, if he cannot rebuild or reface his ancient and picturesque abode, will, at all events, lay white paint thickly upon its surface, hang

Venetian screens before the windows, put up Italian balconies, and superadd a Grecian portico to his door—thus striving to conceal the olden date of his dwelling. The very inn in which I resided is in this condition of transit. Still the more ancient part within remains in *statu quo*, though cleansed or enlivened by paint; and I rejoiced at the short *séjour* I made in it, and loved the little low bedchamber I then occupied, with steps to go down into, and steps to go out of it, and its oak panels, and tall chimneypiece, and mullioned windows,—for all these things carried my recollection back into the century when, probably, this identical bedchamber gave shelter and repose to a weary pilgrim, come to visit the shrine in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter.

The exterior of this cathedral is inferior in design, state of repair, and neatness, to many cathedrals I have seen in the course of my general tour through England. The great quadrangular north tower (the first seen on approaching the ample churchyard through Broadgate) from its unusual width and the peculiar arrangement of three or four rows of blind arches on its walls, with a few narrow open windows only at the top story, more resembles a specimen of the castellated than of the ecclesiastical style of architecture. On the eastern side, the face of the building is quite black, and in a worse condition than are some parts of the outside of Westminster Abbey. Of the principal front one can only say that it is curious, but certainly not striking. The many-figured advancing porch before the great western door, secured by two flying buttresses, is but a poor compensation for the barrenness of ornaments on the north and south sides of the walls.

One of the few attractive features that arrested my attention in its interior is another and very different porch, placed in front of the great screen below the singularly-shaped organ, with three exquisitely-ornamented arches. It is a feature quite unique among the cathedrals I have visited.

Eleven old paintings on stone, which were discovered about seventy years ago, under a coat of plaster of Paris, have been arranged over these arches, in an equal number of compartments, constituting a peculiarity sufficient to distinguish Exeter Cathedral from all others. This imposing structure has the great advantage of being encircled at the west and north side by a very wide and open area, around which are several ranges of houses, and among them two quiet hotels—the *Globe* and the *Clarence*.

Never did I behold, except in St. Martin's-le-Grand, in London, at the hours when mail-coaches arrive or depart, so great, so incessant a bustle of arrivals and departures of public and private vehicles of every description as I was a witness to for an hour or so at the New London Inn in High-street, near to the Public Rooms, between which and the inn a short street ascends to the castle and to the public walk of Northernhay. My turn at length arrived, and I took my departure by the two-horse mail-coach on my way to Torquay. It was on the 6th of November I started—a favourable date for one who wished to judge of the proclaimed mildness of the climate in these parts during the autumnal and colder months of the year.

Foregate, a continuation of the principal line of streets I have described, ends in an almost precipitous descent on the bridge over the Exe, which is wide here, and takes a semi-circular sweep round the west part of the city. The view of the latter, from the centre of the bridge, spread over the acclivities to the south and south-east, with the castle very prominent, and Mr. Granger's seat and pleasure grounds next to it, forms by far the prettiest picture of Exeter, as seen from the south-west.

As far as Alphington the road winds through low flat ground. Here quitting the direct branch to Plymouth, it enters an undulating district leading to the Earl of Devon's seat, Powderham, with the view of many detached villas,

favourably situated in a very extensive country on the left, in which lies Topsham, at the head of Exmouth's harbour.

Before reaching the Earl of Devon's, the road winds round a hill of red sandstone, richly clothed with verdure, even at the advanced season of my visit, and of great extent, though not very lofty. It has been worked in some parts as quarries.

Losing now for a moment the view of Topsham and the river Exe, the carriage entered a hilly ground both east and west, on an elevated part of the former of which the Belvedere of Powderham Castle betokened the immediate approach to that mansion. A new lodge in the Gothic style, of red sandstone, was then erecting by the road side, as an entrance to the grounds, which comprise large pasture fields, green hills and wooded cliffs. At one part of the road, sunk within the deep cutting in the rock, a bridge of one arch brings the woods right and left of the road in communication. On emerging from this spot the great and little Haldon-hills come in sight, and the road then skirts the well-wooded bank of Powderham.

To reach Kinton, a small village, the red argillaceous sandstone has been deeply cut through in every direction, so that the village itself lies perfectly buried. Quitting this, the road quickly gains the shore of the wide estuary of the Exe, and reaches Star-cross, a place fit only for summer residence, and the houses of which are exposed to the east and south-east.

Exmouth is here fully seen on its promontory-like cliff on the opposite shore, and at the mouth of the Exe. Its church tower marks its locality to the mariner, and shows at once that the situation it occupies is in no direction sufficiently sheltered, either on the land or on the sea side; for it has behind it all the flat country as far as Rawleigh-on-the-hill, which is too distant to protect it from the north east, while all the east and south east winds meet and blow upon it from the sea. In any other country south of the Channel, such a situation

would perhaps be too hot in the summer months. Not so here. At that season its local peculiarities would render Exmouth a desirable residence; but decidedly neither it nor its climate can be recommended to very delicate invalids in winter; and although Exmouth has been considered the oldest sea watering-place in Devonshire, and the genial nature of its atmosphere has formerly been much descanted upon, subsequent and longer experience has not confirmed those high commendations. The influx of strangers is much smaller than it was wont to be in former times, and invalids have gone in search of a more sheltered and more genial situation.

And yet this falling off in the attractions of Exmouth is not for want of well-located and well-protected dwelling-houses, since it possesses excellent accommodation of that kind. Neither is it owing to any deficiency of walks, for the Rock-walk, and the Terrace on the Beacon are cheerful and convenient. No; it is, on the one hand, the somewhat exposed situation of the town just alluded to, that has worked the change of public opinion; and the defects of the sea-bathing, which is in reality a bathing in the river, for it takes place within the bar, and not on the strand.

Like many other sea-towns in Devonshire, Exmouth has, in its immediate neighbourhood, a valley sheltered on all sides from the winds, and capable of affording a genial retreat to the afflicted with complaints in the lungs; such a locality, indeed, is worthy of their attention. An easy and direct communication obtains to it from either Exeter or Topsham; but the access to Exmouth itself from the west shore, along which winds the road to Torquay, can only be accomplished by means of boats from Cockwood or East-town.

Quitting the latter place, our road, on leaving the coast, took a sudden turn inland, and for a time fronted the two ranges of the Haldon-hills, over the former of which are thickly scattered the fine woods by which Mamhead, the

seat of Sir Robert Newman, is surrounded. This domain is extensive, and I was informed by a gentleman who knew the mansion well, that the view from thence towards Exmouth, and up-channel, passing over a very rich country, most of which belongs to the proprietor of Mamhead, is truly magnificent. With reference to a winter residence, however, the aspect of the hill is not altogether felicitous.

The stage through this district, as far as Dawlish, is very hilly, and quite away from the sea, which bursts again into view at half a mile on this side of the last-mentioned place, when the eye first catches the "Clerk Rock," out in the sea, and beyond it "Hope's Nose," forming the eastern point of the entrance into Torbay.

Into the village of Dawlish we descended immediately after, through another much more stupendous cutting in the sandstone, the strata of which dip to the east, and exhibit on their denuded surface a remarkable "fault." I did not halt to examine Dawlish this time, but reserved that pleasing task for my return. At present, continuing my journey over an incessantly hilly country, along which occur many cuttings, twenty and thirty feet deep at least, through a coarse-grained red sandstone, almost entirely disintegrated, we reached Teignmouth, after having enjoyed from the top of Teignmouth Hill a striking land-view of the town lying at our feet.

Teignmouth, to say the truth, appeared to me at first sight but a poor place, with its narrow hilly streets, and scanty accommodation, except down by the seaside on the eastern shore at the mouth of the Teign. Here are some houses very favourably placed as to aspect—modern built, and I am assured very comfortable. A little private business, and a desire to examine the more recent part of the town, detained me in this place. I relied upon regaining the lost time by crossing over to the opposite bank of the Teign by the new bridge. But that striking feature

of West Teignmouth, built partly of stone and partly of wood, and the longest bridge in England, being 1671 feet in length, was unfortunately broken at the time and under repair.

The engineer, Mr. R. Hopkins, who designed and executed this remarkable structure, at the cost of 19,000*l.* and opened it in 1827, calculated on a much greater power of resistance to the alternate action of the land floods rushing down the Teign, and of the tumultuous eddies of the sea driven in by the easterly gales, than the materials of which the bridge is composed have proved to possess. Those materials consist of stone for the abutment-walls, which are of great strength, and serve to support the ends of the bridge, itself constructed of iron and wood, and composed of thirty-four arches, independently of a drawbridge, which opens in two parts to admit the passing of large vessels into the inner harbour.

The *contretemps* of an interrupted communication by this bridge from West Teignmouth to Shaldon on the opposite side of the river, compelled me to make an immense *détour* in order to reach Torquay. We were, in fact, constrained to ascend the left embankment of the Teign as high up as Newton, in order to get into the higher road that crosses Milber-Down. The magnificent lengthened vista of the up-river, in many parts a quarter of a mile wide, and of the country adjacent to both banks, which a ride of this sort affords, is beyond conception gratifying. Though advanced in the month of November, and riding outside of a public carriage, with the wind blowing down the river, and consequently facing us, I felt as if we were passing through an atmosphere of a more genial nature than the one I had been in a day or two before. This impression on my mind became much stronger the further we proceeded inland.

To the right of the road, about two miles from Teignmouth, the slopes of the hills, arranged as it were in the form

of an arch, and either well clothed with wood or cultivated, present several neat insulated houses, and a small village, called Bishopteignton, which have the benefit of a full view of the mouth of the river, as well as down channel on the one hand; and up the river and far inland on the other, with, besides, a rich prospect on the opposite side. This situation, which I purposely and thus minutely signalize, I should consider very desirable, provided the houses be well built and free from draughts, and so placed that the principal rooms shall open to the western sun. To invalids having delicate chests and requiring a *séjour* in this milder atmosphere for the winter, and whose nerves cannot bear the relaxing air, such as I hold the entire range of coast-air in Devonshire to be, this situation is one much to be preferred to that of the lower or east town of Teignmouth.

The influx of invalids who select Teignmouth for their residence does not seem to have much enriched its inhabitants; for, with the exception of the better houses by the sea-side in East Teignmouth, built expressly for visitors and already alluded to, besides a few of the streets, in which I saw some tolerably neat lodging-houses, rough-surfaced, and worked over with a greyish tint,—the town, particularly the upper part, is, as I before observed, poor and mean in appearance. Yet I noticed several vehicles with gay company, and many ladies riding on horseback in groups, while some were wandering solitarily, either mounted or on foot, in all directions. The laurestine was in full blossom, and some wall-flowers and geraniums were living out of doors near the sea-shore. Here the sea-bathing is not of the best sort, on account of the peculiarity of the beach, which is such that horses cannot be used to draw up the bathing-machines.

At Newton Abbot the work of construction was proceeding merrily. Long ranges of houses of considerable size were rapidly rising, and the place exhibited a sprinkling of fine people. The physiognomy of the Devonshire women is

peculiar. It is marked by a very piercing eye and a sharpness of features which impart to the countenance a determined yet pleasing character. They have almost all fine and well-designed eyebrows, and the eye is generally black, or of a deep hazel colour, while their complexion is fair. A striking resemblance runs through them all, and a few of them have that *embonpoint* which is so frequently observed among women in other parts of England.

But the most satisfactory portion of this day's journey, to one looking after climate, was yet to come. Throughout the six miles which immediately precede the small town of Torquay, our way lay through a beautiful and rich vale,—winding sometimes at the bottom of it, with high grounds on our right, and at other times, cutting through a wood, or emerging now and then into the open country, which is densely wooded. At King's Kerswell a new road was making to pass over a hill, one of a series which form a most perfectly-shaded valley, completely encompassed by green hillocks, with some nice-looking houses turned southwards. From this smaller valley we entered one much more expanded, but still properly sheltered, and presenting, like the former, a warmer region, in looks as well as feelings, than I had yet met with in Devonshire. The perceptible difference indeed in the climate was very striking; and I should be inclined to recommend both these valleys to the consideration of those who have to select a winter residence for persons with damaged lungs and feeble nerves, in preference to the sea-coast.

Altogether, the drive of six miles from Newton Abbot, which I have endeavoured cursorily to describe, is calculated to please and inspire the invalid traveller with general feelings of hope for himself, preparing him for the fulfilment of those expectations which his medical adviser had led him to form when he despatched him on this journey to Torquay. There is much in these preparatory impressions, received on ap-

proaching a place to which an invalid is directed as the only asylum where he can hope for health. When they happen to be like those which this drive into Torquay cannot fail to inspire him with, the invalid considers himself half cured already, and his confidence and faith increase as he proceeds, until he firmly believes in the reality of the promised boon.

CHAPTER VIII.

TORQUAY.

*Near APPROACH to Torquay—Encouraging Impressions—SAD SIGHT and first Experiment—Fair Evening and Rainy Morning—Sick Chamber Sounds—ASSES' MILK—Donkeys drawn by Horses—GEORGE III. and the Sea Coast—TOPOGRAPHY of Torquay—The Channel Fleet, Torbay, and the Officers' Wives—Localities of Torquay—SEMICIRCLO-
RAMA—The BRADDON HILLS Villas—The HIGHER TERRACE—Rock House and the Castle—PARK PLACE—The STRAND—Victoria Terrace and Vaughan Terrace—Access to the Higher Levels—Pleasing Picture of Torquay—The ROYAL HOTEL—Its Favourable Situation—Stormy Day and a Calm Tropical Evening in November—The Torquay Band—HEARDER'S HOTEL—Inconvenience of Lofty Levels for Invalids—The "Frying Pan" Walk—The BASON and its Objection—Side Views of Torquay—HOUSE RENT and Price of Lodging—EXPENSES of Living—List of Visitors—Its Analysis—AMUSEMENTS—The Subscription Library and the BALL ROOM—Gas Light in Dwellings poisonous to Lungs—The CLIMATE of Torquay—The late Doctor De Barry—Heat and Rain—SALUBRIOUSNESS—Can the Climate of Torquay either cure Disease or prolong Life?—NUMBER of Deaths from Consumption in 1838 and 1839—Frequent tolling of the Death Bell.*

THROUGH the opening of a wooded valley, along one mile of which the road proceeds, ere it reaches Tor-Moham's neat village, a sudden peep of Torbay is caught. The western sun

was gilding a few lowering clouds just above the opening, and below them a distant line of the ocean appeared blue—blue as sapphire—a tint which all the hills on our right, as far as the southernmost head of the cove, “*Berry Head*,” seemed to have caught. Descending thence by Torre Abbey, along a steep declivity, some of the more prominent features of Torquay, the haven of invalids I was in search of, successively presented themselves, principally towards the west and south, in which direction the well-wooded round hill, called the Rock Walk, with Rock House upon it, and the so-called Castle, were pointed out to me by the intelligent driver, who was formerly a medical practitioner, and still quite a gentleman in manners as well as appearance.

If the last few miles of road had been of a character to inspire feelings of hope in the bosom of those stricken with disease, who are wending their way to a winter retreat,—the *coup-d’œil* which that retreat presented, as the vehicle was yet hovering on the high ground above it, and gradually unfolded a goodly assemblage of white or stone-coloured gay-looking houses, around a still harbour, unruffled by any wind, was even more calculated to produce cheering and salutary impressions. These, by some readers, may be deemed trite and too trivial circumstances; but my experience as a physician has long taught me to attach great importance to them.

Having once gained the level ground of the little town, we were not long in reaching the ROYAL HOTEL, at the termination of the Strand. The room I took possession of faced the entrance into the little bay, and was directly south-west. I threw up the window to lose nothing of the most glorious and splendid sunset I had ever seen from an English coast. It was the 7th of November, and half-past four o’clock P.M.; yet the thermometer out of the window marked $56\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, one degree and a half above “temperate!”

Surveying my neat chamber to see what sort of quarters I

was to occupy,—the sight of “a spitting-pot,” as a regular article of furniture by the side of those which generally adorn a washing-stand, spoke volumes to my imagination. I warrant me that no such sight ever presented itself at any other town in England. There was no such provision made in the chambers of the hotel at Clifton; but here every bed-room was furnished with it.

The morning which succeeded this lovely and almost tropical evening was as much the reverse of the latter as possible, and quite unfavourable. At a little after six it was raining very hard; and on inquiry in the coffee-room afterwards from persons, visitors like myself, who had been in the place since the middle of October, this morning-rain appeared to have been a daily occurrence for some time. All that was fair and balmy in the air through the night, (in the course of which I rose twice to test the outer temperature, and look to the sky from my casement,) I found, on waking in the morning, had disappeared. The ground was deluged with the rain, which was pouring down incessantly; while the distant shores and sea-marks were enveloped in mist. The temperature of my room was nevertheless 63° , that of the water 58° , and out of doors 54° of Fahrenheit; but in two hours it rose to and remained steadily at 60° . The wind was blowing from the south-east.

At morning dawn the sound of a cavernous cough, short, large, and followed by quick and ready expectoration, resounded from the bed-chamber to my left, the partition of which was very thin. It seemed to be the cough of a female. On the right, the adjoining bed-room had been the place whence a long, thin, sibilating cough,—dry, exasperating, and nervous, had been heard every five minutes through the short night I had allowed myself, namely, from two to six o'clock. At the latter hour the exhausted sufferer had probably sunk into a momentary slumber, beginning then his night's repose

when all else were stirring and quitting their beds. "And each of these patients," said I to myself,—“each of these distinct states of bronchial or pulmonic disease and irritation, is to be healed by sojourning in the mild atmosphere of Torquay!”

This is but a miniature picture, after all, of what obtains more extensively in the fine and handsome buildings that surrounded me, and many of which sheltered under their showy architectural exterior more than one victim of that most destructive malady, consumption. My two next-room neighbours were only momentary inmates of the hotel, and would soon, in all probability, get billeted in some more private and comfortable lodgings, there to struggle with various luck through the approaching winter.

The events of this first night, and the sight that had greeted me on entering my chamber, sufficiently indicated the sort of place I had come to; but to remove all doubts, some dozen asses passed before my window, even at that early hour, driven from one great house to another for the purpose, no doubt, of administering their healing milk to invalids. I wonder that the judicious, though somewhat ludicrous practice, common in Paris, of conveying these useful animals in covered carriages drawn by horses, with a view of preventing the *échauffement du lait*, has not yet been adopted in this country, where we often behold three or four wretched-looking quadrupeds of the assinine race standing yoked together by a rope, at the door of some noble lord or lady, for a few minutes, and next driven by an unmerciful urchin as fast as sixteen asses' legs can gallop to another remote grand dwelling, to deliver at each the heated draught.

Since George III. introduced the fashion of regularly going to the southern coast for health, London and other doctors have been in the habit of recommending to those who cannot or choose not to go abroad, the same description of re-

sidence in all cases of individuals of consumptive habit. The particular spot designated for this purpose has varied from time to time, having extended west and south, farther and farther every eight or ten years; from Weymouth to Sydmouth, from Sydmouth to Exmouth, and so on to Dawlish, and Teignmouth, and lastly and now to TORQUAY.

Now let us inquire how far this last change has been warranted by what might have been anticipated in making it, or has been sanctioned by the result obtained from it.

The peculiar position of Torquay is the first point that demands our attention in this investigation. Every one knows that between two remarkable promontories, the one (north) terminating in a limestone point, called "Hope's Nose," and the other (south), wholly of limestone, called "Berry Head," which projects considerably out of the straight line of coast between Teignmouth and Dartmouth, there lies a bay, about three miles and a half deep, inland, and entirely open to the east, called TORBAY. Its greatest width is about four miles from north to south, and the centre of its semicircular shore is marked by a small head of land, composed of the Exeter red conglomerate sandstone, standing out into the sea, called *Roundham Head*; near to which and to the south, a naval hospital was established during the war. Into this bay many a time and often have I sailed during that eventful period, while cruising in a king's ship on what was called the channel-station.

About that time Torquay consisted of a small row of houses, with green blinds, principally inhabited by naval officers' wives, who lived there in the chance of the channel-fleet or some of its detachments anchoring in the bay, and their husbands being permitted to come ashore.

The northern promontory, or great headland of this bay, the axis of which has a north-east and south-west direction, consists of a compact and almost indistinguishable group of high sum-

mits or hills, two of which are called the Beacon, and Warberry-hills, composed of a nucleus of red sandstone, cased in almost by limestone all round, except at a small part of its coast, facing the south-west, where what are called the Meadfoot-sands are, and where the rock is an argillaceous shale-grit; and at another portion of its coast, facing the north-east, near a place called Ilsam, at which the rock is *trap*. The entire surrounding coast of the promontory is bold and rocky, playfully or picturesquely indented, and measuring in its circular extent about five miles. Well then, at a place where the south line of this great headland starts from the curvilinear coast of Torbay towards the sea, with a direction somewhat like a bow, the concave part of which faces the west-south-west, is TORQUAY situated, the asylum of all such as labour under the disease from which the two poor creatures suffered, between whom I was hemmed in in my resting chamber the previous night.

Torquay, therefore, is a very small bay, within the much larger one, of Torbay; and is moreover inclosed seawards by two piers and quays, for one of which the inhabitants of a previously insignificant fishing hamlet, but now the most attractive watering-place on the south-western coast, are indebted to Sir Lawrence Palk, who caused it to be erected between the years 1804 and 1807. The second was not built till sometime after, and thus a snug and secure basin was completed, exceedingly convenient, not only for small, but also for other and more important craft.

Like its larger prototype, the bay of Torquay has its two terminating headlands, and they consist of two of the most picturesque hills imaginable, to the one of which I have already alluded—namely, Rockwalk-hill; while the other, or the opposite one, is known by the name of Park-hill, terminating in the sea in a smaller hillock, called the Beacon. If the reader will now fancy himself standing upon the pier-head, in the centre of the little basin, his face

turned from the sea, and Rockwalk-hill rising on his left, while Park-hill is on his right, his eye will first be caught by a crescent-like screen of hills, forming a single gentle undulation down to the right and to the left, where it seems to approach as if it would join (but does not) with the two hills before mentioned. Thus then a crest of high land, almost continuous, and forming something like a figure between three sides of a square and a semicircle, appears to the beholder richly clothed with verdure, wooded, and well planted, and exhibiting on various points, and on many and different levels, whole lines of handsome houses, detached villas, cottages, pavilions, and terraces, all of them destined to shelter the occasional visiter, the stranger, and the invalid who seek for warm winter quarters. Of late years, however, several permanent residents of consequence have established themselves in some of the superior sort of these dwellings.

But as I consider position and aspect to be the first and most important points to be attended to in the choice of houses for the winter residence of people with delicate chest—a consideration, by the bye, which in all works having a reference to climate, seems to have been regarded as of less consequence than the registering of their thermometer and barometer, to which most of those works have confined their inquiries—let us see how stand respectively these truly inviting, and many of them beautiful residences.

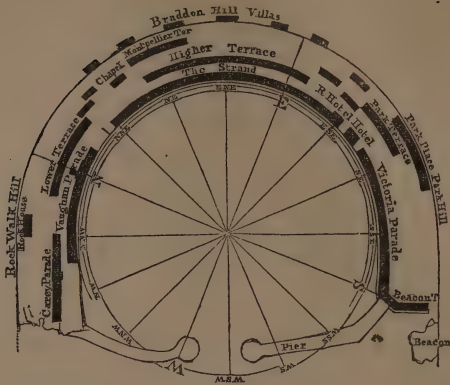
On the Braddon-hills, straight before us, a number of handsome detached villas, with plantations behind them, occupy the loftiest line, and serve as residences to the wealthiest of the permanent inhabitants. A little below them, on the slope of the hills, is the “Higher-terrace,” to the left of which, in different parts of the acclivity, stand three or four detached, good houses, the Chapel, and Montpellier-terrace. Rock-house, a very showy pavilion, with verandas; and the so called Castle, appear on the Rockwalk-hill; while Park-place,

with its lofty dwellings, stretches midway upon the acclivity of Park-hill, on many points of which, besides, peep from among the dense plantation single houses or groups of them to allure the visiter.

Descending now to the level of and around the basin or inner harbour, we trace at its head, running the entire length of the strand, which it goes to meet at one end, and at right angles, the Victoria-terrace on the right, and at the other end Vaughan and Carey-parade, behind the former of which, and a little higher up, is another row of houses called the "Lower-terrace."

This is the topical punctuation or dotting of the houses in Torquay, open to the sea, and behind which extend streets and houses, and other distributions of spaces and buildings, constituting the bulk of the increasing little town of Torquay, the busy part of which, in fact, is creeping up the hill, and ramifying in all directions. Access to all these various elevated regions of dwellings is obtained in two ways,—by flights of steps, and by inclined or ascending roads and streets. The communication from one side to the other is principally along the strand, but roadsteads exist much higher, which conduct those who dwell among the higher regions from one part to the other, without descending to that lower level.

Let the reader now cast a glance on the following diagram of the localities just enumerated, and in the semi-circolorama it exhibits, they will at once perceive the different aspects those localities enjoy. I traced this on the spot, taking as my point of departure the centre of the basin, with our faces turned to the land. With such a guide, either my medical brethren who may direct the invalid to spend the winter at this place, or the invalid himself, will be able to select the situation most suited to his case, or his habits, or the susceptibility of his constitution.



SEMI-CIRCULAR ORAMA OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS AT
TORQUAY, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE BEARINGS.

In adopting the present mode of conveying to the readers of the Spas of England all the necessary information respecting the topography of Torquay, I render the best service in my power to its inhabitants, whose principal dependance is upon the arrival and permanent residence of strangers.

The view from the spot on which we have been all along contemplating and analyzing the position of Torquay, is exceedingly curious, and in England I should say unique. It is in every respect a striking and pleasing sight, which strongly reminded me of visits paid in days far gone to some of the Greek islands in the Archipelago, in which it is not rare to find a conical and well-wooded hill at the head of a small and completely sheltered harbour, covered with houses from the margin of the water up to the summit, like a great pyramid of human dwellings.

An illustration of the advantage and disadvantage of certain aspects, taken from my own experience will probably not be considered as superfluous. The Royal Hotel, a house much to be commended on every account, and in which there are

some excellent rooms, particularly No. 2, a three-windowed room, with a terrace in front, over the portico, of good size and well furnished as a sitting-room, occupies, as will be seen in the semi-circlorama, one of the most desirable positions. By receding a little in a slanting direction at its eastern extremity, this house is completely sheltered from the E. and N.E. winds, and its front faces the S.S.W. The N.N.W. gales, which sweep sometimes down the strand with great violence from over the northern edge of the Rock-hill, pass before the Royal Hotel, and affect it not; whilst, on the contrary, they go to impinge on Hearder's Hotel, which faces that quarter, at the head of Victoria-terrace or parade, the row of small buildings already mentioned, which are equally amenable to this objection.

Of these two facts I had an early opportunity of ascertaining the correctness. Towards the afternoon of the day the morning of which I described as having been particularly gloomy and wet,—a north-wester, which for a time blew with some violence, cleared away presently the clouds, and all was sunshine again. My room being at 62° of Fahrenheit, I placed the thermometer outside, close to the window, when the mercury fell to 56° where it stopped, and no breath of wind came in at the time. In half an hour I sallied forth, crossed the strand in front of Hearder's Hotel to walk along Victoria-terrace, and was blown upon by the strong north-wester so as to be chilled immediately, the mercury of my pocket thermometer, placed on a post for some minutes, sinking at the same time to 52° . But I soon espied in what part of the semi-circlorama I might take shelter from the gale, and went over to the opposite side of the basin, to Vaughan-parade, where, entering Mr. Elliott's Subscription Library, I found his differential and self-registering thermometer marking $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

At eve again the breeze subsided completely, and the town, as well as the basin and outward bay, were perfectly

still. The stars shone in their vault of azure, and the dark water, glassy and unruffled, had filled with the returning tide the little harbour, reflecting from its surface the few gas lamps placed at equal distances near its margin. The atmosphere felt as genial and pleasant as in a clear, calm, and summer evening in the south of Spain. Every body was abroad. Many houses, and our own among the rest, had their windows open (8th of November), and the Torquay band, at ten o'clock, came on the Strand to enliven the inhabitants and cheer the invalid to his early couch. During its performance I walked up to the "Higher Terrace," by ascending some steps at the back of the strand, and by following a winding path, which led me in front of that handsome row of lodging houses,—as I wished to judge of the effect of the music at that elevation, in the still atmosphere that surrounded it. Wind instruments, played in the open air, in the stillness of night produce a wonderful effect when heard at a distance; and my present experiment confirmed that notion by the additional delight it procured me.

On the succeeding morning, while on my peregrination through every street and winding path, mounting also each of the three principal hills that form the semi-circolorama, I repeated my visit to the same terrace, and was well repaid for the fatigue of the ascent, and greatly enchanted at the view of the bay from it and the inclosing shores. But it is well for one who has stout lungs, as, thank God, I am blessed with, to scamper, *à la chevreuil*, from one steep hill to another, and ascend from a lower to a higher terrace. The question is, how can the asthmatic and the pulmonic, and the phthisical, having no breath to spare, master the peculiarities and difficulties of these situations?

This is in reality the great and prominent inconvenience of the place: that there is only one level walk for invalids, who may select, according to the quarter from which the wind blows, either the eastern or the western parade, or



BEACON TERRACE, TORQUAY.

again the “Fryingpan-walk” along the strand, filled in general with respirator-bearing people, who look like muzzled ghosts, and are ugly enough to frighten the younger people to death. A lady, with four daughters, whom I had recommended to spend the winter in the place on account of her own delicate chest, had left it in despair after a few days, on account of the want of a level walk a little more varied, and not quite so exposed to the gaze of every idler, as the strand. If Messrs. Carey and Shedden would permit a level road to be made under the rock by the Abbey Torr, Torquay would be delightfully improved.

The peculiar smell of the back water in the little basin, when the tide has been out some hours during sunshine and hot weather, is found particularly offensive to some temporary residents who live down on the level ground. At Teignmouth, I understood, typhoid fevers, from a similar circumstance, were by no means an unfrequent disorder among the poor and the cottagers dwelling close to the water.

The houses on the higher terrace, on the other hand, are exposed to another disadvantage, in having at their back, and in immediate proximity, the rock, with just enough of space between to form a gully or funnel for the north-western or south-eastern winds to sweep down it with concentrated violence. With all these drawbacks, however, the position and the character of some of the houses, whether of those clustered together, or of the detached ones, are very inviting, and must be pleasant to live in. The *Castle*, on Rock Hill, for example, is said to be a delightful residence. The view from it across the basin, extending from the east end of the “higher terrace” over all the scattered villas on Park Hill as far as its seaward termination, where the Beacon Terrace houses ascend *en échellons* the steep road which divides them from the Beacon,—is perhaps one of the prettiest side-glances at Torquay. Nor are the detached houses, or those in Park Place, on the acclivity of Park Hill, less desirable, but on the con-

trary more so than those just alluded to ; for not only is the side-view of Torquay from thence nearly as gay and pleasing, but the aspect is infinitely more favourable.

As for the Braddon Hills villas, their being chiefly monopolized by permanent residents, proves in what estimation they are held ; yet money, money will, even here, dislodge a proprietor, and procure to a rich invalid, who is ordered to inhale pure air away from the immediate emanation of the sea, magnificent lodgings. Detached villas, however, seem to be the *furor*, and the Bishop of the diocese, who usually took up his abode at the Royal, has since, I believe, completed a detached villa for himself.

It is to be expected that house-rent during the season, which begins in September, and extends generally a great way into the month of May, will be any thing but reasonable. We find, accordingly, that a house in the Higher Terrace, with two best bed-rooms, will not be let for less than five guineas a week. *The Castle*, of which I spoke, lets for thirteen guineas a week, but is well furnished ; a remark not equally applicable to the generality of lodging-houses in Torquay. Another detached villa on the Braddon Hills, at the time of my visit, occupied by the family of a noble Earl, was let at ten guineas a week ; and they will not let such houses for a shorter term than six months.

These high prices were beginning to frighten people away to other parts on the coast. At Teignmouth, an invalid would get, for two guineas a week, what is charged five at Torquay. Late as it was already in the season at the time of my visit, a great number of houses, which had in former years let well, could not get tenants—people having changed their opinions now-a-days in regard to high rents and high prices.

But to be away from the direct effluvia of back sea-water and sea-sprays, as well as from the relaxing, warm dampness of Torquay, which is balsam to the lungs, and poison to the nerves, I should ensconce myself for the winter, had I a

damaged chest, into a plain, substantial house, on the high land before reaching Torquay, to which allusion has already been made. There,—after passing that tract of a few miles extent, which lies between the high ground of Milber-down, to the east, and Longford to the west, until it reaches King's Kerswell, (where a new road was making at the time of my journey to the Coast, by cutting through the western side of a high sandstone hill, which stands between the last-mentioned place and Coffin's-well,) 'we meet with a succession of pleasing valleys, from the gap made in the hill as far as Tor-Moham, which overlooks Torquay, but particularly on approaching Shiphay and Chapel-hill—on any part of which I would plant my standard during the inclement season.

The expenses of housekeeping and living in general at this place are moderate, and were I to judge from the charges made at my hotel, I should say cheaper than at Clifton, considerably more so than at Bath, and somewhat cheaper even than at Exeter. A family of a patient of mine, with four daughters, and suitable attendants, resided here for upwards of a year, or two winter seasons, and found their bills to amount to something like a quarter less than they would have been in London. A dinner for 3*s.* 6*d.*, tea for 1*s.* 9*d.*, and a bed-room for 2*s.*, are charges not to be grumbled at in a fashionable watering-place; and such were those at the Royal Hotel in my case.

The knowledge of something like this fact has probably induced persons of all classes, provided they are in good circumstances, to come to Torquay in the winter for the benefit of their health; for certainly, although Torquay is at that season full of strangers, it is by no means full of people of condition. This was proved by the attempt made, in November 1838, by one of the booksellers, to publish a list of visitors, which attempt, however, did not and could not suc-

ceed, for there are not the elements for such a fashionable luxury. The place is too limited in its number of new visitors; and there is scarcely ever any fluctuation among them, as is the case at summer watering-places or spas. Nay, it is the very nature of the place to have, as it were, a permanent residentiary set of invalids, who hurry thither on the coming on of winter, distribute themselves in all the houses and lodgings that can possibly be had, and there remain stationary and ensconced until the warm sun of June again permits them to run up to the metropolis, or return to their country-houses.

The analysis of the attempted list (No. 1.) given me by a good-humoured gentleman from Wales, who recognised me on the "Fryingpan-walk," as having consulted me in town, and gave me an account of the company that generally congregate in Torquay, was rather amusing. He reckoned by his fingers the number of visitors, whom he had divided by classes; but I preserve no other recollection of his enumeration, than that there were eighty-two spinsters, nineteen medicals, twelve divines, and only two attorneys.

Now, all these, and many others besides, must desire to find some occupation or amusement to kill time with, in which I apprehend Torquay does not shine conspicuously. Still there are the subscription libraries, one on each of the three sides around the basin; there are fine shops to visit, particularly those on the strand; and finally there are your assemblies and balls at stated periods during the season, for which purpose the Royal Hotel possesses a ball-room of sufficient size, having an orchestra at its upper end, and its walls painted Etruscan fashion, with a lofty coved ceiling, from which hang three handsome chandeliers. I did not inquire whether the rival house or Header's Hotel, so immediately close to the Royal, could also boast of such a thing as a ball-room. Most

likely it does ; but the political mania being carried so far here as to impart even to the hotels a distinct political character, I did not choose to hazard a collision by an inquiry.

Before, however, I have done speaking of the Royal Hotel, I must express, as I did to its master at the time, my surprise that in the coffee-room (and one of small dimensions too) of a house of entertainment at which patients with loaded, congested, or irritable lungs, are likely to alight as a first *pied-à-terre*, the injudicious absurdity of introducing large argand burners of gaslight should have been committed, and having been committed, should not have been remonstrated against by the professional people in the place. Patients, such as I have alluded to, who are likely to enter this apartment on their arrival, are not, of course, benefited by the inhalation of so vitiated an atmosphere. I saw two of those who had arrived at the same time with myself, sorely afflicted in health, the one fainting after a sudden excess of cough on entering the room in question, and the other so affected in the head by the emanations of the unburned portion of the gas, that he must have fallen from sudden dizziness, had he not left the room immediately. The atmosphere was indeed so oppressive at the time in the coffee-room, that it was agreed on the part of the three or four persons who remained, and on my motion, to have the gaslights extinguished, and candles introduced instead.

The admission of gaslight into dwelling-rooms is one of the banes of modern improvement, or I would rather say, innovation, for improvement it is none ; and I lament to say, it is one which has become very general in all the coffee-rooms of the South and West of England, where the gas is none of the purest, for the coarser sort of coals is employed to obtain it. Such a practice is a positive source of annoyance ; and with some delicate chests, or ticklish heads, it inflicts downright injury.

We have now inquired into every particular concerning

the *matériel* of these celebrated head-quarters for consumptive people. Let us now turn our researches into the more essential requisite they are presumed to possess—an atmosphere whose genial and beneficial influence is to cure consumption, or at all events to prolong the existence of its victims.

The late Doctor de Barry contended most strenuously that the average temperature of Torquay was more favourable than that of Exeter, Bristol, London, Edmonton, Sheffield, Farnham, and Cheltenham. It exceeded that of London—for example—in January, 1838, by a mean of 9 degrees, the observations being taken respectively at Somerset House and Hyde Park; and he moreover supplies us, along with his published tables giving the temperature of the severe months of January and February 1838, from which the preceding results are deduced,—a list of the averages of temperature in Torquay during the months of January, February, and March for the years 1828 to 1838 inclusive, which certainly appears gratifying, such averages being 40.3 in the first of those months, 43.4 in the second, and 45.6 in the third. But we have already seen that the mean temperature at Clifton and Bath was higher during those months and years, having extended from 44 even to 49, and therefore the contrast between Torquay and those places with which, in truth, it ought to be compared, is not in favour of the latter.

I think I have now said enough in point of temperature, as deduced from the most recent observations; and it would be useless to reproduce, in this place, for the hundredth time, the evidence to be found in many other works upon the same subject. Those who wish to have more extended data, may refer to those works, particularly to “Blewitt’s Panorama of Torquay,” and to a very able paper of Doctor Coldstream, in the “Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal,” No. 117.

There is one point, however, concerning this subject to which I must not omit to allude, ere I dismiss it altogether. A great

stress has been laid by all writers on climate, on what has been called the *mean* temperature of a place, as a criterion of its mildness. All that has been said regarding Torquay, for instance, in that respect, is founded on no other evidence; and in giving or reasoning upon the temperature of Clifton and Bath, I have myself followed the common example of all writers. But such a mode is a fallacious one, and must mislead the invalid, who looking to it, determines on placing himself, in case of need, within the influence of such an average. Let us take an example. By looking over Doctor de Barry's short table of the mean temperature in January, February, and March, for a period of six years, the invalid finds that in 1833, the mean heat of January had been 41.8 degrees. "Well," says the invalid, "that is just the thing for me." And in 1838 he proceeds to Torquay from the very beginning of the year, in expectation of finding something like the same heat. When he has remained there the whole of January, he ascertains that the mean temperature through that month has fallen short by six degrees of the desirable one. But that is not all, for he will have gone through many cold days which he ought never to have been exposed to; for in that same month and year there had been not fewer than twelve days when the thermometer in the morning was below *freezing*, and two other days when it was at the freezing point. What becomes then of the advantage of a favourable *average* calculated upon the whole number of days of the month, as far as the lungs of an invalid are concerned, if on those dreadful twelve days (nearly the half of the month), the thermometer, below 32 degrees, tells him that he is, in reality, in a cold and not a temperate climate? Will the hotter temperature of from 40 to 45 degrees, which occurred on eleven other days of the same month, make amends for the very cold ones? *Pas du tout*, but much the contrary; for this alternation of hot and cold days, with a difference of ten or twelve degrees from one to the other, is

the very bane of an English climate, and the bane which, more or less, appertains also to local climates in England, much to the detriment of the poor invalids.

But there is the rain besides, and the moisture after it; and the incessant occurrence of the former, and the nearly permanent existence of the latter, which influence and modify the degree of temperature and its effect on the patients, and give a character to a place; and on this all-important subject Doctor de Barry's tables are perfectly silent. My readers know, almost proverbially, that it rains *a very great deal* in Devonshire, and I must refer them to the published Meteorological Tables, if they desire to know precisely how many inches of rain fall in Torquay. Certainly not less than in other parts of the coast of that country.

The important part after all, in a work like the present, which does not affect to be a purely medical treatise, is to ascertain practically, what benefit consumptive patients, who are the principal people sent thither, derive from a sojourn in Torquay. For this purpose I shall avail myself of the information I culled, by permission, from those invaluable registers of mortality, which are now so ably kept, and collated, and worked upon, at the Registrar General's Office in Somerset House, and from which it is impossible to calculate how many beneficial results to mankind may henceforth arise. I shall simply, in the present instance, lay the facts before my readers, and limit myself for that purpose to the year in which I visited Torquay, and to the year preceding, leaving them to draw their own conclusions.

In the course of the first quarter of the year, 1839, there had occurred thirteen deaths from consumption in the parish of Tor-Moham, and the chapelry of Torquay, having together at the time an estimated population of 5000 inhabitants, calculated upon the known one of 1831, which amounted to 3582.

In the second quarter, there were again thirteen deaths

from consumption, six in the third, and lastly, ten in the fourth quarter; making a total of FORTY-TWO cases of consumption. Among these are not reckoned either those deaths which are reported by the registrar as resulting from "diseases of the lungs," or those which follow many other affections of those organs, independently of "consumption."

The number of deaths from the same malady, in the corresponding first, second, and third quarters of 1838, had been ten, nine, six,—total twenty-five; and as the volume of register of the fourth quarter of that year was not easily accessible, I substituted the number of deaths that had occurred in the fourth quarter of the preceding year (1837), amounting to nine, which makes a second general total for four quarters, THIRTY-FOUR, and a grand total for the eight quarters, of seventy-six deaths from consumption, in so small a community, a mere village, in fact, as Torquay. Of these, twenty-five had been females, and fifty-one male patients. The oldest was sixty-seven years of age, a female, and the youngest ten years of age, a male. There had been besides, among the general total, three infants of the respective ages of eight, thirteen, and thirty-three months old, two of them males and one a female. In general, the patients were of young age; and if the six among them, aged sixty years and above, and the three infants just mentioned, be left out of the account, the average age of the rest who died of consumption will be found to have been only twenty-nine and a half years; showing, at all events, that the climate of Torquay had not much served the purpose of *prolonging* life in cases of that disease.

Neither will it seem to have ostensibly *cured* many cases of consumption, if we consider of what elements the total number of seventy-six deaths consisted, as I ascertained very readily by inspecting the proper column in the register; It appeared therein, that during the eight quarters in question, forty-four strangers, all persons of condition, who had come to Torquay from all parts of England, and even from Calcutta, with the

expectation of being cured, had all died instead ; while in thirty-one permanent dwellers, or natives of the place, all belonging to the industrious classes, in whom consumption had first developed itself there, that fatal disease had run its wonted, awful, and unrestrained course in spite of the genial climate of Torquay.

This frequent tolling of the funeral bell—as every one of the forty-four patients of condition arrived at Torquay had died principally during the two first quarters of the year—this witnessing of obsequies once in nine days for a period of seven hundred and thirty days—must have been awful and thrilling to the rest, who were trembling on the verge of their grave with symptoms of the same devouring malady, consumption ; and this is another of the serious disadvantages belonging to medical sanctuaries, as these “ Montpelliers” have been called, in which people, stricken with a fatal disorder, are incited to take shelter and congregate, with, alas ! too often delusive expectations.

I made the same remark to a gentleman, who seemed a shrewd and clear-headed man, in spite of his uncouth and farmer-like appearance, and who had been exceedingly civil in assisting me in my inquiries ; but he parried this observation levelled at the salubriousness of his favourite and long-adopted place of residence, by declaring that, in that year, there had not been seen more than two or three funerals besides that of poor De Barry. The registrar-general, however, tells a different story ; for in the very preceding winter of that same year, as will have been seen, twenty-six burials from consumption had been witnessed in Torquay, the half of which were of people of condition ; and in the very quarter we were in at the time of the conversation, not fewer than ten more such funerals had taken place. One never can get an inhabitant of an unhealthy place to acknowledge the damning fact. Torquay, however, is not such a place ; but neither is it all that has been said of it in an opposite character.

CHAPTER V.

DAWLISH—WEYMOUTH.

NOTTINGTON AND RADIPOLE SPAS.

TORQUAY not a sea-bathing place—The TOR-ABBEY Sands and others in Torbay—BABICOMBE Bay—Pleasant Excursions—DARLINGTON HOUSE—UGBROOKE, the Seat of the Cliffords—The NESS—View of Teignmouth from it—Inconvenience of Lodging-houses near the Shore—Advantages of those placed on the Hill—Their Favourable Aspect—CLIFFDEN House—ROWDENS—Desirable Residence for a Rich Invalid—The Grounds—Perpetual Spring—Charming Views—The CONSERVATORY—Choice Plants and Grapes—A BIJOU for a Rich Consumptive—Other Villas—DAWLISH—Former and Present State—Accommodation—Sea-bathing—Rides, Walks, and Prospects—CLIMATE—Temperature highly Favourable compared with that of Torquay—Important Observations—Cheering Conclusions—The SEA COAST to Weymouth—The Upper or Down Track to DORCHESTER—Description—AXMINSTER and BRIDPORT—Descent into and First View of WEYMOUTH—Magnificent Prospect—The NOTTINGTON Spa—The RADIPOLE Spa—Their Chemical Nature—Reflections—Weymouth the most Cheerful Sea-bathing Place for Summer Pleasure—The ESPLANADE—The SANDS—Sea-bathing and Warm Baths—LODGINGS and BOARDING Houses—The Pier—Pleasure Boats—Interesting Neighbourhood—COMMINS'S Library and Reading-rooms—Preferable Quarters.

I MUST now entreat those readers who have hitherto accompanied me through my inland tour, to follow me in the somewhat rapid excursion I propose making along the south-

ern coast eastwards, on our way home, for the purpose of casting a glance—for it must be but a glance—at such of the sea-bathing places as are most in vogue, or ought to be so. In doing this, we shall bear in mind that the only useful object of such an excursion must be, the ascertaining, first, where the best sea-bathing is to be obtained on the south coast; and secondly, which of the sea-bathing places worthy of special mention, offer the best resources of climate and situation for invalids or people in delicate health.

It will not be expected that in going through this concluding part of my task, I shall enter every nook, harbour, or inlet, or even visit all the principal towns on the coast. Neither is it necessary that I should assign reasons for selecting certain places, and omitting the rest. No doubt sea-bathing is to be found of some sort or other at all of them; and many of the places which I have not mentioned, may, in the estimation of other people, be considered as equally deserving of commemoration. My object, however, was not to publish a general survey of the coast, but to throw together, in the most convenient and useful garb I could give to it, such information as my personal visits and inquiry at the leading marine resorts for either summer or winter, enabled me to collect.

Torquay, as will have been seen, offers no resources in the way of sea-bathing. Near it the coast is rugged, and broken masses of red sandstone gird the shore. Below Cholston, a little place a short distance out of the harbour to the westward, there are the *Tor-Abbey sands*; and for such of the visitors at Torquay as can extend their excursions as far as Paington, two miles south, the *Preston* and *Polsham* sands may afford some chance of sea-bathing. But on the whole, Torquay, as I before stated, is not a place for the latter object; the less so, indeed, as it happens to be a winter rather than a summer residence.

During the hot months, those who wish to enjoy real sea residence away from the nasty effluvia of back water and

receding tides, cross the great Headland, on which stand the Warberry and Beacon Hills before mentioned, and either by the ascending road towards Tor-Moham, leaving Ellicombe House at the foot of Warberry Hill on the right, and so on to St. Mary's Church; or by the more scabrous, yet more enlivening and gay route round the sea margin of the said Headland, reach Babicombe, or Babbacombe Bay. A more enchanting or beautiful, and I might call it romantic sea-inlet, is not to be found on the coast. There are some neat little houses, two or three of them near the sands, and others dotting the wooded slopes around; and the sea-bathing is tolerable.

This is not the only agreeable excursion in which an invalid may indulge in the neighbourhood of Torquay; for if he will proceed inland, he will find no lack of objects of curiosity, or a deficiency of pleasant drives. The roads in Devonshire were not long since proverbially dismal and difficult; but of late years much has been done in the way of improving them, especially in the vicinity of important places; and of that number are those leading in and out of Torquay. This improvement in the lines of communication has brought many tempting objects within the reach of the Torquay visiter, who will now hardly hesitate to extend his drive as far as *Darlington House*, for example, a short way on this side of Totness, there to inspect some of the largest and most antique apartments in the county; or to *Ugbrooke*, in an opposite direction, a little distance from Chudleigh, the charming seat of the Cliffords, in whose varied and delightful grounds the vestiges of a Roman encampment are easily discernable.

On bidding adieu to Torquay, I took the lower or sea-road, which towers over and along the rugged red sandstone coast, on my return to Teignmouth,—the view of which, by the bye, from Shaldon on this side of the river, is exceedingly striking, and displays to advantage many of the pretty villas and cottages *ornées* that are scattered on its acclivities.

To one standing under the lofty aspiring NESS, itself a sublime object, placed like a giant warder at the mouth of the Teign,—East Teignmouth appears to expand northwards on the opposite bank as far as the cliffs, under the shelter of which sauntering groups seem to be enjoying the roaring of the incoming waves. Behind the town and above it rises a hill, dotted with many excellent-looking houses, some of which appeared to me to be well calculated for the residence of persons of delicate chests, being protected by the higher chain of the little Haldon Hills from the N. and N.W. cold winds; and, at the same time, exposed to the full rays of the southern sun.

I next crossed over the Teign, along the celebrated bridge, which, though then under repair, admitted yet of the transit of an inquisitive foot-passenger *par faveur*; and I halted at the hotel facing the sea.



To the capabilities of Teignmouth as a residence for invalids during the inclement season (setting aside its indifferent qualifications as a sea-bathing place, of which we have

already spoken), I paid, at this my second visit, a little more attention. Much as one may approve of some of the lodging-houses and other dwellings in this place, particularly the superior and more modern ones to be found nearest the sea at East Teignmouth, there are objections against them, as far as patients of delicate lungs are concerned, which would induce me to recommend in preference houses on a higher situation. It is not pleasant, in the first place, to have the effluvia of the mud after a receded tide, constantly under your nostrils; nor is it always suitable to delicate nerves to be too close to the loud roaring of the lashing waves,—still less to be too near to their spray. Lastly, a direct exposure to the east wind is more disadvantageous when the patient lives near the margin of a river, than when on a hill and a dry soil. All these objections are obviated by selecting a residence either to the right or to the left of the very steep road which leads from Teignmouth to Dawlish, and which crosses the general hill before alluded to, forming the back-ground to the former town, when viewed from the opposite bank of the river. Some of these houses I sallied forth to inspect, by walking leisurely up the hill; but, unfortunately, few are ever to be got when most wanted for invalids. First on the right, on going out of Teignmouth, is Cliffden House, a very pretty place, and one which seems to be kept in the highest order. This house is permanently occupied by its proprietor. Next is Rowdens, which, happening to be vacant at the time (though it was very soon afterwards occupied by a retired physician of my acquaintance, who has to lament the occasion of his seeking sheltered places of this kind for a part of his family), I proceeded to examine, looking at both the house and grounds in detail.

The first great feature that struck me upon entering the ground, at that period of the year at which we then were (the 11th of November), was their general gay appearance, and the aspect of spring around me, due to the profusion of ever-

greens, many of them choice, and the growth of warmer climates, planted and grouped in all directions. Indeed, these had been suffered to luxuriate in an almost untrimmed and unrestrained progression, so as nearly to block up parts of the grounds that ought to be open—a strong evidence this of the mildness of the climate, as well as of the richness of the soil. This evidence was also strongly marked in the many beautiful plants displayed in the long conservatory adjoining the front of the house, most of the glazed windows of which were thrown open to admit the genial air that even then was breathing, and exhibited to view, pendant from their trellised fastenings, such abundant crops of delicious grapes, as might entice a delicate invalid to undergo the "*cure des raisins*."

The house itself is in the form of a one-story cottage orné, with seven windows in front on the first, and four only, but larger ones, on the ground floor, one of which serves as the entrance into a hall that divides the dining from the drawing room, over which are the sleeping apartments and their accessories,—all fronting the south and south-western quarters. The view from the boudoir windows is a perfect picture. Stretching above the tops of the dense plantations that spread from the dwelling down the declivity of the hill, as far as the top of the cliff that looks over the sea, and among which peeps out the steeple of East Teignmouth Church,—the eye instantly catches the most distant sea-point, (the one which marks the entrance into Torbay), and between it and Teignmouth, lying immediately below, traces the rocky shore, fringed with the indentures of Braddy's Cove and Babicombe Bay, and, coming nearer, of Watcombe and Minicombe, until it rests upon the great Ness, and the neat hamlet of Shaldon adjoining. If from the latter point a slight turn of the head to the right be made, then the up-river reach of the Teign appears open to view to a considerable distance; while, by reversing the direction of the head, the eye of the

beholder will hover over the Channel sea, studded with the fishermen's slender barks near at hand; and farther on the horizon, with the whitened top-gallant sails of more pretending vessels.

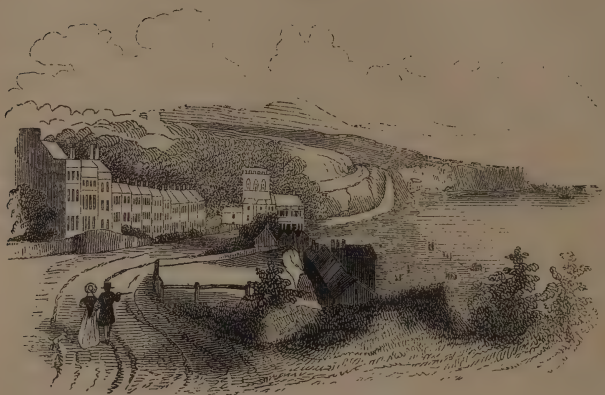
Much taste has been displayed in the original distribution and arrangement of the pleasure grounds at Rowdens, particularly in carrying through the continuous belt of plantations (which are evergreen) winding paths and extended walks, many of them between edges of flowers. The perfectly round walled garden, as part of the grounds, is itself a curiosity, on account of the two sloping banks of which it is composed converging at the bottom, and forming a most sheltered kitchen-garden, plentifully supplied with water by small pipes, which make the entire circuit of the walls. Indeed, of water, and that of a very excellent quality, there appears to be great abundance; for not only is this ground supplied with springs, but there are also not fewer than three wells in it. The little domain is of an extent of from thirty-five to forty acres; and with the presence and superintending eye of a master having taste, judgment, and a little money, might be made a most enviable residence for some of your wealthy invalids, anxious to prolong a life threatened by a destructive disease, and ever in jeopardy, unless spent in a spot like this, where sea and land, pure air, absence of effluvia, a warm aspect in front, and the back and flank protected by dense plantations, all unite in resisting the inroads of the enemy, consumption.

Many other prettily situated and some very showy residences I espied in my peregrinations, and took down the bearings of a few of them; Cambrian cottage, for instance, Grove house, West and East Cliff's cottages, and the residence of Lord Exmouth,—located in various directions. But although I cannot say, *ex uno disce*, after having described Rowdens; neither need I take up more space in giving a more particular account of other dwellings, when the latter

residence can be referred to as a specimen of what can be procured in the way of superior house accommodation in the immediate vicinity of Teignmouth.

In former days Teignmouth had a powerful rival in

DAWLISH,



which lies but two and a half miles distant, northwards, from the last-mentioned house. Originally a mere village of fishermen's huts, in a narrow valley, with a small but never-failing stream, that runs nearly west and east, Dawlish has for the last forty years grown into a sea-bathing place *à prétension*, and extended itself from the sea inland. A row of neat-looking houses, many of them with a good aspect, and facing the south, run up the creek, near the little bridge over the narrow stream. On its left bank, which is at some feet elevation, another row of houses,—and among them a few that are let as lodgings, sheltered from the N.E. and E.—displays its modest front; while across the little stream where, the road ascends on its way to Teignmouth, I observed a third and very inviting range of buildings on the right. These have a fine sea view, with a precipitous cliff of red sandstone at

their feet, from which an enormous detached mass stands upright, mocking the easterly gales.

The various residences just alluded to, all more or less desirable for invalids requiring a milder atmosphere in winter, have the advantage over those at West Teignmouth, and others on the Newton-road there, of not being like them exposed to the effluvia of a tidal river ; and the temporary dwellers in these well-situated buildings have, moreover, the gratification of a superior sea-beach, extending from north to south about a mile and a half, which is always firm and safe for riding and walking, with fine smooth sand, when a southerly wind prevails—the only one during which an invalid has any business with the sea-beach. The natural inclination of the latter is at an angle of only five degrees, so that the bathing is perfectly safe.

The rides and walks near to and about Dawlish are much varied. Shady lanes in sheltered valleys, during boisterous weather ; and fine open roads and tracts over the extensive heathy commons of Haldon and Holcombe Down, when the air is still and genial,—afford at all times recreation and motives for wholesome exercise. From these heights, magnificent and extensive views of the districts watered by the Teign and the Exe, and of the far distant Dartmouth hills, are enjoyed at every step in clear weather. The roads, too, have been greatly improved, and every convenience of frequent communication established between Dartmouth and Exeter, taking in all intermediate places of importance.

Yet with all these advantages, Dawlish, since the peace, has made no progress. While Torquay, before nearly unknown, has since that period kept advancing, and taken at length the lead, becoming a sort of winter Brighton, and eclipsing all other Devonshire watering-places,—Dawlish has nearly stood still, having few new lodging-houses, and being now distinguished only by its tranquillity, its fine air, and

fine coast, and its perfect exemption from the effluvia inseparable from harbours and estuaries.

Thermometrical observations, as accurately made as those of Dr. De Barry at Torquay, which have been kindly communicated to me by a very intelligent patient of mine, long resident near the sea-shore, and at an arrow-shot from Dawlish, give a more favourable view of the prevailing warmth of the air during the same months and years at the latter than at the former place. The observations are made only with reference to the range of winter temperature, with a six's index thermometer placed in a north-eastern aspect, about thirty feet above the level of the sea, and thirty yards from the high-water mark ; and they show the greatest warmth by day, and the greatest cold by night. For the former, the thermometer was invariably observed at 2 P.M., assumed to be the warmest hour of the day, and for the latter the index was consulted. The observations extend over a period of five years, from 1835 to 1839, both inclusive, and for the five cold months of the year, January, February, March, November and December ; the mean temperature of each of which months (taking all the years together) has been at 43° , 45° , 45° , 49° , and 45° by day ; and 35° , 36° , 37° , 41° , and 38° by night. Now the mean temperature of three similar months, January, February, and March, taken for five years (namely 1830-1-2-3, and 8) at Torquay, according to Dr. De Barry's tables, have been at 39° , 43° , 45° , showing an inferiority of temperature as compared to Dawlish, in two out of the three worst months of the year. If, therefore, we assume the comparative table of relative geographical mean temperature for the same three months quoted by Dr. De Barry from another work on climate, to be accurate, Dawlish will find its proper place between Pisa and Torquay. But the genial state of the atmosphere at Dawlish during the five years before alluded to, appears even more conspicuous when we look at the highest

degree which the temperature reached in the day time and the low est marked at night, in every one of those years, and in the course of January, February, March, November, and December; for we find that in such circumstances the thermometer stood respectively as follows :

| January. deg. deg. | February. deg. deg. | March. deg. deg. | November. deg. deg. | December. deg. deg. |
|-----------------------|------------------------|---------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1835.—H. 55 L. 39 | H. 56 L. 39 | H. 58 L. 39 | H. 56 L. 42 | H. 52 L. 35 |
| 1836.—H. 50 L. 38 | H. 50 L. 34 | H. 54 L. 38 | H. 58 L. 42 | H. 58 L. 38 |
| 1837.—H. 50 L. 35 | H. 54 L. 39 | H. 50 L. 32 | H. 57 L. 46 | H. 56 L. 41 |
| 1838.—H. 52 L. 29 | H. 46 L. 31 | H. 58 L. 38 | H. 56 L. 39 | H. 58 L. 38 |
| 1839.—H. 56 L. 35 | H. 54 L. 38 | H. 52 L. 38 | H. 56 L. 41 | H. 59 L. 39 |

This table speaks eloquently for itself, and there I shall leave the once fashionable and pretty hamlet of Dawlish.

Having already seen Exmouth, and the remainder of the coast from thence to Bridport offering no excuse but what a geologist alone could plead, not a writer on Spas, for loitering on his way to the next most noted sea-bathing places—I preferred returning to Exeter, and thence proceeding over the hilly tract that unites Devonshire to Dorsetshire, as far as Weymouth, my next place of destination. I feared lest by taking the lower road, or that nearest to the sea, I should be tempted by the captivating geological descriptions of the coast from Sidmouth to Lyme Regis, given by M. De La Beche and Professor Buckland, to extend my visit to that striking portion of the southern coast of England, which had just then become even more interesting than ever in consequence of a great recent slip or landfall.

Devonshire, to judge by the extensive nursery-grounds one sees near its capital, may be said to be the garden of the south. I had already seen, on my way to Dawlish from Exeter, one of the most extensive establishments of that sort in England, and now in quitting the same city, in the direc-

tion of Honiton, another nursery-ground, nearly as vast, caught my attention. The climate of Devon is favourable to floriculture, and the taste of the people lies much in that way. They have here many plants worth forty or fifty pounds each, raised from seeds.

As far as Honiton, our course lay through a fertile but tame country, with a few hillocks and extensive pasture-lands. But to a lover of the wild and amphitheatric—the rich by the side of the barren—the well-cultivated vale surrounded by ranges of hills capped with wood—to those who love to wander over vast and desolate heaths covered with furze, with here and there some parts of the denuded surface, to show portions of the constituent elements of the great oolitic formation;—to all these the drive from Honiton to within a mile of Axminster, on the verge of Dorsetshire, will afford in the summer a fine scope for admiration. At one particular spot of this tract, four miles short of Axminster, a peep of the sea is caught on the right, through the deep gap which forms the valley of the Axe, with its noted quarries of blue and white lias, and the little bay of Axmouth. Axminster itself stands on an eminence, in the centre of this great oolitic waste.

Neither the exit out of Devon, nor the entrance into Dorsetshire, is very inviting. A hundred hills, rising and dipping in all ways, and with every fantastic shape, over the level of the barren downs, (for many of the latter are so still), form the base of the country for miles around and as far as the eye can stretch. At the wretched cottage, thatched and decaying, called *Penn Inn*, where the two counties divide, the landscape is one of desolation; and the chalk hills, now capping the great oolitic beds, appear tossed about in every direction. Through the summit of one of these a tunnel has been pierced, to break the steep ascent which crosses the last range of cretaceous hills towards Charmouth, and on

the top of one of which, that comfortable-looking hamlet appears, with its bay before and below it.

Here we were assailed with hawkers of fossilized *ammonites* and *echinites* and *pentacrinites*, and many other stony-*ites*, all imbedded in marl or lias-slate, which are offered to the inners and the outers of every public or private vehicle that halts to change horses at Charmouth, as oranges are tendered to the staggers who start from Hatchett's or the Gloucester. The trade is a thriving one, and as organic remains are abundant in the lias formation at Lyme and its vicinity, particularly of the *Saurian* animals, it will never fail.

At Bridport, six miles further, we entered the south-east range of chalk hills, called the "South Downs," having their highest summit on our right, where they throw up a sort of escarpment that screen the sea-view from us, and form the bold coast so remarkable in these seas for its height and abruptness. Upon the very crest of all these lofty cretaceous deposits, as far nearly as Black Down, rising 817 feet above the sea, has the road, with provoking pertinacity, been made to pass, instead of taking the level valleys on either side of it. A considerable extent of these Downs, as far as my eye could survey, appeared to have been brought into a state of pasture, or partial cultivation; but the soil, which is a thin loam over a rubbly chalk mixed with stones, is little calculated for the latter purpose, and consequently the agriculturist has not yet imparted the appearance of wealth to the miserable-looking thatched cottages, many of them tumbling to pieces, which one meets with huddled together, at great intervening distances, as villages or hamlets. Not a vestige of a tree is to be seen, except in two or three places, where within the last six or seven years an attempt has been made, with slow success, at raising a fir plantation. I doubt whether there be anywhere else in England so forlorn a stage as the one from Bridport to Dorchester; and *en resumé*, I may say that for a pastoral and agricultural district, the whole of the line of country we passed through in Dorsetshire is

but meagre and inferior; though in many parts it may be deemed picturesque during fine weather. The two sixteen-mile stages from Axminster to Bridport, and from thence through the chalk hills to Dorchester, are heavy, fatiguing, and desolate, and by no means a good specimen of England.

The descent from the last-mentioned neat and clean country town to the coast, and down to Weymouth, repays for all the fatigue and monotony of the preceding journey. As you turn your face directly south, and having passed that remarkable mound on which stands the Roman encampment, called *Maiden Castle*, gain the verge of the South Downs,—following the mail-road, and running down the southern declivity, with the pretty village of Upway on your right,—a most striking view of Weymouth, with Portland, the West Bay, and Wyke Tower, suddenly bursts upon you. But a public vehicle is inexorable, and you may not halt to enjoy it; on the contrary, the universal desire of the travellers is to *arrive*, and the team is urged on its downward course, regardless of any wish I might have entertained of halting to examine two Spas we actually passed through—

NOTTINGTON AND RADIPOLE,

until we stopped at the Golden Lion in the market-place, from whence I immediately transferred myself to the Royal Hotel in Gloucester-row, facing the sea.

The existence neither of Radipole nor of Nottingham Spas had ever come to my notice, before or during my short exploring *séjour* at Weymouth. Having seen no one while there, nor sought even for a guide-book which would have instructed me on the subject, I left Weymouth without seeing either of those mineral springs. It was only after my return to London from my long and fatiguing tour of upwards of three thousand miles, which had lasted nearly three months, and had pretty well tired me of all Spas, that I received from persons directly interested in those springs, a printed account of them, and of the analyses of their water. Had I

been a reader of the "Philosophical Magazine," I might have become acquainted with the nature of those mineral waters from the accounts given of them in that periodical for 1833, by the respected author, Richard Phillips. Such was not, however, the case; and I am only now aware that both Nottingham Spa, which has been the longest known, and Radipole Spa, which is of recent discovery, and is not very remote from the former spring, are both slightly saline mineral waters, with sulphureted hydrogen gas.

Why the Nottingham water should bear the emphatic title of "the only pure sulphureted water discovered in England," and on whose authority such a title has been conferred upon it, I know not. But I strongly suspect that the publication to the world of so many never-before-heard-of sulphur springs among the Northern Spas of my first volume, and their analyses, will have shown that neither *per se*, nor on comparison with others, can the Nottingham water maintain its claim to such an exclusive appellation. What, indeed, is there in that water according to Phillips's analysis? Why, in a wine-pint of it we find a total of four grains and a little more than half a grain of solid materials, besides one and a quarter cubic inch of sulphureted hydrogen gas. If it be intended to state that, because the mineral ingredients are in so small a quantity, the water is the purest of any in England, having sulphureted hydrogen at the same time,—I answer, Nay. Look at Guisborough: the solid ingredients in that Spa amount to not quite three and a half grains, besides its sulphureted gas, and it is therefore purer than the Nottingham Spa. If, on the other hand, the title assumed by the Nottingham Spa water is revindicated, on account of the happy mixture of the particular ingredients with sulphureted hydrogen, then an inspection of the analytical tables which accompany these volumes will be sufficient to prove the unsoundness of such a pretension.

With respect to the more recently discovered sulphureted

water at Radipole, likewise analyzed by Mr. Phillips, there, the sulphureted hydrogen gas is less, but the solid mineralizing ingredients are more than double in quantity. *Du reste*, the two waters are much alike, containing the same class of ingredients, except that the Radipole water has one grain of Epsom salts in each pint of water, which the other spring has not; and four times as much common salt as the other spring, and no iron,—which the Nottingham Spa has, to the extent of the eight-thousandth part of a grain!

The wonderful cures performed by these waters, either drank or used as baths (always recollecting that at 98° of heat, three-quarters of a cubic inch of sulphureted hydrogen gas will have vanished out of the boiler before the patient gets into the water), are recorded upon the authority of so many respectable names amongst the profession, a list of which is printed, that it does not become me, who have had no experience whatever of the water, to doubt their assertion.

And now that I have reached

WEYMOUTH,

and in safety, and have adverted, *en passant*, to two more Spas than I had reckoned upon, what shall I say of Weymouth itself as a bathing-place? Why, that had I friends in perfect health, desirous of spending a couple of months during the summer by the sea-side on the south coast, and at the same time indifferent as to the particular spot they inhabited for that object, I would, on their asking my advice, tell them by all means to spend them at Weymouth. But I should not say so to any patient, labouring no matter under what disease; for the situation of Weymouth is not fit for *patients*. The mere fact of the town turning its back to the west, and of its right flank being screened from the south by the lofty headlands of Portland Isle, is quite sufficient with me to settle that question. For a mere blow of pure sea-air, such as one may

get on a quarter-deck, I know of no better place for an idler in these parts than Weymouth; for he has only to lounge backwards and forwards along the Esplanade, one of the finest marine promenades I have seen in England, and his object will be accomplished. If, indeed, the blowing gales should be from the eastern quarter, he may get more of sea-air than he may like, and probably be overwhelmed. I happened to be travelling upon the Southampton Railway, as far as Andover, one day, in company with a gentleman who had been two years resident in Weymouth, and who praised much its pure and invigorating air, and the cheerful ensemble of the place; "but," said he, "my rheumatism won't stand any longer the dreadful east winds, and my poor daughters cough worse than ever since we settled there, and so we are about to leave it at the suggestion of Sir —, whom I had just been to town to consult." Seriously speaking, this facing of the east is a sad drawback to the place; but in the summer that signifies less.



The sea-bathing is perfect at Weymouth, and the accommodation of about twenty or thirty machines always ready near the centre of the Esplanade, kept in perfect order, serve much to facilitate that operation. The sands over which the bathers have to walk are well known, as

being of the finest description, equal to those of Scarborough in the east, and Blackpool in the west, and superior to any other in the south. The declivity of the shore is almost imperceptible, and totally free from those obstructions which are noticed on many parts of the southern coast; so that the most timid lady may indulge in the great luxury of open sea-bathing, with the additional comfort of perfect security, and of sea-water pure, clean, and transparent; in fact, genuine, unpolluted sea-water; which is more than can be said of some other pretending watering-places by the sea in this country. Neat and commodious warm salt-water baths also will be found on the South Parade, opposite the Harbour.

Beside the magnificent promenade just mentioned, nearly a mile long and about thirty feet in width, on one side of which ranges an uninterrupted series of houses of various sizes and styles of architecture, while below it the sands extend in the form of a semicircle of more than two miles,—Weymouth offers an advantage to the summer bather, which is not common at the most celebrated sea-bathing-places on the south coast, and that is, the facility of entering a yacht or pleasure-boat from the quay, without any danger, owing to the sheltered position of the pier and harbour. Hence the enjoyment of this species of sea-side amusement is much the order of the day at Weymouth.

A more interesting district to reside in than that which immediately surrounds the place, is hardly to be met with in the south-west of England, whether in point of its geology, rural scenery, fine prospects, extensive view, antiquities, or grand and often palatial residences of the noble and the wealthy. A visiter spending his summer at Weymouth need not complain that time hangs heavy on his hand, for he may find full and instructive occupation for every day of the period, without going over the same ground twice, if he has but energy, taste, and inclination, and should happen to enjoy

that vigour and elasticity which the *séjour* in any of the many comfortable lodging-houses fronting the bay will not be long in imparting to him.

Of the latter accommodations few watering-places possess more, for the size of the town, than Weymouth, or better ones. It is scarcely possible to point out some as being preferable to others, without doing injustice to the rest. Mrs. Clarke's Boarding-house is in great vogue : not merely because it is delightfully and conveniently situated, as well as roomy and commodious within, but because many people will always be found who prefer a gregarious to a solitary life. But, as with many people the double enjoyment of having in the house a source of intellectual amusement, and out of the house the finest prospect of the beauties peculiar to the place, would be always a temptation, I should advise them to choose most unquestionably, and *par préférence*, Commins' furnished apartments, delightfully situated on the Esplanade, having a reading-room and library connected with them, to which admission is obtained by a moderate subscription, and where one finds everything one desires in the way of periodicals and modern works ;—no mean recommendation to a lodging at Weymouth.

CHAPTER X.

BOURNEMOUTH.

A REAL DISCOVERY—A Visit to Bournemouth—Impressions—Address to the People there—Capabilities of the Place—Its Locality and Aspect—Superior to the Isle of Wight—TOPOGRAPHY of Bournemouth—The Bay and its Exposure in reference to Winds—Geology of the Coast—The CHINES—East and West Cliffs—The Beach—Clothing Verdure on the Sand Hills—The Roads—VALLEY of the Stour—The BATH HOTEL—Description—Its Highly Favourable Position—View from it—DETACHED VILLAS—Their sheltered Situation—Marine Library and Boarding-house—The Western Cliff—BOURNEMOUTH PARK—Retreats for Consumptive Invalids, the best in England—Striking Contrast of Temperature—Confirmation of the Author's Views—IMPROVEMENT and New Plans—Errors to be eschewed—Proper Site for a Church—Should not be on a Hill—Where to Erect Summer Residences—BOURNEMOUTH a Rural as well as a Sea Retreat for Invalids—Great Resources of this Advantage—Conversion of the Vale into a PLEASURE GARDEN—Pleasure-boats and Sailing—House-room and Charges—PROVISIONS, Market and Farm-house Supplies—WATER—That from the Well, and that from the Brook—The CLIMATE—Warmth, Equality of Temperature, and Dryness—Its Salubriousness corroborated by Medical Men—CONCLUSION.

I LOOK upon Bournemouth, and its yet unformed colony, as a perfect discovery among the sea-nooks one longs to have for a real invalid, and as the realization of a *desideratum* we vainly thought to have found elsewhere on the south coast of England. This might seem, at first view, an exaggerated and

sweeping opinion, had it been uttered by one less accustomed to judge of localities, climate, and topical peculiarities, than the author of these pages can be, after having visited *all the resorts* of invalids, abroad and in England. But in the present case, its truth and reality can be made manifest by any common observer, who can see with his own eyes, and can tell to other people what he has seen. This is precisely what I have endeavoured to do on the present occasion; and my readers must know by this time, that I have ever studied not to mislead them in my account of either foreign or English places suited for the reception of invalids. Bournemouth is one of the latter description, and eminently entitled to a separate chapter in a work of this kind.

Sometime in the month of February of the present year, a medical engagement having suddenly called me away from London for a day, to the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, I was requested by several gentlemen connected with that almost unknown sea-watering-place, to visit and give my professional opinion respecting it.

Having completed the object for which I had left home, I deemed this invitation the more fortunate, as it had brought within my knowledge a place I had passed over, when I explored the whole coast from west to east, in the preceding year, as has been seen in the last few chapters, and especially that portion which extends from Weymouth to Southampton including the Isle of Wight. On that occasion, though my way lay to the immediate vicinity of Bournemouth, I did not learn from any one I met or conversed with at Weymouth, Wakeham, or Blandford, aught of the existence of the incipient living colony at that place. But this singular want of information respecting it I ceased to marvel at, after I had seen and judged of its great peculiarity; nor did I subsequently find it extraordinary, that even in places much nearer to Bournemouth than the towns just mentioned, I should have found the people silent upon that subject, and

affectedly ignorant of its existence as a new and formidable rival on the coast.

The impression left on my mind by my careful and attentive inspection of that rival will be best gathered, perhaps, from the spontaneous opinion I expressed of its capabilities as a residence fit for the most delicate valetudinarians, at a public dinner given at the Great Hotel at Bournemouth, in a style of excellence seldom surpassed even in the metropolis, with which a number of gentlemen from Poole, Blandford, and Christ Church had been pleased to welcome the Author of "The Spas of England," whose first volume had just been published. As that opinion was taken down at the time, and found its way into the public papers, which gave an account of the day's entertainment as well as of the various speeches delivered on the occasion, and as I see nothing in what I then stated which subsequent reflection and the acquisition of additional and valuable information on many topics connected with the subject, would induce me to change or retract,—I cannot act more fairly by such of my readers as are likely to require hereafter the resource now for the first time about to be brought to their notice, than by quoting in this place the very words in which I expressed my sentiments, setting aside all preliminary and exordial matter and phrases.

"Having been requested to extend my professional excursion to this place, for the purpose of inspecting and reporting upon what has been done, and remains yet to be done, by the proprietors and well-wishers of Bourne, in order to make it a place suitable for the resort of the better classes of society requiring a southern climate in our island, I have acceded to your request. I have examined Bourne in all its parts, under sunshine as well as during the prevalence of wet and high wind. I have seen what has been done, and have heard of what it is intended to do, in order to profit of the many advantages which the situation of Bourne offers as a watering-place; and I have no hesitation in stating, as the

conclusion of all my observations, which have extended through two whole days, and around as well as within the place,—that no situation that I have had occasion to examine along the whole southern coast, possesses so many capabilities of being made the very first invalid sea-watering place in England; and not only a watering-place, but what is still more important, a winter residence for the most delicate constitutions requiring a warm and sheltered locality at this season of the year. As such I hold it superior to either Bonchurch, St. Lawrence, or Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Though situated ten miles less to the south than the extreme point of that island, Bourne has the superior advantage of being rather more than as many miles to the westward, a circumstance that makes quite sufficient amends for the trifling difference in regard to its southern position. But Bourne has other claims to superiority over Ventnor, being in the centre of a beautiful curvilinear sweep of coast or bay, which, instead of being called Poole Bay, ought henceforth to be called Bourne Bay, the two extreme points or horns of which, equidistant from Bourne, serve to protect the latter from the direct influence of many of the most objectionable winds. But above all is Bourne superior to the back of the Isle of Wight, from its entire exposure to the south, with a full protection from the easterly winds, to which Ventnor on the contrary is indirectly exposed. I hardly need touch upon its superiority as a bathing-place to any in the neighbourhood, or along these coasts. It is as an inland sheltered haven for the most tender invalids, however, that I would call your attention to the great capabilities of Bourne; for we look in vain elsewhere for that singular advantage which Bourne possesses, of presenting two banks of cliffs, clothed with verdure even at this inclement season, running from the sea inland, with a smiling vale watered by a rapid brook or bourne, dividing them just enough to allow of a most complete ventilation, with coolness in the summer

months, and yet affording a most protected succession of ridges upon which to erect residences not only for convalescents, free from positive disease, but also for patients in the most delicate state of health as to lungs.

“For the latter the many glens which run up the western cliff, and which I pointed out this morning to the gentlemen who accompanied me in my excursions, offer very beautiful retreats, surrounded by balsamic and almost medicinal emanations from fir plantations, which are found to be so beneficial in these cases. In fact, gentlemen, you have a spot here which you may convert into a perfect blessing to those among the wealthy who are sorely afflicted with disease, and who do not like to tear themselves from home to go in search of foreign and salubrious climates. I have pointed out to you in the course of my many rambles all that is requisite to be done, to make the place perfect, and it will be your own fault if Bourne is not soon an object of general admiration and attraction.

“But you must not commit the many blunders that have been perpetrated in other watering-places, especially on these coasts and farther eastwards. You must not let in strangers and brick-and-mortar contractors, to build up whole streets of lodging houses, or parades, and terraces interminable, in straight lines facing the sea, the roaring sea, and the severe gales, that make the frames of an invalid’s bedroom casement rattle five days in the week at least, and shake his own frame in bed also. The laws of climate, of locality, of aspect for houses about to be erected, of position and arrangement, have hitherto been overlooked, neglected, or misunderstood. My experience, abroad as well as at home, has enabled me to lay down certain principles on all those important points which can alone lead to success. These I have communicated to you in the course of my inquiries, and shown you how they are to be made to apply to Bournemouth; and if you attend to those suggestions, you cannot fail to see your ultimate ob-

ject, the securing the growth and prosperity of Bourne, most triumphantly accomplished. This consummation I most heartily desire, for your sake, for the sake of future invalids, and for that of the members of my profession throughout England, who will then know where to send with full confidence all such patients as require the combined benefit of sea and land influence such as is possessed by Bournemouth."

This is the unbiassed and candid opinion I felt bound to express of Bournemouth when on the spot, and it seems to be too much in the interest of those who are connected with that young establishment to act up to it, to doubt of their adopting and carrying into effect the view and plans I then suggested. They must be sensible of the fact, that by not properly using their resources, their very first beginning a few years back proved a failure, until two or three other spirited and judicious proprietors stepped in to the rescue.

In order the better to comprehend the plans I sketched out on the occasion, and so form a correct idea of what Bournemouth is, as well as of what it is likely to become, I shall enter into a few brief particulars as to its situation and resources, and thus aid in giving "a local habitation and a name" to an incipient settlement on the most favourable point of the Hampshire coast, placed nearly in the centre of the southern coast of England, midway between the South Foreland and the Land's End, which has as yet no definite or permanent population, and which, so insignificant has it hitherto been considered by the topographer that we find in the adjoining county's map, an indication set down that a particular road from Dorsetshire leads "to Christchurch," without mentioning to Bournemouth, albeit the identical road passes through it. But the day is at hand when the latter indication will be substituted for the former.

Few people are unacquainted with Poole Bay, a gentle curvilinear sweep of coast, measuring about twelve miles along the shore, and nearly nine from the western point or

head of the crescent to that of the opposite end. The former called *Handfast* Point, divides the little bay of Studland, a species of sea *cul-de-sac*, from Swanage Bay ; while the other, named Hengistbury Head, marks the precise spot where the estuary of Christchurch ends.

The exposure of this fine bay (which is remarkable, by the bye, for a singular tidal phenomenon, to be alluded to presently, highly favourable to the inhabitants on the coast), is from due south to south-east. But from all easterly winds it is defended by the Isle of Wight, which sustains on its eastern and south-eastern coast the first brunt of the gales from that quarter, sweeping down channel. The prevailing character of the coast, geologically speaking, is a fine white sand ; but yellowish and pinkish beds of sand occur, with some of the lower strata of an ashy colour, arising from the admixture of vegetable matter. With the latter species of sand there is associated sometimes, but at the depth of seldom less than fifteen or twenty feet below it, a thick bed of black bituminous clay, in such a way that as the ashy coloured sand is never found except under thick strata of other sands, either yellow or white, the said bituminous clay, properly speaking, is never met with nearer than from forty to fifty feet from the surface. Here and there, among the topping white sands, white pipeclay has been found, but neither continuously nor in thick masses, except near the cliff to the east of Boscomb, and at Big Durly-chine, where it is worked out and sent to the potteries in Staffordshire, as the purest and best material for the celebrated porcelains of that district. The writer of the "Bournemouth Guide," who has stated that the country around or near it, consists of hills of sand and *clay*, has not very accurately described the character of the locality.

The cliffs formed by these various strata, superimposed one over the other, vary occasionally in height, but except where a chine or valley occurs to interrupt the continuous line, their elevation is seldom less than 60, and often exceeds 150

feet. Of these chines in the sweep of coast now under consideration, there are several. Some are mere indentures in the sand beds, more or less profound, due to the percolation of water digging into the sand; others are real valleys, due to the course of some important stream having, in olden times, formed to itself a vale of level land, even with the sea, and so kept apart the deposits of sand on each side of it.

Bournemouth is just one of these valley chines. It occupies precisely the centre of the sweep of coast I have been describing, and appears from the sea like an opening through the cliff, made by a stream of water, on each side of which a sloping surface of white and yellow sand inclines from the top of the cliff downwards, at an angle of 40° on the east, and of about fifty on the west side. At the foot of the cliff is the shore, covered with the usual shingle, being part of the coarse, moderately-sized and multishaped gravel noticed in strata of from two to three feet in thickness at the lower part of the cliff, the largest proportion of which consists of fragments, some rounded and some angular, of indurated iron clay. But between the foot of the cliff and the bed of sea-shingle, there are in many parts of the strand wide and extended belts of sand, which at high tide offer an excellent footing to the bather.

Near, and to the westward of Bournemouth, there are other interruptions or chines in the cliffs, such as Little Durly, Big Durly, Broad and Middle Chines, Alum Chine, &c. But to the eastward, as far as Boscombe Chine, a distance of nearly two miles, a single gentle and continuous undulation beginning at Bournemouth, is observed in the cliff, which at about its middle is upwards of eighty feet high. The western declivity of this high land forms the eastern cliff at the entrance of Bournemouth, which, like the one on the opposite side (not quite so high), runs inland with undulating and waving surfaces, and in somewhat tortuous lines—ascending on either side of a narrow but rapid stream, until they are merged into three elevated heaths—Holdenhurst

Heath to the right, Poole Heath to the left, and straight-forward, with a north-west direction, Canford Heath, in the centre of which rises the Bourne, or river that gives the name to our infant colony.

This peculiarity of its formation constitutes one of the great merits of the locality as a retreat for invalids ; while the chance circumstance of a gentleman retreating to this spot some thirty or forty years ago, and planting all the sandhills to the westward of the Bourne, or brook, with trees of the Pine tribe, whereby the district has been converted, in the course of time, into a sort of tiny Black Forest, is the cause of another and most important advantage of the place.

The reader will now experience no difficulty in forming a correct notion of the singularly favourable position of Bournemouth ; but a walk or two of exploration for the purpose of noticing what has since been done to profit of such a situation by other proprietors, particularly on the eastern cliffs and banks of the Bourne, and of pointing out the absolute improvements that are called for, as well as the threatened errors that ought to be eschewed, will complete the chapter more satisfactorily to my readers than any abstract or general description of a place as yet undeveloped.

Two principal roads converge into the vale of the Bourne, the one from Christchurch in the east, the other from Poole in the west. Northwards and inclined to the eastward, is another, but minor road, which soon after quitting the vale, bifurcates upon Holdenhurst Heath, leading to a cross-road on the verge, and parallel to, the lovely and fertile valley of the Stour, near to which are the towns of Wimborne Munster with Canford Magna, Kingston, and Hecklenhurst. The road from Christchurch having reached the back of the lofty cliff previously noticed, between Boscombe Chine and Bournemouth, begins to descend gradually when it has arrived before a lofty and imposing edifice, with a pretty front, on which is inscribed the title of " Bath Hotel."

This building commands a view of the whole valley, and

particularly of the range of detached villas, which follow at a short distance lower down, and on the right of the same road. Few buildings in the way of sea-hotels at watering-places can boast either of a handsomer exterior, or of a better interior than this establishment; and as to its position, peering over the cliff and the whole bay on the one hand, and as far as the extended heaths on the other, it must be deemed unrivalled. Much judgment and taste have been displayed in the arrangements of the principal floor, on which there are many beautiful sitting-rooms, three of which, being capable of being thrown into one, will form a spacious and showy ball-room. But the second story bed-rooms, destined for servants, is a *manqué* floor, with windows like holes, and rooms small and low—too good for servants as to situation, for they enjoy the finest view imaginable—too bad for masters as to accommodation. This story should be rebuilt, and applied to a series of lofty and well-furnished bed-chambers, each of which would be a little Belvidere. Besides, to have rattling servants running up and down side-staircases at each end of the principal corridor which divides the best sitting from the best bed-rooms, and afterwards stamping with their heavy tread immediately over the heads of their masters and mistresses, is a most objectionable arrangement. Men-servants should never be in the same *corps de logis* with their masters, but made to occupy separate out-buildings at all great hotels.

The Bath Hotel has a parterre-garden on one side, with a lengthened shrubbery or plantation, through which the inmates, after a moderate walk of gentle descent, may reach the strand, and the baths built near it, or the bathing-machine not far off, or lastly, the marine library. This latter has recently been enlarged, and greatly improved with many upper and lower rooms, fit for a superior class of visitors who desire to occupy a place in a good boarding-house, and a most delightful marine residence.

The high road before alluded to, having left the hotel, skirts

the range of detached villas just now alluded to, of various structures, including the old English, the Lombard, and campaniled forms, as well as the Swiss cottage. They are of moderate sizes, well built, and in all of them the inmates enjoy, from the first-floor room, a side view of the bay, which, however, they can enjoy much better by ascending to the several kiosks and terraces at the top of the house, or upper balcony, as every house is possessed of such a convenience. Behind them extends, up the hill, a useful garden, by the side of which are the stables.

I had been hospitably received on my arrival, in an excellent house, the last but one in this series of detached villas, which is always let during the season by its worthy proprietor, and I could thus practically form an idea of the convenience and the desirableness of this situation. From my bedroom window, I caught on my left hand an extended view of the bay; below me, the same road, already twice mentioned, prolonged its downward course towards the right, until by a gentle sweep inclined to the left, it reached the level of the vale, crossed over the brook by a small wooden bridge, and was seen ascending on the other side towards the heath on its way to Poole. Just beyond the margin of the road, a young plantation and garden, reared on a flat level to a certain distance forward, descended a gently sloping declivity, to reach the vale of the Bourne.

Behind these villas, the continuation of the ascending hills, topped with wood, midway on which the houses are erected, screens them from the north-east winds; while in front of them, across the valley, rises that loftier range of sand-hills, once barren and naked, and now, as I before stated, covered with luxuriant and dense forests of fir-trees, the work of the late Mr. Tregonwell of Edmondesham, Dorsetshire, whose relict even now occupies the mansion he originally built for his permanent residence, at present surrounded with lawns and shrubberies, and embosomed amidst

dense plantations. This ridge, running nearly due north and south, and most completely screened from all easterly winds by the opposite bank, is pleasingly varied with undulations. It is ever clothed in green from the nature of its vegetation, and serves to break the violence of the westerly gales, that would otherwise impinge against the detached villas of Bourne.

It is by exploring this ridge, on a few points of which only an insulated private dwelling-house has as yet been erected, that I discovered three or four retired glens, so lovely from their verdure, so tranquil from their position, and so warm from their sheltered aspect, that I did not hesitate a moment in declaring such spots to be the very thing that was wanted in this country, to render the south coast really and truly available in behalf of those who are afflicted with consumption.

“Here,” I said to the gentlemen who were escorting me, “must be erected commodious and well-arranged dwellings for invalids of that class who happen to be wealthy, and who will not, as indeed in such cases they need not, expatriate themselves, and tear asunder, even before death, every tie that links them to a life, for the sake of prolonging that life. Here you will find a temperature, during cold weather, of from eight to ten degrees higher than on the table-land, or the sea-shore, the distant roaring of which will reach the patient’s ears, muffled by the intervening wooded cliffs; but the sight of which, and the inhaling of whose invigorating breeze, he may in one moment obtain, by issuing from his glen, and slowly pacing down the footpath which winds at the foot of the cliffs parallel to the course of the rivulet, until he has reached the shore. And when he has quaffed enough of the sea-air, warmed by the noon sun even in the coldest month of the year, he may return to his retreat, there to enjoy immunity from severe or brisk atmosphere, and the comforts which a dwelling suitably prepared and so sheltered will procure him.

Look around, and interrogate vegetation at this period of the winter (16th Feb.) The snow has left the ground, though it is lying heavy still on the high lands a few miles hence. We have had everywhere nipping frosts: see how every thing here on the contrary is green—how those geraniums out of doors have survived in freshness—how strong, vigorous, and untouched are those exuberant rhododendrons. Hark to the distant gale: it is a mere hissing that is heard in this sheltered spot—though you may see by the course of the clouds overhead, which scud before the wind, how boisterously it blows at sea. Is not this then the very haven that is required in England for those who tremble on the verge of consumption, or are already plunged into that destructive malady?"

Here, turning to a physician (Dr. Aitkin) who was of the company, a resident at Poole, and a very able and talented man, author of a work on physiology, and formerly a lecturer in Edinburgh, "I would urge you," I said to him, "to make inquiries into the comparative difference of temperature of these and other situations in Bournemouth, and see whether my surmise be not correct."

The time is come when that gentleman has been able to supply me with the information I required; and what is the result of his inquiry?—Why, this, as I collect it from a letter received only a few days since (May, 1841).

"I was certainly not prepared," he states, "to expect so complete a confirmation of what you asserted would be found, in respect to the difference of temperature on the tableland, and the valleys or glens you pointed out. I found on my first observation, on the 8th of March, at 1 P.M. with a fresh breeze from the S.W., at Mr. Polhill's favourite seat (high on the west cliff), that the thermometer, sheltered from the wind and in the shade, stood at 49° , and where the church is going to be erected, at 50° ; while in the different glens it ranged from 58° to 60° . By repeated subsequent observations I noted similar differences."

Here then the great desideratum for consumptive invalids is found; and if the proprietress of this blessed region is properly advised, instead of parting to speculating purchasers with her lord's estate (who, in planting it, and throwing the shelter and balsamic effluvia of a forest of firs around so many natural glens, probably looked forward to the destination for which I am the first to declare it to be fitter than any other place in England), she will apply herself to build insulated villas of different sizes, and properly located with gardens, and a general walk through the intended woods, inclosing the whole territory by fences, and making a handsome entrance into it near the wooden bridge or head of the valley, denominating henceforth the establishment, BOURNEMOUTH PARK, and the dwelling-houses of the valetudinarians in it, the PARK VILLAS; with a perfect assurance that they will become celebrated all over the country as the best, the most promising, and the only real asylums for consumptive people of the higher order.

Nor are the detached villas already in existence, and alluded to on the slope of the east cliff, or the still more pretending, larger, and first-rate mansions built by Mr. Gordon, on the verge of a cross-road, fronting the south, and overlooking the beginning of the heath from their back rooms,—or, again, the Swiss cottages adjoining to these,—unsuited to people of delicate health. On the contrary, a great many of those dwellings are so placed as to be just the thing wanted for patients who are not far advanced in the disorder, and who yet require genial, pure and mild air, which they are certain of getting at Bourne—now from the sea, and now from the heath, or lastly from the fir-woods right opposite.

Such are the present resources in Bournemouth, and such the proposals I have to suggest as a medical man in behalf of suffering humanity, for creating others. But there is besides, a great deal to be done in the place to render it complete. At present the accommodations are not numerous enough:

many more houses must be built; a regular community or village must be encouraged to come and settle here, bringing along with them all the necessary useful arts and trades; and lastly, a church must be erected. But in all these undertakings great judgment, discrimination, knowledge of the laws of climate, and, finally, taste, are required. An opportunity is now offered of establishing a real Montpellier on the south coast of England, and a something better than a Montpellier in point of beauty, for the upper and the wealthier classes of society, who ought to be encouraged and enticed to remain at home and spend their income in husbanding their health in England. They have been driven away from every point of the coast by the facilities afforded to the "*everybody*," and the "*anybody*," of congregating in shoals at the same watering-place, creating bustle, noise, confusion, and vulgarity. These and other inconveniences act as so many impediments to the recovery of health, in persons of refined habits; and your interminable terraces, parades, paragon, and parabolas of houses of every sort and size and description, which mere brick-and-mortar speculators have run up, wherever they thought the current of fashion was likely to direct invalids, have acted on the influx of the better sort of people, exactly in the inverse ratio of their own increasing numbers. What the result of such proceeding, has been to the place itself, I need not specify; every one of my readers will bring to his mind, probably, some one example within his own knowledge, in illustration of my position.

Is it then the intention of the three or four proprietors of the land at Bourne to act in the same manner? If the engraving put into my hands as a view of Bournemouth as it is to be, is likely to be realised, then the place will be in the category of those I have just painted; it will become one of twenty sea watering-places, just as tolerable and common, and will only be frequented as such, with slow progress and doubtful success. It is well to study effect, and to try to cover

in concentric circles the whole face of the hill, which towers over the east sea-cliff, and at the back of the present villas, with lines of lodging and other dwelling houses, and crowning the whole with a Gothic church, placed in the centre of the summit, like a diadem—to serve as a beacon to mariners ; but it will not do for invalids with delicate chests and damaged lungs to climb up the Capitol, either to return home after a walk on the sea-shore, or to attend at church on a Sunday, to be blown away in endeavouring to reach the House of God, or blown upon on coming out of it by the boisterous south-wester,—and so, chilled into a pleurisy or an additional vomica, thereby destroying the benefit which Bournemouth is calculated to yield to the sick.

Has the architect, has the landowner ever reflected upon such a consideration as this ? In a colony of invalids, the Temple of God should be in a quiet, secluded, and rural spot. It should be easily accessible to all—to the villagers in health, who are occupied to the last minute with household affairs—to the valetudinarian who cannot walk far—to the feeble and the cripple who can only creep or must be carried ; and all of whom ought, above all things, to eschew exposure of every description. Such a spot I pointed out for that purpose, on the estate of Mistress Tregonwell on the eastern bank. There a plain, unassuming, but capacious and well-built rural church, without any pretensions to Gothic *niaiserie*s, (for who can bear a church in a Gothic dress that is not as big as Lincoln, Wells, or York Minster ?) should be erected near the entrance to the park, whereby the invalid inhabitant of the Park Villas would have it near to them ; close to a spot where the villager's community would be principally settled, on the margin of the brook at the foot of Gordon Villas, that attendance may be made easy to the dwellers therein as well as to the villagers ; and lastly, not far removed from the present and any other detached villa, along the lower and upper roads ;—thus leaving no excuse to any class of inhabitants and visitors (as they will have, if the church is built on the top

of the hill) for not attending divine service. From the high character for charity and liberality which the lady nobly connected who owns the Bournemouth Park, as I have called it, bears in the place, and among all who have the honour of knowing her, no doubt can be entertained that a site, such as I have pointed out, would be granted by her. Let the rest of the landowners who take a true interest in the success of Bournemouth, and the spiritual welfare of its future inhabitants, contribute materials and money as part of their tribute for the erection of a suitable temple, and their charity will be blessed. Any other worldly or selfish view in this affair ought to be set aside, and not allowed to have any sway.

But are no other houses than such as are suited to far-gone patients, with damaged lungs, to be erected in Bournemouth? Are there not many other classes of people in easy circumstances who require, and may be benefited by, the pure and invigorating, yet mild and temperate air of the place? Yes, there are, and for such as these, provision should be made in gay and airy regions, calculated to serve as much for the summer as the houses before alluded to are essentially destined for the winter season; for it is as a winter residence to a select community of invalids and visitors, that Bournemouth must become chiefly celebrated.

I ascended, on the second morning after my arrival, the cliff behind the Bath Hotel, until I reached a spot from which I overlooked the roof of that building, and placed myself, at the distance of four hundred yards from it, in the midst of the green and vivacious underwood which has grown luxuriantly, though not very high, all over the surface of that cliff, and on many parts of the land adjoining it, where, moreover, many large clumps and patches of forest-trees have grown.

The sea was on my left at a depth of sixty feet or more; I looked towards Poole Harbour, and stretching my eye as far as Swanage Bay and the Purbeck Hills, I saw below and before

me the mouth of the little river Bourne, discharging its meandering stream over the sand. The wind was E.S.E., and blew at my back; but as I had not reached the whole elevation of the cliff, that portion which still remained above me, screened me from the wind. Here, then, I stood on the most eligible, and at the same time, a most delightful spot, for building summer residences, either in the form of detached villas on several parts of the cliff, without destroying its heathy character, by removing too many of the shrubs with which it is clothed or (after clearing away enough of the latter near the verge of the cliff), in the form of a terrace or crescent facing the west-south-west, and enjoying the magnificent sea-view I have just described.

Upon another occasion, while exploring the opposite and western cliff, on which stands the station-house of the coast-guard, and while examining amongst others the little villa of Mr. Drax, a bijou, and its adjoining grounds, with a gentleman who manages this property, I sallied forth on a terrace erected as a walk facing the roaring sea — a carriage-road lying below it. Here again a parade or line of summer residences might advantageously be erected. The view from thence along the coast, tracing Christchurch and Muddiford, encompassing the Needles and the western shore of the Isle of Wight, with an almost constantly passing and repassing of crafts and larger vessels in opposite directions, would be fully as delightful as that from the other side. In this way ample provision would be made for all summer visitors—for those, in fact, who, being otherwise well in health, like a retired rather than a bustling and noisy sea watering-place.

The character of Bournemouth, as an unique Montpellier, would be thus preserved intact; while, on the contrary, it would be damaged if you line your coast with a whole mile of monotonously uniform houses, or spread whole streets and squares in the plain, and convert a present garden into a future huddled town.

Bournemouth combines, to an eminent degree, the character of beautiful and sheltered rusticity with that of an open sea-side residence. To the first it lays claim by its perpetual clothing of green in winter, which, seen for ever out of every casement, cheats you into the belief that spring is come again; while, when the sun shines around, summer seems present out of doors, even in the dreary months of December and January. To the latter it lays claim, not only by the favourable character of the beach, and the easy access to the water, but also by the peculiar tidal phenomenon previously hinted at, which occurs between Spithead and Ballard's-head, (embracing the sea off Bourne) of course, whereby four tides take place every twenty-four hours, thus doubling the effect over any other situation on the sea coast, and affording to the bathers at Bournemouth a command of the tide every day.

Both these characters suit well the purpose and objects of the winter residents and invalids. Of the latter, two classes must be provided with accommodation;—first, those who labour under severe chest complaints; secondly, your dyspeptic, or such convalescents from other disorders as require pure sea-air and sea-water in perfection, as well as cheerful and inspiriting inland landscape, means for exercise on horse-back, or in carriages, and other diversions. To be near the sea, and to be able to have recourse to its water or its breezes when necessary, yet not to be always and for ever saturated with either; to have it in one's power to turn to spots where its shingle-rustling, or the more loud roaring of its waves, cannot disturb you—to be, in fine, on the threshold between sea and land life, so as to take to each alternately as required, as a means of recovery from disease, or for the restoration of lost strength (and those means of the very best description)—these are the advantages which, in my estimation, nature affords at Bournemouth to an extent and of a character

unequalled in any other place I am acquainted with on the south coast of England.

To render its superiority to the generality of sea watering-places still more conspicuous, the vale of the Bourne,—beginning at the present insignificant wooden bridge, which ought to be replaced by a handsome stone one, down to the beach, a species of narrow flat prairie, which divides the two banks before described,—should be converted into a regular promenade-garden all the way, with parterres and beds of flowers by the sides of the brook. That imaginative and skilful agonomist, Mr. Loudon, would soon make the prettiest thing in England of such a place, and he ought by all means to be consulted. At present, the vale consists of a narrow belt of peat earth lying over sand, on which a few miserable sheep are allowed to feed, or a scanty coarse grass is cut. It divides the west from the east banks, which are the inland prolongations, before adverted to, of the corresponding cliffs on the shore, and which slope down to the margin of the brook, both of them clothed by evergreen plantations and shrubberies, and crested with the rows of detached villas or single houses previously mentioned. The little brook itself, perfectly wild, shallow, and tortuous, and of no great width, meanders down the middle; but a little judicious management, by swelling out the banks in parts, contracting them in others, and deepening the bed here, or raising it there, so as to create a rustling fall or cascade, would readily convert an insignificant streamlet into a pleasing ornamental water-feature in the landscape. The garden, with suitable gravel walks, would afford to the weakest and the most delicate among the real invalids at Bournemouth the means of taking exercise on foot whenever any other wind but the north prevails; for to that and that alone would the garden promenade be exposed. At the mouth of the river a small estuary or cove, to admit a few pleasure-boats, might be established readily, and a short pier, *sans prétension*, yet convenient for

landing on the beach in favourable weather, ought to be added. The only diversions of which the Bournemouth people would be wholly deprived, unless such measures as I here hint at be adopted, are precisely those of pleasure-boating and sailing, owing to the present total want of means for that purpose, unless the visiter extends his rambles either as far as Poole or Christchurch, there to procure what is necessary for those objects.

It is manifest, therefore, that nature has done every thing for Bournemouth, and that the hand of man has nothing to create, but only to fashion, and *suitably* and judiciously to convert to its own purpose. Of house accommodation there is perhaps a sufficiency for present want, and that at no great outlay. For the house I inhabited, for example, and which contains every sort of desirable and well-furnished apartments and convenience, beside coach-house and stable, garden, &c., six guineas per week are charged for the season; single floors or apartments are to be had considerably cheaper, and one may live, *en garçon*, for very little money. Provisions are obtained readily from Poole or Christchurch, whose well-supplied markets are equidistant from Bourne, and only five miles apart. Tradesmen are in the habit of calling for orders and with supplies every day; and soon a regular series of shops of every description will be established in the place itself, along with the progressive formation of a village. Milk, butter, and farm-house supplies of the very best description, the valley of the Stour abundantly yields. Water is plentiful and excellent. That which I washed in felt soft, and readily lathered with the soap, leaving the skin perfectly supple and smooth. It was drawn from a well in the house twenty-five feet deep; and other wells of water equally good are found a few feet deeper in other houses.

The water of the brook being of itself a never-failing and abundant supply, and likely too to be the principal one to be de-

pended upon for the new community, when a regular village shall have been established on its bank,—I was particularly anxious to have it properly tested ; the more so, as at a consultation on the case of a patient residing at Bourne, with a surgeon from a neighbouring town, I had been told that a relaxation of the bowels generally followed the first use of that water, said to proceed from the drainage of the heath. Extraordinary as that opinion must have seemed to me at that time, inasmuch as it was at variance with the observations my long experience in such questions had enabled me to make, I nevertheless took not upon myself to gainsay it ; on the contrary, I requested Dr. Aitkin, the scientific and pains-taking physician of Poole before mentioned, to examine the water chemically, as well as the nature of the heathy soil through which it courses down to Bournemouth, and to compare the result with that yielded by the examination of what might be considered as the best water in his own place of residence. The nature of the experiments, and the conclusions arrived at in consequence, Dr. Aitkin has been kind enough to send to me, and I can only say that his opinion is most favourable with regard to the water of the brook, as well as to its source. “ The latter is from among the gravel and sandy beds or undulations below the peat-earth on the adjoining heath, on which not a particle of manure is ever spread, and it consequently affords water free from infiltration of dung, from which very few streams of Britain are exempt.”

Dr. Aitkin had also, at my suggestion, tested six of the wells of Bourne, to see if any iron was present in their water ; but after every possible trial, he had not detected the slightest trace of that metal.

To the same gentleman, whose professional services, by the bye, will be available to the invalids of Bournemouth, owing to the nearness of his residence, and his frequent visits to that place, I am indebted for a perusal of a very valuable

essay on the medical topography of the district of which Bournemouth is the centre, read by him last year at the general meeting of the Provisional Medical Association. That paper, which I trust will be given to the public entire at no distant period, enables me, after closely examining the localities, to speak as I fully expected, very favourably of the climate of Bourne for warmth, equability of temperature and dryness. Indeed, considering its western direction on the south coast, the climate of Bourne is remarkably free from rain; and what is better, when the rain falls, it is quickly absorbed by an extremely porous soil, consisting principally of sand. Dampness in the atmosphere, therefore, is a rare occurrence at Bournemouth.*

* “ It not unfrequently happens that the elevated downs of the Isle of Purbeck to the west of Bourne, have their tops loaded with clouds when the wind is (as it is termed) up channel, when, at the same time everywhere else, here the sky is clear. These clouds, caused by the colder air on the tops of the downs, contribute much to the beauty and variety of the scenery, and often combine in the most pleasing manner with the august ruins of Corfe Castle, that rise from the midst of them, in furnishing landscapes well worthy of the study of the painter. At other times, heavy showers are seen falling in Purbeck, when not a drop is felt at a short distance from its borders.

“ In the neighbourhood of Dorchester, the chalk downs divide into two branches, the one proceeding along the shore of the channel by Weymouth and Lulworth, and terminate at Peveril Point close by Swanage. The other takes an inland direction towards Blandford, and approaches this district at Badburyrings near Wimborne. Clouds and rain are frequently seen following the course of these higher grounds, while in this immediate locality, if there are any clouds overhead, they are at a considerable elevation. Again, while in Purbeck on the one hand, and at Blandford, Wimborne, and along the Stour to Christchurch on the other, rain frequently falls abundantly, this neighbourhood altogether escapes. Moreover, it is by no means of unfrequent occurrence, to see the clouds overhanging Purbeck clearing away at Ballard Head, the air becoming clear as it passes over the sea, till it reaches the Needles and high cliffs of the

As it is always gratifying to a medical man to be supported by the authority of his brethren in what he advances, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of adding to the testimony already advanced in favour of the climate of Bournemouth, the opinion of an old and experienced general practitioner, also resident at Poole, Dr. Slater, from whose correspondence I select the following passage :

“I have had ample opportunities, in the course of thirty years’ practice in the immediate neighbourhood, of becoming acquainted with the healthfulness of that interesting place (Bournemouth). From the undulating nature of the surface, conjoined to its southern aspect, and dry and permeable soil, it is in my opinion peculiarly fitted for the residence of invalids, and adapted equally to every season of the year. I have had patients at Bournemouth for the past two or three winters, and I have scarcely ever gone there in cold weather, without being struck with the extreme mildness of the locality, even contrasted with the places in its vicinity. The whole neighbourhood has as high a temperature in the winter season as any situation on the south-west coast of England,—with this advantage, that it possesses a drier atmosphere than places farther west. Having kept a meteorological journal for more than twenty years, I speak with confidence on this point. Unless the winter be very severe, it is an unusual thing to see snow on the ground for many hours together.”

I have now said enough, I trust, to prove by the details of positive facts, and by descriptions taken down on the spot, the correctness of the assertions with which I set out in the present chapter, and which are to be found in my address to

Isle of Wight towards the east, where they again make their appearance. It also not unfrequently happens, that rain may be seen falling in every point of the compass, excepting in this district, of about ten miles in length, and not four in breadth.”—*Extract from Dr. Aitkin’s Unpublished Paper.*

the principal people interested in the progress and welfare of the place, that Bournemouth is the realization of a *desideratum* we had hitherto vainly sought elsewhere on the south coast of England.

CHAPTER XI.

ISLE OF WIGHT—SOUTHAMPTON.

SANDROCK SPRING.

Winter RETREATS—Nature in Miniature—Shanklin Chine and Mock Waterfall—Poesy is not Reality—WEST COWES—Indifferent Sea-bathing—Summer Residence—Speculation and EAST COWES—Auctioneering Flummuries—Improvements possible and desirable—Position of East Cowes preferable—The UNDER CLIFF—Popular Opinion—Facts are stubborn things—Letter from an Invalid's Mother—VENTNOR—Its Temperature—Vegetation in Winter—The Doctor's Bouquet—Deaths from Consumption—Miserable Accommodation—Better Prospects in store—New and Finer Buildings—ROADS, HOTELS, and BOARDING—Expenses of LODGINGS—BONCHURCH—Preferred by many—Church Accommodation—South Easterly Winds fatal to the Undercliff—The SANDROCK Chalybeate—Its extreme Power—Medical Opinions—Access to and beautiful Situation of the Spring—Taste of the Water—A Ride across to RYDE—Southampton—Temperature—Soil—Advantages of Gravel—New Way to keep the Feet warm—Southampton Air unfit for DYSPEPTIC Patients—Excellent for PULMONIC Invalids—No Sea-bathing at the place—Three great Rules for Patients at Southampton, and three great Districts—The way to improve and spoil Southampton—The BACK WATER and its Effluvia—Useful at one time to diseased Lungs—SUPPLY OF WATER—Out-of-door Diversions.

It is not as a sea-bathing place that either the Isle of Wight or the adjoining town of Southampton can lay claim to a niche in the present collection of marine watering-places: for the latter has ceased to have any sea-bathing, which, by the bye, it never enjoyed in perfection; while at the former, sea-bathing forms the last of its recommendations. No: it is as

retreats during the inclement season, principally for persons afflicted with various kinds of diseases of the chest, more or less of a serious nature, that I am about to consider them, in continuation of that series of analogous places farther westward on the south coast, which I have severally described in the preceding chapters. Having resided for three months in the island, for the benefit of my own health, and that of my children, many years ago, and minutely examined it in all its parts, especially around its marine boundaries, of which that to the south enjoys the greatest reputation for the mildness of its climate,—I should consider myself sufficiently entitled to speak on the subject, even had I not since paid other visits to it, or had I not had the advantage of other people's experience, who either upon other medical men's recommendation, or my own, had tried the effect of that climate in their own cases.

To such as love Nature's beauty in miniature, the Isle of Wight will afford pleasure and contentment. Its lozenge-formed surface exhibits almost every variety of landscape feature, from a valley to the summit of a hill, from a brook to a river, from a mere sea-inlet to a harbour or seaport. But all these objects, which so much resemble those to be seen in other parts of England, present themselves on so reduced a scale on the island, that one might fancy himself looking at grand and enlarged landscapes through an opera-glass turned the wrong way; so petty as well as pretty are they.

I well recollect the effect which the first view of Shanklin Chine had upon me, after having read the inflated account of the coast written by an enthusiastic and deceased divine, who declared that "no such country had ever occurred to his observation;" when I found myself on the shore looking up to a moderately lofty rugged rock, torn in twain at its summit by a fissure, and was told I ought to admire so romantic and magnificent a sight. To heighten my surprise, some unseen hand, lifting up a small wooden sluice-gate,

gave vent to some pent-up water, which forthwith formed a cascade of a single leap, narrow like a silver ribbon, and was presently again stopped for the entertainment of future travellers.

“ Playthings these, my dear captain,” said I, turning to a gentleman who escorted us, and whose office in the sea-fencibles had never taken him to other quarters of the globe, to see mightier and better objects.

“ Playthings, my dear sir; what think you—not to go out of your own country—what think you of Flamborough Head peering over the eastern sea nearly five hundred feet, and its mighty caverns and subterranean lakes? What of the romantic Robin Hood’s bay, with that most imposing feature, Stowbrow, reaching to an altitude of eight hundred feet? What of St. Vincent’s rocks? and the stupendous chasm of the Cheddar cliffs? Your chines and your rocks are mere babies to these. But so it is: poesy has got possession of the minds of those who have written on the island, and they have set down as magnificently grand that which is only moderately pretty.”

The most picturesque approach to the island is without comparison round by the Needles, sailing between Hurst Castle and Yarmouth road, up the Solent, and so on to the northernmost point of the isle, on which stand West and East Cowes, divided by the mouth of the Medina. Coming from the westward, this is the course. The shorter sea-trip to the island of those who can steam it from Southampton at stated periods of the day, to reach West Cowes, or from Portsmouth to reach Ryde, offers not a fraction of the interesting views which the former course affords, and which presents the island in perspective on the right, Lyminster and the range of the New Forest on the left, and Porsdown Hills in front, backing the lands in the vicinity of Portsmouth. There is nothing striking or attractive on any point of the north shore of the isle, which is the

only object that is kept constantly in sight during the *trajet* from either Southampton or Portsmouth.

WEST COWES is a delightful summer residence down by the sea-side, or westward of the castle, or up the hill peering over the shore ; but the sea-bathing to be got there is fraught with difficulties, and not of the safest description. The charm of the place is in the maritime bustle that seems constantly to be going on, of vessels of all nations passing up or down channel, of aristocratic and wealthy commoners' yachts, aping the discipline and manœuvring of a king's fleet, and of steamers bringing cargoes of idlers and loungers three or four times a day, or taking them away again. West Cowes has one great disadvantage—it turns its face to the N.E. ; but such an aspect in summer is not so inconvenient.

It is impossible to say what the spirit of speculation may not attempt hereafter as regards EAST COWES, if, as we may anticipate, the having brought Southampton withing three hours of the metropolis, should greatly increase the influx of visiters to the island. A project has been long on the *tapis* for converting the superb baronial structure of Norris Castle, and its surrounding well-wooded park, into a new marine settlement for persons of the highest rank and fashion. Without entering into the flummeries and exaggerations of an auctioneer's prospectus, it will be admitted by all, that the site of Norris Castle offers capabilities for establishing a far better sea watering-place than that on the opposite bank of the Medina, and of a very superior description. But never can either the east or the west bank of that river be a fit residence for persons of delicate health to reside in during the winter months, for both are exposed to the north.

Custom, medical opinion, and popular prejudice in some measure,—but only from the period of time when English invalids were prevented by the circumstances attendant on war from seeking a more temperate climate in foreign lands,—seem to have established as a fact, that for invalids,

such as we have particularly alluded to in this and the preceding chapter, the UNDERCLIFF, or back part of the island, offers, as a situation, the best chance for recovery. This region, which, taken on a larger scale, may be said to extend from Shanklin Chine on the east coast, to Black Gang Chine on the west, is girded round with lofty and nearly perpendicular cliffs, which serve to condense and reflect the genial rays of an eastern sun from the very earliest hours of the morning, showering them down upon the villages of Bonchurch, Ventnor, and St. Lawrence, and the villas and detached abodes of the invalids there. Till very lately, however, the accommodations for such invalids as are sent thither have been few, and of the most *mesquine* description; but at present there is a fair prospect that such will not be the case in future. A number of new houses are in the course of building at Ventnor, the one of the three places just mentioned, mostly preferred, for the intended object.

As it is always better to procure practical information where one can do so, than to profess or adhere to mere general abstract statements and declarations, I shall select the fullest and most recent account of this far-famed settlement for patients labouring under consumption, which has been supplied to me by a very intelligent lady, the mother of a cherished daughter threatened with that disease, over whom she hangs, and whom she watches with that devotion which none but a fond mother knows how to evince. It was at my request that the account was drawn up, and at my request also it was made to embrace information upon every topic which it might be important for invalids or their friends to possess. It was written at the conclusion of March of the present year.

“I can have no objections to giving you my impressions with regard to this place, Ventnor, as the task of describing its perfections will not occupy much time, for as yet it has not many except its climate. Having been here since the

beginning of November last, I can in that respect assure you it was *exquisite*, compared with any other place at which I have spent a winter. But as my experience only extends to a few of the counties in England,—and those not on the most favourable coasts,—and to one winter passed in the island of Jersey, and again on the northern shores of France,—I fear it may not be worth much. With regard to Jersey however, I must say decidedly, that I found this climate milder, and infinitely more salubrious, as well as more comfortable, to myself and my invalid daughter, from the dryness and cheering bright atmosphere.

“Although the winter we have just gone through was such a one as had not been known here before, the thermometer was never below 20 degrees out of doors, and that only during two or three nights. The state of vegetation is the strongest test of its mildness, for even after the severe frosts of January, our doctor brought us a little bouquet of chrysanthemum, roses, heartsease, and some annuals that had sprung up out of doors and were then in bloom. I have been delighted with its effect in keeping off the inflammatory attacks to which my dear child had been subject previously to our coming here; and though she has fallen off during the last month of very fine but treacherous weather (easterly winds), it might have been prevented by more prudence and greater self-controul.

“The place is entirely occupied by invalids suffering from chest complaints, and every lodging was taken in the course of February. *More deaths than usual* have occurred here this winter, but only among those patients who had been sent here in a hopeless state.

“I am sorry to be obliged to admit the correctness of your observations with respect to the houses. This invaluable spot has been built upon in the very worst style imaginable, both as to use and ornament. The land has been let in small portions to needy people, who have run up cheap small

houses for the sake of immediate gain; and consequently there are few houses that afford comfortable accommodation for invalids. It is necessary to seek long, and select well. But there are now some better buildings erecting, and the place is likely to be much improved before next winter. The roads of which you complained on behalf of the invalid travellers, are at present under substantial repairs; the shops have become numerous, and the principal hotel, well known to you, is being enlarged, and will have good baths attached to it. There are two other hotels; the Montpellier is by far the most sheltered as to situation. They all supply board as well as lodging, or the latter separately if preferred. The terms for the two united are two guineas per week for each person, with one guinea for a servant, and for this the fare is very indifferent; but you have it *en particulier*. The price of lodgings in general is two guineas a week for one sitting-room and three bedrooms, including the use of the kitchen, &c. But this price is raised to two guineas and a half in June, and to three guineas in July.

“ We have just got into a choice spot, and a well-built house close to Bonchurch, which is the prettiest place in the island, and more sheltered than Ventnor. It is also beautifully embowered with trees, of which there are but few to be seen in Ventnor. The cliff is more lofty and verdant there, but not wooded and rocky as at Bonchurch. I am so sure that I must spend another winter here *at least* (trusting it will please God to spare my dear child), that I have secured this house for that time. In the common lodging-houses every one that comes here must put up with small rooms; there is nothing else to be got. Our own apartments are so, but they have the advantage of being loftier than usual. I understand that one or two leading London physicians have made inquiries through the doctor here, for accommodations for their patients, and would have sent many had the accommodation been fit for them. At present the best recommend-

ation is the equability of its climate ; but the place is in its infancy, and consequently very deficient in many respects. I must not, however, omit to mention its beautiful church, built and endowed at the sole charge of Mr. Hamborough, of Steephill Castle, at an expense of 8000*l.*, including the parsonage ; nor the kindness of Mr. Colman, the clergyman, to all the invalids who cannot attend divine service, as he visits them weekly to read and to pray with them. It would have been a wretched place but for the above offering, so gratefully made to the Bestower of wealth and all other good gifts."

For the correctness of the general and useful information contained in the preceding extract, I can in a great measure vouch from my own personal observations, particularly with regard to the inferiority of the lodging-houses, the want of judgment, and the haste with which they have been erected. The deficiency of good accommodation, indeed, is a great drawback, of which other patients of mine have also complained.

But a greater drawback still is the circumstance connected with nearly the entire of the most favourite district of the Undercliff, to which the writer of the letter slightly but feelingly adverts, where she alludes to the "falling off of her sick daughter during the prevalence of very fine but treacherous weather." In spring, and the earlier parts of summer, the wind from the east quarter generally prevails in Britain, giving rise to the keen and cutting blasts along the east coast, and to these the south-eastern shore of the isle is particularly exposed.

In this, as well as in many other respects, it will be seen that Bournemouth is superior to Ventnor, as I have stated in the previous chapter. With an equally warm climate, a dryer atmosphere, less of rain, and the most thorough protection against all easterly winds, as far as its present dwellings are concerned, Bournemouth may be said to be a paradise to consumptive people, as compared to the most favoured spot of

the Undercliff. It is, in fact, the “Villa Franca”* of England, as Ventnor and Bonchurch combined may be said to be its Nice; and surely no one would hesitate as to which place to prefer for a residence in winter, in cases of consumption. I therefore trust that the people in whose hands are the resources and great capabilities of that fortunate sea-inlet on the Hampshire coast will strive, with judgment and skill, to render them valuable to society, and take a warning from the sensible remarks of my fair correspondent.

* Many of my readers will gladly learn the particulars of the climate of this highly favoured sea-side residence for invalids of delicate chests, which were drawn up and communicated to me by an English physician who accompanied Lady O—— S——, in 1817, and remained there with the most successful result during the latter half of the month of November, and three following months.

“Villa Franca is situated in a remarkably sheltered spot on the coast near Genoa, and most of the country residences possess the same advantage. The bay, lying north and south, is a remarkably deep one, and the surrounding hills rise from the very shore with great boldness; on the west and north, in particular, they reach to the height of four, five, and, I should think, six hundred feet, very abruptly, at an angle of inclination of 45°. On the east, the amphitheatre is less complete; the elevation attained is not great, and consequently the recess is here a little exposed.

“The extreme heat is felt a little before noon, and the extreme cold just at sunrise. A thermometer exposed to the north in the coldest days of February marked 50° as the minimum of temperature; the difference between that exposure and the south one being only one degree; showing how much the town is sheltered from those cold blasts so noxious in most other situations.

“The receding position of the town, at the bottom of a deep bay, scarcely allows of anemometrical observations; but inspections of the vessels lying off during the above period, showed a determined prevalence of easterly winds, with a dry air and serene sky, and of southerly winds. The surface of the bay is always calm and smooth during the four winter months: nothing beyond a gentle ripple has been observed on its surface.

“The prevailing weather is what is generally called in England very fine, but it is very frequently more than that, and what the English invalids here have styled *very, very fine*; by which is meant that kind of weather which

The Isle of Wight possesses another claim besides that of climate, and of a suitable residence for invalids, to the attention of an author engaged as I am in the consideration of British mineral springs; for it boasts of a chalybeate water of so singular a character as to have almost identified the celebrity of the isle in England with that of its

SANDROCK SPRING.

I never revert to the Isle of Wight but I think of its invalids' retreat on the Undercliff, and of its source of water strongly impregnated with alum and green vitriol, to be found not far from it, in the midst of that romantic and wild is seldom or never seen in England—which must be seen and felt to be understood—and which is generally expressed by the words “Italian sky.”

“ November, 1817 (11 days). ”

Average maximum ther. 63° at 2 P. M.

Average minimum ther. 55° at sunrise.

One day cloudy; none of rain; one day thunder and lightning.

December, 1817.

Average maximum ther. $56\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ at 2 P. M.

Average minimum ther. $48\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, at sunrise.

12 days cloudy; nine days rain; one day thunder and lightning.

January, 1818.

Average maximum ther. $55\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ at 2 P. M.

Average minimum ther. 49° at sunrise.

10 days cloudy; five days rain, one incessantly.

February, 1818.

Average maximum ther. $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ at 2 P. M.,

Average minimum ther. $50\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ at sunrise.

10 days cloudy; three days rain; four days very windy, S.E. and N.W., the town sheltered from both; the lowest temperature in this month 41° , the highest 71° .”

By way of a useful contrast, let us see how matters stand at the Undercliff with regard to rain and variation of thermometrical heat; assuming, for that purpose, as correct certain tables in a work containing some very brief notes on the climate of the southern coast of England, of which a new edition has lately been published, and from which my quotations are taken.

scenery, which the huge detached fragments from the cliffs above, and the elevation of the site of the spring, about one hundred and thirty feet from the sea-shore, on a bold and rugged wall of rock, have combined to form.

Either by tracing the Undercliff from east to west until we arrive to nearly the extreme southern point of the isle, on which rises St. Catherine Hill, and then ascending as far as the small village of Niton; or by mounting Steep-hill as you leave Ventnor, and proceeding through St. Lawrence to Whitwell, and so on again to Niton; we may reach, first, the Royal Sandrock Hotel, placed at the end of that village, and

The yearly mean temperature of the Undercliff is stated at 51.11, which includes the temperature of the summer months.

In this respect London is very little inferior to the Undercliff, for its yearly temperature is set down at 50.39.

Now *exclusive* of the summer months, we find the mean temperature at Villa Franca to be 56°: and such I am convinced will be found also to be the yearly and mean temperature of the glens in Bournemouth Park, when a sufficient number of observations shall have been made.

As to the mean variation of temperature at the Undercliff, contrasted with that of London, it is stated to be as 3.75 is to 4.01 (it should have been more correctly as 3.81 is to 4.19), a difference so trifling that it is scarcely worthy of notice, amounting really to .28 only, or not quite a third of a degree against the climate of London. It is in the mean variation of temperature during the coldest months alone that the superiority of the Undercliff to London appears manifest; for in November, December, and January, the difference is more than one whole degree in each month.

As to rain, the London differs from the Undercliff in a trifling degree; for there falls in the capital 26.686 inches of rain in the year, and 26.236 at the Undercliff. On reckoning the yearly number of rainy days at the latter place, we are informed that they amount to 144, whereas in London there are as many as 178 days of rain in the year.

But as compared to Villa Franca, the Undercliff is wet indeed, for in November, there are at the latter place 19 days; in December, 10 days; in January, 16 days; and in February, 16 days of rain,—making a total of 61 days in four months; whereas in nearly the same period, or rather in three months and eleven days, seventeen days only of rain had occurred at Villa Franca.

next the aluminous chalybeate spring at Sandrocks, issuing half-way between Niton and the village of Chale.

The situation of the spring is extremely beautiful, commanding a view of the whole range of the Undercliff to the east, and of that part of the south-western coast of England we have so recently visited, to the west; while in front the wide expanse of the British Channel offers a never-ceasing source of attraction, in the numerous vessels and steamers that are tracking their silent way to and from distant climes.

Every provision and arrangement have been made by the zealous proprietor of the spring, to render it available to such invalids as resort thither for the sake of the water. No sooner had its composition been made known, more than twenty-five years ago, by an eminent scientific chemist, the late Dr. Marcet, than opportunities occurred to medical men in different parts of the country to test its virtues in several diseases. The presence of not less than forty-one grains of crystalized sulphate of iron in a pint of the water, at first deterred the practitioner from its free employment; nor was the addition of thirty-one grains of crystalized alum in the same quantity of the water likely to give him greater courage in employing it; the more so as in the same measure of the water there are only nineteen grains of saline matter, properly speaking, of a purgative nature. To what disease, indeed, *à priori*, could such a compound be applied?

The taste of the water is in itself so intensely styptic, that to drink even a wineglassful at first without being previously diluted, would require great resolution. To one liable to fulness of blood in the head, and of a warm and sanguine temperament, such an experiment would be positive death; and yet, even undiluted, the Sandrock water has been drunk, not only with impunity, but with excellent results. The fact is attested by the best authorities, those of Dr. Saunders, Dr. Latham, senior, Dr. Young, Dr. Calvert, Sir Charles Scudamore, and, above all, by Dr. Lempriere, formerly phy-

sician at the depot hospital on the island, on whose extended and successful application of the Sandrock water principally it was that others afterwards relied, for the propriety of using it in a variety of cases of disease, especially such as are accompanied by debility, prostration of the nervous energy after long miasmatic fevers, and in many disorders of the female constitution.

Viewing it, therefore, as a well-established British mineral spring, unique in this country as a chalybeate for its strength, though not in composition, since it resembles in that respect Horley-green and Calerley in Yorkshire, as well as the Hartfell waters in Scotland, I have deemed it my duty to insert its analysis in my general table, and to give this slight account of it, after a personal inspection, without however laying claim to any personal experience of its utility.

An excellent carriage-road, made over what had hitherto been but a trackless waste, would enable the visiter to regain the northern shore of the island by a far more romantic road without retracing his steps from Sandrock to the Undercliff, and so on to the seignorial residence of Appuldercombe and Newport, all which points of attraction I presume him to have visited before. Once safe in the village of Chale, after having escaped the horrors of *Black Gang Chine*, the traveller could easily wend his way along the sea-coast to Freshwater-gate, and so reach Yarmouth, having of course previously visited and expressed the usual degree of admiration at the view of the Needles and Alum Bay. The line of road hence across the country, from west to east, so as to reach the next attractive spot in the isle, RYDE, is easy enough; whence, after a passing glance at the principal hotels, the hot and cold baths, the range of bathing-machines drawn up on the extended sands, and the ricketty pier, the visiter might embark in the returning steamer for Southampton.

SOUTHAMPTON.

I have always been impressed with the conviction that, viewed under every possible aspect, Southampton offers to people having delicate lungs or irritable trachea, a retreat preferable almost to those found on the south-western coast, including Torquay itself. Having been well acquainted with the place for more than twenty-five years, and knowing the effect of the climate on invalids of all classes and constitutions, I can aver as much with perfect confidence. It is undeniable that Torquay, as we have seen, is more sheltered, is a greater snuggery, and a warmer place ;* but then there is too much moisture, owing to more frequent rain, as well as from the nature of the soil. For this reason it is a much more relaxing climate, inimical to nervous people of every description—more so than any other place on the coast from Sidmouth to Dartmouth.

In point of soil Southampton is greatly superior. Indeed one of its principal advantages is to rest on a high gravelly bank that separates the river Itchen from the bay, the fall of level of which in every direction is such that the streets are constantly kept dry. No sooner has the rain fallen than it is gone through the soil as through a filtering stone. An invalid, catching a glimpse of the noon sun in front of his dwelling during the winter, the moment after a heavy morning rain, can also safely face the air, and walk on the bare earth, as the one will not be found charged with the im-

* This last expression had scarcely dropped from my pen when I began to doubt whether such is really the case. On looking over a table of thermometric observations made during the last three months of 1838, and the first six months of 1839, and again during the month of January 1840, at one of the villas situated in the second region or district of Southampton, described in the present chapter, the average of each of those months seems to have been equal in most, and superior in a few instances to the mean temperature of Torquay quoted by Dr. De Barry.

mense dampness that hangs above ground for some time after rain in clay, sandstone, or even limestone soils; and the other will barely mark his shoes with moisture, for the moisture which the surface of clean quartz gravel retains after rain, is but a fraction of that which is maintained on the surface of any other species of soil except sand.

This of itself is an immense advantage. But there is another appertaining to a gravelly soil, which for health, and especially for such people as are obliged minutely to study every part of their own proceedings in order to preserve delicate health, is, in my opinion, of almost incalculable importance, though it has not been set forth by other observers or writers on climate. If attention be paid to the fact, it will be found that in walking over loose shingle, or angular flint-gravel, the feet become almost immediately warm, even when such gravel is yet wet from recently-fallen rain. Indeed, some people have suffered inconvenience after a long walk on loose shingle from that very circumstance; and the reason of that effect seems obvious: at each step the sole of the foot, pressing upon a plane of loose polyangular or round bits of flint, a general movement and rolling of the fragments takes place, producing friction on the sole of the foot, and, consequently, heat. This repeated every half-second, as each step is taken during a long walk, ends by exciting considerable warmth in the foot, and the promenader returns to his home with a quickened circulation in the lower extremities. But the gravel in such cases must be rather loose, as is the case in many of the streets, the roads, and walks about Southampton. Where it has been rolled and pressed down so as to form a dense, compact, smooth surface, like a mosaic pavement, especially if the gravel be of the smoothest sort, the effect is not so perceptible. Hence, I should always recommend to persons residing in large mansions in the country near the town during the winter, and having extensive pleasure-grounds,—or who are charged with the superintendence

of paths and promenades near and about Southampton, to reserve a gravel walk exposed to the south-west sun near at hand, which shall be suffered to remain in a loose state, being merely smoothed from time to time with a garden-rake, and never rolled or pressed down. Such a walk will be dry sooner than any other after rain, and afford the pleasing and agreeable opportunity of warming and maintaining a comfortable warmth of the feet—an object of the first importance at all times and in all cases, but especially in those of invalids with delicate chests and tracheas, having recourse to Southampton air for refuge and protection from winter mischief.

It is a curious fact that, much as the climate of this neat and cheerful town is friendly to pectoral diseases, its influence on diseases of the digestive organs is of the very opposite character. Had I not had repeated occasions to ascertain the truth of this fact—had it not forced itself repeatedly on my attention—I could hardly have believed it. But so it is; and in the course of twenty-five years I have known whole families of dyspeptic people compelled to expatriate themselves from the land of their birth, and change quarters for good, after having repeatedly, but in vain, tried the effect of mere temporary absence from the hostile region, whither they would return when recovered from a severe attack of dyspepsia, principally of the nervous kind, but only to relapse again. On reflection, the reason of this result will appear evident; but as the present volumes are not intended for medical disquisitions, I must rest satisfied with simply having mentioned the subject.

Southampton never was or could be considered in the light of a sea-bathing place. It is certainly not so now that the all-devouring railway company, and its still more grasping twin-sister the dock company, have swept clean away the bath-buildings and the bathing-shores. Baths, indeed, of such sea-water as can reach so high from the Solent, are to be found at West Quay, and in Cuckoo-lane, near the pier, or

even in one of the streets—Poland-street; but these would never form a temptation for any one to travel to Southampton, even though the swift-rolling train convey ye thither in three hours from the metropolis. No: Southampton, in a medical point of view, is only a desirable collection of comfortable lodging-houses, situated on a favourable soil, and within a peculiar friendly atmosphere, to which people betraying any excess of susceptibility in the organs of respiration may be sent for a temporary change. Fortunately, the many and extensive improvements which speculators of every sort have brought about, and which have served to substitute well-formed roads and convenient thoroughfares for the narrow and muddy lanes and alleys of a few years back, and to raise terraces and crescents of handsome dwellings, where the deep-cut trench, the hedge row and the barren heath only prevailed, have increased the accommodations of every class and value for such invalids as are here contemplated.

Three general rules, however, must be borne in mind in disposing of your visiting invalids at Southampton, according to the several kinds and degrees of indisposition under which they may labour. In the first place, your decided consumptive patient, whose case is purely and strictly of that character, yet not bad enough to require the more sanative atmosphere of Bournemouth, may be sent to Southampton; but he must reside in the lower town and below bar, in some of the best streets to the left, or even in the principal thoroughfare of the town, which is now not only a beautiful, but an interesting feature of Southampton—its bustling activity and the gay company that generally parade it in the afternoon being, at the same time, highly favourable adjuvants to the locality. In the second place, if what is usually termed nervousness be a concomitant of the pulmonic tendency to disease, the dwellings to be selected must be such as are found above bar, going towards the London-road as far as where the

turnpike used to stand, and thence inclining to the left in a slanting position, taking in a large tract of ground that has been covered with buildings of every description, arranged in streets, squares, and polygons, within the last twenty years. Rockstone-terrace, Carlton-crescent, and Carlton-house may be cited as some of these. Some detached villas there are on the outside boundary of this particular district, which mark as it were its termination, and the commencement of a third district or region for invalids. Their situation is most favourable; Bannisters is one of them, Clayfield, and Archers' Lodge two others, and a fourth is Bellevue, a large mansion facing the avenue to London, which enjoys the expansive and smiling prospect of the Itchen; though I should not consider the latter house so appropriate for a winter residence as the first-mentioned, or any other detached villa which may be built hereafter with the like aspect.

Thirdly, and lastly, those patients who, being visited with any sort of pulmonic disease in its incipient or merely threatening stage, are, also, unfortunately subject to dyspepsia, and require a more elastic medium to breath and digest in than is to be found in either of the two previous regions, must seek a higher district; and such an one, with excellent air and well-built houses, they will find on Shirley Common, recently enclosed by act of Parliament, and to which immediate access is had by Hill-lane, branching off the Romsey-road.

An invalid residing for the winter at Southampton should live on the first floor, and put a double sash to all windows that face either the east or the north, never ventilating the house but by a south or west window, which should be open some time at noon, whenever there is any sunshine. The best position to be selected for the two last months of the year, and until the end of the spring, would be a house which should receive the south-east sun, and have it until noon in one part, while in another part the setting sun impinges on the western casement to cheer the close of day. Such houses

are to be found at Southampton in each of the three regions I have alluded to.

In point of residence for people of delicate health, Southampton, if public report is to be credited, will soon exhibit a novel feature, by the execution of a projected plan whereby the whole, or at least the largest portion of that well-wooded and cheerful bank of the Southampton estuary, or water extending between the Itchen and the Hamble, including the venerable remains of Nettley Abbey, will be converted into an assemblage of villas, and rows of dwellings with gardens. The situation is admirable, and the general aspect one of the most favourable description. A proper and judicious choice of spots for the erection of particular houses, or the formation of crescents and terraces (for in that everything consists) will render this locality the most to be preferred by invalids of the class first mentioned, who are anxious to benefit by the Southampton air.

I cannot believe another report made to me respecting the future destiny of the well-wooded ridge on the left bank of the Itchen just alluded to. The Dock Company may perchance require, in the immediate vicinity of their basons, close to the margin of the water, room for the erection of warehouses, and for that purpose a large portion of the ridge is said to have already been levelled and cleared. But they surely can never have seriously contemplated the notion of letting or selling the remainder of the ground to the south of the mouth of the river, and all along as far as Nettley Abbey, to a publican, for the purpose of building ordinary houses to accommodate the people employed in the docks, for whose Sunday amusement and edification the venerable ruins of the abbey too are to be desecrated, and its site converted into a tea-garden! Every chance of securing the best and a safe retreat at Southampton to people of delicate lungs in the first degree of that disease mentioned in this chapter, will have been thrown away quite, should such a barbarian scheme be carried into execution.

But there is no end of the pertinacity of error in building in this country as to situations. From the shore of the Itchen, just by the Ferry, a rising hill ascends gently towards the N.E. up to a village bearing the name of the river, and inhabited by people engaged in fishing. At the top of it is Pear Tree Green, which is exposed to the east. The village itself is in a dell, with miserable huts on each side. These demolished, and good houses erected instead, the place would offer a very sheltered, warm, and comfortable situation, having an excellent aspect for invalids with chest complaints, while the present industrious inhabitants would gladly exchange it for another lower down and nearer to their calling. But no: gentlemen prefer having their dwellings on the Green, exposed fully to the east winds, like those belonging to two gentlemen, who I believe once represented Southampton in Parliament, and that of a noble lord, who, however, has taken care to embosom his within a sort of plantation.

Those who object to the smell arising from the mud at low water, or dread its supposed effluvia, entertain in the case of the Southampton water, an estuary ten miles in length, and more than two miles broad, unfounded apprehensions. Indeed, as far as the class of invalids is concerned, for whose sake I should rejoice to see a judicious conversion of the Chamberlayne lands into mansions and villas, the circumstance of emanations from sea deposits being in their immediate neighbourhood is favourable rather than not. It is for this reason that I did not lay so much stress as others have done when writing about Torquay, on the inconvenience of having a small inner harbour, which at low water sends forth its mud effluvia; although I admit that it is anything but agreeable. Nor can I be accused of inconsistency in maintaining, in the case of Southampton, a different notion from that expressed respecting Teignmouth. The whole difference in the latter case consists in the sheet of water at that port being a large river, bringing down and depositing before the town its own peculiar vegetable and animal impurities along with the mud

left by the receding tide; whereas the sheet of water at Southampton is an open arm of the sea, in a direct line with Spithead, and the east part of the English Channel, as well as with the Solent in communication with the west channel. And as for the three river streams which pour their freshwater tribute into the bay, their contributions are too insignificant to cause any impression different from that which I am disposed to attribute to the emanations of the Southampton water at low tides.

The atmosphere of such a neighbourhood, indeed, in the winter season must prove beneficial to invalids having incipient tubercular disease of the lungs, from being slightly charged (and it can only be slightly during cold weather) with bromine, and probably iodine also, both of which impart that particular marine smell to the uncovered bottoms of deep tidal bays. Whatever *debris* of vegetable or animal substance the retreating wave may leave behind, neither the length of time during which they can possibly remain exposed before they are again covered by the returning tide, nor the solar or atmospheric heat of an English climate during the winter (the only season I counsel invalids to sojourn here), can induce decomposition, still less putrefaction, so as to render them sources of mischief. I should be sorry to recommend to any patient or friend of mine to place himself close to the backwater at Southampton, between the pier and Milbrook for example, where, nevertheless, a terrace of small houses, called Bletchenden I believe, has just been erected; and still less on the opposite shore, with the face turned to the east, during the dog-days (if such days are ever given to make their appearance amongst us) or in any hot months generally. The effluvia from the uncovered mud at these times may really prove injurious, for reasons obvious to every understanding; but during nine months of the year I hold the Southampton water to be not merely harmless, but likely to be of good service.

I may close this summary medico-topographical account of Southampton with a general statement, that in point of auxiliaries to a retreat for invalids, so essential to the promotion of their health, the town abounds, and is every day acquiring new ones. In one only important article is Southampton deficient, namely, good potable water. What is now drank is derived principally from reservoirs on the common, receiving the drainage water of that extensive region; and Southampton has often been much distressed for want of a good supply of water. An attempt has been made at forming an Artesian well, but hitherto without success. The water of the several springs in the place is hard and unfit for culinary or other domestic purposes.

In point of any other auxiliaries, particularly out-of-door exercise, the place is abundantly rich. A quiet walk down High-street at two o'clock, when the air is dry and still, and when equipages and pedestrians saunter or course up and down the same line, as if the whole of the best company in the place had given themselves rendezvous for the purpose of one daily universal recognition; an extension of the same, as far as the Royal Pier, itself perhaps one of the greatest improvements of Southampton, and an object of curiosity, but to the invalid in particular one of diversion, from the variety of scenes he may witness upon it; at other times a drive over the commons and to the neighbouring mansions of the wealthy; or, crossing the Itchen over the bridge, or by the steam ferry, a ride in the direction of the Gosport road;—all these resources are offered to the resident invalid at Southampton, with many others to prevent *ennui*, kill time, and promote health-giving exercise in the open air.

CHAPTER XII.

BRIGHTON.

THE ROYAL GERMAN SPA.

BRIGHTON and the REGENT'S PARK—The Refuge of Convalescents—Two Miles and a Half of Lodging-houses and Hotels—SEA-BATHING Indifferent—Impediments and Objections—Ladies and Gentlemen's Bathing-machines—Where is Decorum?—The ROYAL BATHS—The Great Swimming-bath—MAHOMED'S Baths—MAHOMED Himself—Life and Progress of an Hindoo Nonagenarian—An Arsenal of Trophies—Other BATHS—The CLIFFS—East and West Brighton—The Old Centre and the Old Ship—MARINE Brighton—INLAND Brighton—Private Palaces and Royal Hotels by the Sea-side—Residence too near the Sea injurious to many Patients—The GREAT CLIFF and the finest Sea-Promenade in England—Early Rising not in Vogue at Brighton—Fashionable Hours for Walking and Riding—GRAND DISPLAY—Air of Brighton, to whom Useful and to whom Injurious—The ROYAL GERMAN SPA—Its Origin and Progress—Description and Apparatus—The Pump-room—Distribution of the Waters—The Hot and Cold—Prodigious Sale of the Latter—Errors and Delusions—Argument in Support of Errors Confuted—The late Dr. TODD—Dr. HALL—The Artificial Waters—The NATURAL CHALYBEATE at Brighton—HOUSE ACCOMMODATION—Expenses of LODGING and HOUSE RENT—Objections of the Brighton Houses—Cost of Living—Will be Cheapened by the Railway—WATER and other Necessaries—Dinner Parties—Gaslight and the Police—Dismal Environs of Brighton—The DOWNS—Its Barren Declivities converted into Forests—VIEW of Brighton from Land—St. Peter's Church—THE ROYAL PAVILION.

ON Brighton I need not dwell long. As well might I undertake a description of the new terraces on the east side of

the Regent's Park, which, with the sea before them instead of the lawns, now the subject of a scramble between the patrician and the plebeian, might not inaptly represent your Portland or your Brunswick-terraces on the East Cliff and the King's-road at Brighton.

Yet to that celebrated place my attention is due, from its being the resort of a great number of real or fanciful patients tired of London, or anxious to give the slip to their doctors ; as well as from its receiving annually thousands of convalescents despatched thither by the doctors themselves. It commands attention also as being the place selected by the late skilful and lamented Professor of Dresden, Struve, for establishing one of those manufactories of artificial German mineral waters, for which he has acquired unfading celebrity, and which, in the present instance, has been denominated the Royal German Spa.

As respects the claims of Brighton for anything else—sea-bathing for instance—I may as well say at once, and that in a very few words—it is, in this particular, not bad, but it is indifferent. The shore will not admit of any better. From the east end of Arundel-terrace, Kemp-town, to the west end of Brunswick-terrace in the King's-road—a line of shore measuring more than two miles and a half in length, exposed to the south, south-south east, south, and south-south west (no better aspects than these)—there is not as much as a palm of good clean sands to bathe upon at high water. The bather, for this purpose, must wait until low water has uncovered such sands as lie at the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, where the bathing-machines are ready to receive him. The shore itself, strewn with shingles, sinking and heavy, is in parts abruptly shelving and deep ; a circumstance which deters hundreds of people from bathing where the sea covers the beach ; added to which, the water is always foul-looking, from the number of sea-weeds that are constantly being thrown on the coast.

It is not long since there existed a still greater objection against bathing in the open sea at Brighton, which has since been removed by the establishment of the great parallel sewer, executed with praiseworthy spirit and judgment by the town authorities : first, along the East Cliff, completed in 1839 ; and next, along the West Cliff and the King's-road, which was in the act of completion at the time of my visit. By this arrangement the drainage and sewerage of Brighton are no longer suffered to mingle with the tidal water from a great many drain-pipes opening a little way on the beach, where I had often observed with disgust, before the recent improvements, the meandering streams of pollution issuing from those pipes, not far from where bathing took place, and in hot weather not only smelling abominably, but penetrating into the cellars of some of the houses.

Lastly, we may reckon as among the impediments to good sea-bathing at Brighton, those singular-looking divisions of the beach into sections or parts called *groynes*, on each side of which the shingle will accumulate, and form as many ridges or backbones at right angles with the cliff, and against which it is by no means pleasant to knock one's head or one's feet while diving or swimming.

All these untoward circumstances render the aid of bathing-machines absolutely necessary, in order to transport the bathers far enough into clean water, four or five feet deep. Accordingly we find these useful auxiliaries during the bathing season, ready on different points of the shore, and placed at such a distance as will secure the necessary quantity of water for a dip or a plunge.

At my last visit I found three stands of them destined for the use of the ladies, between Kemptown and the Old Steine ; and four for gentlemen westward of the Steine, as far as Regency-square. The attendants are principally old women ; but the ladies who used the machines on the beach at Kemptown, seemed to prefer being carried to their distant, and almost

floating *cabinet-des-bains*, in the brawny arms of stout, broad-shouldered fellows employed for that purpose. It would be ludicrous if it were not somewhat indecent, to behold how fast these modern naiads cling to their lusty neptunes while the latter hurry through the waves with their fair cargoes, until they deposit them in the floating bath-room, where a female attendant is at hand to help and guide them in and out of the water. Such a practice, however, (much as it may be deemed objectionable) the dangerous appearance of the shore in this place would seem almost to sanction.

The gentlemen on their own side are not less objects of curiosity at times; for many lacking courage after they have stripped to the skin, will stand on the outer steps of the machine, shivering and hesitating, their persons in the meanwhile wholly exposed, owing to the want of hood that ought to project over the steps, as is the case at all decent sea-bathing places. No attempt has as yet been made by the authorities to set this right, and the practice remains as a stain on the *gentility* of the Brighthelmstonians.

But though the open sea-bathing be not of the best—that in sea-water collected in the several bath-houses at Brighton is deemed unobjectionable. The most attractive of these establishments is the gentlemen's circular swimming-bath of Charles Brill, late Lamprell's, distinguished by its hemispherical dome from among the rest of the buildings on the Grand Junction Parade, in which a complete course of lectures on swimming is given for five guineas. Connected with these are the Royal Baths at the end of Great East-street, which had lately been refurnished and fitted up afresh, and seemed clean and well appointed, but without any of that luxury or style which I remarked at Scarborough. There is an air of freshness and of sweet atmosphere throughout Brill's house, which I missed in Mahomed's establishment, —the next one at hand.

One of the greatest curiosities at Brighton, by the bye, in

the way of bathing, is, not Mahomed's house—for that indeed recommends itself but indifferently, either for smartness, size, and sweetness of the apartments, or for any of those qualifications for which bathing establishments elsewhere are generally commended—it is Mahomed himself—**SAKE DEEN MAHOMED**, who is nearly as old as his more holy name-sake and prophet, who stands before you to tell his own story and panegyric, and narrates it erect, hale, firm, and without tremulousness of any sort, at the age of ninety-two ! Out of pure respect for this quasi-century on two legs, one listens attentively to all he has to say. How he first entered the Indian army, and fought in all the battles on the banks of the Ganges and the Brahmapootra, and was at the siege of Chunarghur and Mirzapoor, and Heaven knows what other sieges, and got a commission, and found himself penniless by the breaking of his banker in Calcutta (no uncommon thing, by the bye, in that region), and how he came to Europe to work out the skill he had acquired by a few years' service in the *medical department*, to do good to suffering humanity, and become “a very celebrated character.” Nor is this all ; for if the nonagenarian notices that you look in the least incredulous at his narrated miracles, he insists upon drawing you towards the top of the stairs which lead into his kitchen, and there exhibits to you, hanging on every part of the wall, a museum of what he calls his “testimonials”—his trophies, in fact, in the shape of crutches, spine-stretchers, leg-irons, head-strainers, bump-dressers, and club-foot reformers, all regularly ticketed with as much skill as the ornithological specimens at the British Museum used to be a year or two ago as thus ; “this is a duck, and there is a goose,” so as not to mistake the nature of the objects. “And these,” exclaims the Hindoo, “these are the tributes paid to my skill by the gentlemen whom my method of schampooing, and a particular oil I employ, have enabled to leave their cumbersome tools and utensils

behind them." This extraordinary man settled at Brighton forty years ago, when there were only eight instead of the present sixty thousand inhabitants in the place.

I was well satisfied with Bannister's Baths, the next in order; they are equally as creditable as the Royal Baths or Lamprell's. He has six baths for each sex, with a separate dressing-room to each, and the back of the house is towards the sea.

Harrison's, Creak's, and the Battery Baths I also visited, and found them to be well calculated for their intended object.

In all these establishments, water is drawn from the sea on the coming in of the tide, by aspirating pumps moved by horse or steam power. By them it is thrown up into lofty reservoirs, in one of which the water is heated by means of steam-pipes, and whence the one and the other are ready to be let down into the baths as required. As the average charge for the hot-baths at almost all the houses, I may quote a guinea subscription for eight of them, except at Brill's, where the charges are lower.

But the cliffs, and not the baths are, after all, the great and striking features which distinguish Brighton from all other English sea-bathing places. Brighton—fashionable Brighton I mean—is wholly developed and spread in a long continuous line on the crest of a high shore to the east, which gently and insensibly slopes down to the west until it reaches the **STEINE**, where it assumes and continues on a flat and level ground for nearly a mile further westwards. The Steine on which the principal and central square has been formed, marks the bed of the ancient valley of Brighton, which creeping inland and upwards with greater and lesser width in a continuous line, passing by the Royal Pavilion, and subdivided into North Steine, the lawn of St. Peter's Church, and an open space higher up called "the Level," a little to the right of the London road, serves to separate

most completely the town into two nearly equal parts, which might be styled East and West Brighton.

Old Original Brighton forms but a very small portion of this whole, and lies immediately contiguous and to the left, or westward of the Steine; and I remember well when the Old Ship (the very hotel I now selected, from cherished recollection) was, thirty-three years ago, the principal *rendezvous* of the sea-officers cruising against privateers, between Beachy-head and Dunnose, and landing occasionally in calm weather on this shingly shore. A sort of watering-place reputation was even then beginning to dawn on Brighton, though a mere village at that time, with a population of about 8000 inhabitants.

The largest and best decorated *concert-rooms* are in this very hotel, the Old Ship, the coffee-room of which is greatly frequented. From this centre has Brighton spread right and left, keeping principally to the shore, for every one will have a peep at the sea.

In most of the provincial towns and places in England, and it is so of those by the sea-side, we find some peculiar feature or physiognomy that distinguishes them from the capital. But at Brighton none such exists. Walk from Kemptown to Regency-square, look not to the sea, and close your ears to its murmurs, and you will be inclined to believe that you are walking in one of the leading streets of the metropolis. Brighton is a portion of the "west end" of London *maritimized*.

Of late years, however, Brighton has been struggling to escape from the sea. It is creeping up inland, principally by the side of the valley before-mentioned; but the style of houses is hardly suited to the condition of persons whom a judicious physician would recommend to reside at Brighton for a change of air, in places like those I am now referring to, within the immediate influence of a vast range of chalk hills, so salutary in many cases,—not so much exposed to frequent

draughts and gales,—and above all, protected from the immediate saline emanations inland of the sea, often injurious. In these respects, perhaps the locality I allude to is the best in Brighton; but it has not been properly worked out; for the present habitations in the vicinity of St. Peter's, for instance, or in Brunswick-place, or Hanover-crescent, &c., are fit only for people of humble fortune, and the buildings are in accordance with that object. The aspect too of these second and third rate houses is in most instances injudicious, and might have been easily made better.

The Richmond Hotel is one of the buildings in this direction, and at the head of the North Steine, which first attracted my attention. Its west-north-west aspect might suit many invalids requiring the bracing air of Brighton, without the positive influence of sea air. The Gloucester Hotel, on the other hand, which is also a very good-looking house, and well arranged, on the opposite side of the North Steine, is not so eligible, owing to its principal front and rooms being dead east.

Mr. Barry, disregarding all canon laws, and the ecclesiastical rules usually followed in such cases, has seated St. Peter's (the first public edifice of any magnitude, I believe, which he undertook on settling in this country, after his return from Italy, and which led to his rapidly fortunate career) nearly north and south, placing the principal entrance at the south, and thus subverting the universal rule which requires that the lateral entrances only of great Gothic temples, those of the transept, should be north and south.

There is another public building which, both on account of the lofty station it occupies in the heart of Old Brighton, and the singularity of its architectural arrangement, might be considered worthy of notice. It is the Town Hall, erected at an expense of 30,000*l.*, and serving all sorts of purposes. But it is fortunately screened by many other houses, and the

occasional visiter at Brighton often quits the place without ever suspecting that such an unsightly object exists in it.

Of the thousand people who are sent to the sea-side for a change of air, or the peculiar benefits of sea breezes, not one in five derives the expected advantage from their residence at Brighton, owing to the very circumstance of their choosing to dwell in the best and most tempting houses, which are all either immediately or indirectly contiguous to the shore. In this position they are too long and too much exposed to the direct inhalation of saline particles, which are notoriously hostile, in a majority of cases, to a vast number of diseases that might otherwise be benefited by a judicious selection of situations in the *vicinity* of the coast. The invalids themselves are not long in discovering this fact; and although almost all, at first, try to be splendidly lodged on the King's-road, and enjoy the luxuries of the Bedford, the St. Albans, the Royal Cliff, or the Royal Sea-house hotels, not to mention those of the Marine Hotel, and the boarding-houses on the Marine-parade,—a very small number of such invalids can prolong their sojourn there with impunity. They therefore change the lower plain, where they are in fact nearly on a level with the margin of the sea, and where the saline atmosphere will penetrate the chinks of their splendid drawing and bed-room windows, for a higher one, and take up their abode on the East Cliff, in the magnificent saloons of the Bristol, or the private houses of Portland-terrace, or the semi-palaces of Lewes-crescent, and of Sussex-place. If mere elevation above the surface of the sea be not sufficient to protect from saline influence, then the many lateral squares and streets to be found branching off the Cliff, especially the east front of all such places, as Portland-place, the Marine-square, New Steine, will supply eligible residences.

The Cliff at Kemptown soars far above the sea-margin, to which a series of three descending terraces leads down in a symmetrical form, and with a very showy appearance. But

once down to the shore, little or no temptation is to be found for plunging into the water, as the whole of this section of the beach in front of Kemp-town at low water is frightful to look at; an aspect which extends a great way into the sea. Add to which, the shingly shore itself is steep in parts, and very abrupt, and the bathing altogether would seem to be an operation of some danger.

It is from this identical spot, where the coast is highest at Brighton, that begins what I should call the great cliff. The corporate body of Brighton may indeed claim the merit of having in a most spirited manner caused to be executed, at an expense which would have appalled even the government, one of the finest, indeed the finest marine promenade in the world. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds applied to the erection of a lofty and solid sea-wall, in many parts sixty feet in height, and that wall supporting a terraced walk, with a wooden railing, and a wide, firm, and well-made *trottoir*, on which Bath-chairs for invalids are permitted to be drawn, and contiguous to which is a straight and ample carriage-way, flanked by a long and parallel line of houses, many of them of considerable architectural merit—such results, I say, and at such an expenditure of money, may well be considered as a Roman work.

“But we shall pay for it,” exclaim the inhabitants, even while admitting the magnificence of the work. And so it is. Rates and imposts have accordingly been laid on the citizens and housekeepers, to defray the expenses of the mighty undertaking. Yet better to pay than be deprived of so imposing, so useful, so unique a promenade, which is indeed without a rival in any sea-town. It has made a difference of fifty per cent. to Brighton since this marine promenade has been completed, as compared to what it will be recollected to have been a very few years back, when the East Cliff was in a perilous, irregular, and unsafe condition, with many petty meandering sewers beneath, spreading around their stench at

low water, and when the face of the cliff, uneven in its surface, served as the depository of all the ordure housemaids and others might please to throw down, until swept away perchance by some friendly spring-tide.

In the simplicity of my heart, I bethought me that as people are sent hither to enjoy the sea-air for their health, they would be found at early morn pacing this grand parade; but early rising is not among the customs of the place. At seven o'clock I never observed a decent-looking person out of doors, and between that hour and nine, those only would be seen abroad who drove, walked, or crept along to the German Spa. But the mere visiter to the sea-side for the recovery of his health never appears, as he ought to do on all fine mornings, on the Great Cliff, there to inhale the purer and subdued breezes of the ocean at sunrise, when the salt exhalations are hardly begun.

"But it is now between three and four P. M., with a fine brilliant sunshine,"—so I read in my note-book;—"the sea is clear and still, and the horizon visible to an immense distance. The water is quietly creeping in, and covers the ill-looking beach. It had rained the best part of the morning, and the streets had been deserted; but now the people, one and all, have sallied out of their shelters, and boldly face the dry and inspiriting air. What a wretched place Brighton is, if we take away the sun! True, there is not as yet the dense emanation of burning coals along the two shores, to contaminate their atmosphere; and the only annoyance peculiar to the place by which the front of the principal edifices facing the sea is visited, is the damp sea-fog, instead of the thick yellow and throat-tickling atmosphere of London, in which Monsieur Darcet detected the presence of sulphurous and sulphuric acid. Still without the sun, Brighton must be detestable, particularly if, at the same time, pouring and never-ending rain should confine the invalids to their

bow-windowed chambers and parlours ; *Il y a de quoi se tuer d'ennui.*"

But when the glorious planet lights up the two cliffs, and sheds its genial warmth on places of public resort, the terraces, the piers, and the walks—when the pedestrians and their fair mates—when the equestrian groups, and the “flies,” and the numerous and handsome equipages come forth to parade along, and fill those haunts of fashion from the Junction Parade to Brunswick-square westwards, and again from the Albion Grand Hotel to Kemp Town eastwards,—oh, then Brighton is enchanting ! and so it is indeed during the autumnal months, and for many days in winter also ; for which reason it is that the place has acquired great renown at that season, among invalids and wealthy idlers, and will continue to retain it, as long as British clime remains unchanged.

Yet Brighton air is not suited to all cases ; and in many, indeed, it is of a positive injury to the patients. Persons labouring under almost permanent febrile symptoms ; those who are frequently attacked with bile, or are in any way afflicted with bilious complaints attended with an irritable state of the intestines ; people who are subject to inflammatory complaints, who have a quick pulse, who labour under any suspicion of organic derangement of the head, or of any of its annexed blood-vessels : all such people will be unable to remain long at Brighton, without feeling, to their cost, that the air of the place is not the thing for them : it is too dry, it is too irritating, it accelerates very inconveniently the circulation.

On the other hand, the many hundreds of thousands of convalescents from any disease already successfully removed, who require merely the help of dry, pure, invigorating air for a month or so, to be themselves again ; or on whom a living panorama of artificial life, rather than the aspect of nature, makes a favourable impression, and aids to brace the nerves ; these indeed will derive prompt and lasting benefit. In fact

and in two words, Brighton is a place for convalescents, not for patients; and the rapidity with which in future people will be able to be despatched thither, will induce medical men to say, when dealing with such convalescents as want nothing better than air different from that of London to be made sound, "Go to Brighton,"—just as they used to say, "Go to Hampstead."

There is only one reason for sending real patients to Brighton, and that is the establishment of the German Spa already alluded to,—at which almost all the most efficient mineral waters of Germany are successfully imitated and administered to invalids, agreeably to a plan devised and fully laid down by Professor Struve. The opinion I entertained of this establishment from its very first introduction at Brighton, I fully expressed in the second volume of my work of travels to St. Petersburg, while describing Dresden and its institutions, where the professor had established the original manufactory of mineral waters. The German Spa was then in its infancy; it had existed but two years, and great difficulty was experienced in defending its interest against prejudice and incredulity. A patent for the beautiful process and machinery for manufacturing the mineral waters, which had been obtained for fourteen years, was about to expire, when at the close of 1837, after protracted discussion before the lords of the council, and a close examination of the author of these volumes, among other witnesses who testified to the novelty as well as the value of the discovery, a renewal of the same was granted for seven years more; and it is a source of gratification to one who was among the first to encourage Struve in his undertaking at Brighton, to see it prosper in every way. As I have already alluded to the principles which led Struve to adopt his peculiar mode of imitating mineral waters, and partly described the process by which that imitation was successfully carried into effect, it will be unnecessary for me to repeat my former observations in this place. I would invite every one who feels an interest in mineral waters

and is not so blinded by prejudice as to suppose it impossible to produce anything like a close resemblance of the natural waters by means of machinery, to go and visit that which is to be seen at work every day in the week, Sundays excepted, from the 1st of May till the month of November, at the German Spa—a smart-looking building in the south-east angle of the only decent plantation to be seen near or about Brighton, called “the Park.”*

* A succinct summary description from Mr. Schweitzer himself of the practical working of the German Spa, as contained in a letter from that gentleman to me, under date of the 15th of February, 1837, will be read with interest by all who are likely to use the artificial mineral waters.

“The establishment is divided into two parts—the chemical and the mechanical part. The object of the first is to analyse the natural mineral waters, and to produce ingredients *chemically pure* for the manufacture of the same. The ingredients are united to each other according to equivalents, and the quantity of the same is established by a minute analysis. The medium by which they are dissolved is distilled water, for the production of which is constructed a particular apparatus, which when in action is never heated above 212° Fahr., and the level of the water is constantly kept up. This water is without any gaseous or solid contents except a little atmospheric air, of which it is freed in a proper apparatus by means of carbonic acid gas; in this state the water is ready for the reception of the ingredients. The production of pure carbonic acid gas is another principal point, and for that purpose several apparatus are constructed. On the purity of the carbonic acid gas depends greatly the perfection of the mineral waters. It is a known fact that chalybeates cannot be exported from their natural source without undergoing a material change. This difficulty we prevent by an able apparatus,—every bottle is filled with pure carbonic acid gas before the mineral water is introduced. Dr. Struve has entirely succeeded in producing a perfect imitation of nature, as he has paid the greatest attention to the most minute ingredients, and by his process dissolves those which have hitherto been considered insoluble; namely, phosphate of lime, fluuate of lime, flint, barytes, &c. The mechanical part occupies itself with the machinery and apparatus. All the vessels are composed of many parts, which close hermetically. The vessels for the production of the mineral waters are connected by pipes with the gas pumps, which are again connected by pipes with the gasometers. The quantity of gas introduced into the mineral waters is controlled by mercury guages. The vessels for

Thither some hundreds of people, the average of whom will continue their attendance from four to five weeks, proceed every day between the hours of eight and ten o'clock, A.M., to drink such of the mineral waters as their medical attendant, or their own choice and fancy, or the recommendation of people who think themselves entitled to give an opinion, may have pointed out. The subscription is a guinea per week, which of late years has sufficed to defray the expenses, and yields a profit to the proprietors.

One of the defects of this place is the want of more ample space for walking; which can only be procured by a farther permission from the proprietors of the park, to whom application was about to be made for that purpose. The pump or promenade room in rainy weather is soon filled; for it is small, and has none of those gay and showy appliances which are so attractive at the German Kursaals. Unlike, too, what takes place at the German springs, the water-bibber here drinks in faith; for the water does not bubble up from the earth, but flows from a silver or glass spout, on the turning of the stop by the fair hand of the smart lass whom Mr. Schweitzer, the manager, director, and part pro-

the dispensation of the mineral waters connected with the pump-room are so constructed, that during the dispensation, the temperature and the proportion of gas are constantly kept to correspond with that of its prototype: for that purpose are the vessels furnished with thermometers and mercury guages.

"I hope this rough sketch will meet your wish, if not, I stand at your service for any further request.

"Permit me to draw your attention to two great advantages which our establishment affords to the public.

"1. The dispensation of thermal mineral springs, which do not bear carrying any distance without a great chemical change—therefore unfit for export.

"2. The exportation of chalybeates in a perfect state. The carbonate of iron, which you are aware is a most obstinate preparation, and exists only perfect in mineral waters, has never been kept in solution in artificial mineral waters, until Dr. Struve, by his persevering researches, succeeded in dissolving this problem."

prietor of the concern, has appointed for the purpose, and who is always ready with a civil answer to everybody, and a beaker of the respective water required.

The thermal waters, such as those of Carlsbad and Ems, are the first of the series, arranged in a line successively from left to right behind an elliptical counter in the pump-room. Next follow the cold mineral waters, including most of those I described in my volumes on the Spas of Germany, and one or two others of that country, besides the water of Saratoga in the United States. These cold waters are sent to every part of England, and I have authority for stating that owing to my strong and decided commendation of them, their sale has more than quadrupled from 1837, at which time the first edition of the Spas of Germany made its appearance, to the end of 1839, when an official report of the quantities sold was sent for my inspection. To facilitate the sale of those waters, agents have been appointed in London and other principal cities, and I have for many years been in the habit of referring my patients to one of them, Mr. Waugh, a most respectable chemist in Regent-street, who is charged with that sale at the west-end of the town.

Of course it is only the cold waters, as already stated, that are sold, and the entire aggregate quantity of those disposed of in the course of the four years before alluded to, converted into pints, has amounted to 217,956. This quantity of mineral water, large as it may appear, I have reason to believe, has considerably increased during the past and present year. Indeed, the number of those who attend at the Spa itself during the season, appeared also to have been considerably augmented in 1839, having then reached the cypher of 527, as I ascertained by inspection of the register in the pump-room, while in the year of my last visit (1840) the number was already 465 to the middle of September, with six weeks more of the season to run.

The only objection I can name to this multifarious mineral-

water establishment of Struve, is one which subsequent experience only has forced on my attention ; for, *à priori*, I could not imagine it possible that I should ever have cause for urging it. The facility which this bringing together of many mineral waters from all parts of Germany far asunder, under one roof, and within a single reach, has afforded to patients for mingling two, three, and sometimes four of them together, and swallowing them with an expectation of benefit, which is and must be disappointed, is the objection I must urge against the German Spa at Brighton, where alone that practice obtains, under some extraordinary delusion.

The very first person I beheld on entering the pump-room one day, was a lady who had some years before been under my care in London, and who now was in the act of drinking the Theresienbrunnen of Carlsbad and the Pyrmont together ; while a relative of hers applied her glass successively to the spouts of Kissingen, Ems, and Pullna. And yet such things, which in the end must prove the ruin of the artificial mineral waters if persevered in, and which the first lamented and skilful director of the establishment, Mr. Walcker—to whose memory I was happy to find a modest monument erected in the Spa-garden—would never countenance by his own advice—such things, I say, have been defended ; and certain medical men make it a practice to encourage them ! On one occasion, I was referred by a person, who ought to know better, to what takes place at the Spas themselves in Germany, as a triumphant answer to my objection against so absurd a practice. But I challenged the individual to cite a single place in Germany where two or three waters of different parts of the world are mixed and drank at the same time. He will find at the several thermal baths where bathing is the order of the day, as at Wiesbaden for example, Baden, and Toplitz, that the patients are occasionally directed to drink of *some one* of the cold mineral waters imported in bottles from their respective sources, or the imitation of the same. Thus it is not unusual to order a regular course of the

Paulinen from Schwalbach to a patient who is bathing in the Kochbrunnen or Alderquelle at Wiesbaden; but in which of the Spas of Germany, in the name of good sense, has it ever happened, except at the German Spa at Brighton, that the Pyrmont, and the Ems, and the Pullna, have been ordered to be drank at one and the same time, as a regular and daily practice?

I would fain also make a remark or two with respect to the imitation of the thermal waters as contrasted with that of the cold mineral waters; but my sentiments on that all-important point are so well known from all I have said in my former writings, that I deem it needless to repeat them in this place. Every year's ulterior experience has confirmed and further elucidated those views—from which I did not abate one iota during the life of the eminent discoverer of the process for imitative waters himself,—nor have I reason to shrink from them now he is no more, and no better advocate of the contrary opinion left behind. I would ask a simple question on this subject: If the artificial Carlsbad water with artificial heat be as valid as the natural, how comes it that not a single pint-bottle of it is to be found among the quarter of a million of pints of artificial mineral waters manufactured and sold at the German Spa as before stated? Surely it would not be difficult to impart a coal-heat of 134° to a bottle of the Theresienbrunnen, without detriment to the insignificant proportion of carbonic acid gas it contains; for that quantity of the gas might be preserved, and in that case, a bottle of Theresienbrunnen ought to be as efficacious in its own sphere as any of the artificially imitated cold mineral waters. Why, then, is it I ask once more, that not one bottle of the Carlsbad or Ems waters has been sold?

The physician to whom the fortune of the German Spa at Brighton is mostly indebted, was the late Dr. Todd, a highly respectable and amiable man, who had formed to himself an

extensive practice, the principal part of which, I am happy to learn, has fallen into the no less able hands of Dr. Hall,—who is well versed in the use of the artificial mineral waters, but not like his predecessor, fond of ordering two or three different waters at the same time.

Most people know that besides the German Spa, there is at Brighton a natural mineral spring—a chalybeate—with the particular virtues of which I am not myself sufficiently acquainted to say much about it. That it has been recently analyzed by Professor Daniel, and commented upon by Dr. Paris in terms of approbation, are sufficient reasons why I should mention in these volumes the Wick chalybeate of Brighton.*

* In both my first and second edition of “The Spas of Germany,” I had occasion to point out the gross error committed by the author of a small work on the watering-places of the continent, in having compared the Wick chalybeate of Brighton with the *Bruckenaue* in Bavaria, than which, I declared at the time, no two springs could be more dissimilar. I felt convinced that the author had never seen the source he pretended to describe. The same writer, in a more recent pamphlet on “English Mineral Springs,” published subsequently to the first volume of my present work, has made the following acknowledgment of the correctness of my charge against him, though without referring to the individual who pointed out his blunder. “In my former work (says Mr. Lee) I compared it (the Wick chalybeate) with the water of Bruckenaue, which *I had not at that time visited* (a circumstance he suppressed before); but, in fact, no two springs belonging to the same class present a greater difference.” This is not the first time that the same author has been forced to admit that in his prolific, but slender duodecimos on German waters, containing just as much information as can be found compiled in a gazetteer, he had ventured on descriptions of places he had never seen. In regard to Wildbad, I also convicted him, and made him acknowledge in his “Baths of Germany” (first part), that when he first described that Spa he had never seen the place. And now I venture to assert with equal assurance, that in his second and slenderer, and more meagre account of the “Baths of Germany” (second part), he has described Gastein without ever having seen it or examined it in person; else he could not have committed the blunders of mistaking the *Schloss* for the Archduke’s house and baths at that Spa; nor described inaccurately the

But enough of drinking; let us now turn to eating and living, with a few words as to house-accommodation, at Brighton.

An acquaintance of mine, a man of the world, and a medical practitioner, is in the habit of coming down here regularly every year, for four months. He was occupying at the time of my visit, on the best side of the Steyne, two parlours and two bedrooms, with his two sisters; he himself being obliged to live in the back parlour, in which, as in the other apartments, there was just room enough to move in, and no more. For this accommodation he paid three guineas a week. *Ex uno disce, &c.* The town was quite full, that is, all

division of baths in Straubinger's establishment, besides other similar peccadilloes. But Mr. Lee, who, in bringing forward, last March, his little *bijou* cabinet volume, entitled "The Mineral Springs of England," aforesaid, is pleased to observe, that though he was told of the previous existence of such a work as the "Spas of England," he did not think, judging from the Spas of Germany, that the necessity of his own performance was in the least superseded,—Mr. Lee, I say, has been equally guilty of palpable errors in respect to the home or national sources. For example: he considers Malvern and Matlock as analogous springs, the former of which, moreover, he had previously described as *scarcely tepid*. ("Baths of Germany," page 45, Part II.); whereas every one knows that Malvern is a delightfully *cold* water, and that no analogy exists between it and Matlock. He also gives a pretended analysis of the Scarborough mineral waters by Dr. Thomson, who never analyzed them; and though aware of the existence of the "Spas of England," he will not quote from it the elaborate and very recent and only correct analysis of these waters by Phillips, by which the ingredients and quantities are shown to be as different as possible from his own statement. And again, in treating of the Harrogate's Springs, preferring for his guide (he himself not having visited the place) any other work than the hateful "Spas of England," though the latter is the most recent of all,—Mr. Lee repeats the mistakes of his predecessors, and talks of the *Crescent Old Well*, which no longer exists, and of the *Crescent Hot Saline Spring*, which has changed name, owner, and position. In fact, there is no end to the inaccuracies and omissions,—setting aside the very superficial manner of the little whole—contained in both the English and the German Baths of the author in question, who nevertheless imagines that his productions will supply "*a desideratum* in English literature" (!)

that is decent and lodgeable was occupied. The lodging-keepers, therefore, make the most of their time, and know not how to ask enough during the season. A whole house on the east and west cliff cannot be had for less than from eight to fifteen guineas a week; and the sorriest lodging for a "single gentleman" in any of the cross streets on the east cliff is charged two guineas;—yet Brighton is over-built, and houses are constantly on sale. It is a curious sight, by the bye, to behold some of these, with their showy exterior, but stripped of their internal fineries, and as naked inside as the auctioneer's hammer can make them; and to see how flimsily they are built.

In many of the principal parts of Brighton, towards the sea, and even in Kemp Town, when a S. or a S.W. gale is blowing, one can hardly keep in the front rooms, for the wind will penetrate and force its way in spite of bolts and *serrures*. Light things are seen pleasantly dancing about the room, on the tables, or on the floor; the carpet of which, like a light sail spread on a lawn, is seen to rise and fall with each intro-sufflation.

The cost of living, in every article, is about 33 per cent. more than in London. Meat and fish are never sold during the season at less than a penny or three-halfpence per pound above London price. The tea and wine were represented to me as being of a very inferior quality, and yet sold at high prices. On inquiring of many of the strangers who have chosen to keep house, I found it universally asserted that it costs them one-third more than in London. Now this state of things cannot endure long after the railroad shall have come into operation. The tradesmen of Brighton must either lower the rents, and the price of their comestibles, or speculators will be found who will run down in two hours from London every morning, to place before breakfast-time on the kitchen dresser of their own town customers, all they now stand in need of; just as the butcher, and the poul-

terer, and the fishmonger, from Bond-street, run down to Belgrave-square and Cadogan-place to supply their customers.

One important article of diet—water—is indifferent at Brighton. It is supplied principally by a company, and it deposits a reddish sand, and is in colour dingy. It lathers tolerably well with soap, but leaves the skin rough. It should be used filtered for tea, and a small quantity of carbonate of soda added to it. In some of the streets there are pumps for public use, but their water is hard, and in a few places chalky, while in others it is evidently chalybeate. Excellent bread is to be had at times ; but the dairy supplies are not of the first quality.

With all these drawbacks, however, a *gourmand* need not despair at Brighton ; for were I to judge by the manner in which the table of certain *Richards* was decked at some *diners priés*, every luxury that imagination or appetite can desire, and money command, is of ready acquisition ; nor can the well-pampered guest, filled with the fumes of Gallia's effervescing liquor, fear any interruption on his way back to his quarters, for he will find the streets admirably guarded by a zealous police, and lighted with the blaze of gas-lamps.

The visiter at this wonderful resort of fashion should make up his mind to being satisfied, by way of general enjoyment, during his *séjour*, with the view of houses and the sea—the latter seldom enlivened by those objects which gives animation to its surface. The promenade on the pier, and a blow on its terminal platform, equal to that one gets on a quarter-deck in sailing down channel, are the only episodes to this eternally monotonous existence at Brighton. Nature offers no other resources.

Nothing can be more dismal-looking, barren, or discouraging than the general aspect of the immediately surrounding country on either side, or at the back of Brighton. Hillocks, more or less elevated above the town, with the peculiar round and smooth forms that chalk-hills assume, present their almost

naked surface in all directions, and hardly a vestige of vegetation appears beyond the short hard grass that covers them. These serve as sheep-walks, or as downs to course and drive upon by way of exercise, for want of a better place. Here and there a reluctant crop of wheat has been drawn from the arid chalk and gravelly soil; and some more assiduous and cunning gardener has succeeded in forming enough of real soil to grow the ordinary herbage for the market. But even in such places as these neither the field crops, nor the aspect of the orchards and kitchen-gardens present to the rambler that *riant* aspect which adds a zest to the invigorating out-of-door exercise an invalid at a watering-place is desired and willing to take. In no direction, turn whichever way you list, can such an invalid discover a bit of lively landscape, or a refreshing patch of green, or a picturesque group of lofty trees, to feast his eyes with. This is a great drawback, and much felt.

It marvels me that no attempt has hitherto been made to convert these barren and exposed uplands and hills into forests of larches and other trees of the *Abies* kind, in imitation of the Duke of Athol's successful experiments in the mountainous and barren districts of Scotland. Twenty-five years of persevering experiments in that way, with the assistance also of the sewerage (now wasted) judiciously employed when the proper time arrived, would have produced a sheltered evergreen region around the town, affording to Brighton a new, attractive, and important feature for purposes of health. For, assuredly, nothing would contribute more to the promotion of recovery from disease, or prove a better corrective to the too drying and heating property of the air of the place, than the surrounding it with forest vegetation, and changing the upper surface of the chalk into a milder form of soil—a species of mould consisting of the altered chalk and the decomposed leaves of the forest trees.

A ride to the barracks, placed in the very centre of desolate

hillocks to the east and north-east of the town, on going out of Brighton by the Lewes-road, as happened to myself on my way to Hastings, suffices to impress the mind of the visiter with the aspect of nature's destitution in the immediate environs of Brighton. Turning your face towards the latter as soon as you shall have reached the South Downs, and ere you attain the first spot of smiling vegetation nearest to the town, *Stanmore Park*, three miles distant,—you behold Brighton, thrown, as it were, into three great masses at the foot of converging chalk-hills, directing their course south and down to the margin of the sea, along which the principal succession of dwellings seem spread in an undeviating line. From this point the new church of St. Peter, standing at the back of the town, offers its Gothic slender pinnacles and elegant steeple to more advantage than when the church is seen quite near.

Viewed from this same or any other analogous position, the Brighton houses which constitute the inland part of the town, and which seem to have been purposely built for letting as lodging-houses, present two defects; they are too low, and the lower floor is seldom raised a single foot from the ground. From these defects even the Royal Pavilion is not exempt.

This latter singular-looking building would, nevertheless, possess infinite merit, were it not buried within a wall, without the view of either sea or country, such as it is. It should have been placed on one of the nearest downs in the north-east quarter, above Kemp Town, with a south-south-west aspect, and raised four feet on a sub-basement, at the same time screening it from the north and east winds by suitable plantations. The Pavilion would then have formed a marine palace fit for an English sovereign; whereas now, though head of the first maritime nation in the world, that sovereign cannot boast of a royal residence from whence she may contemplate the field of her country's glories.

CHAPTER XIII.

HASTINGS—ST. LEONARDS—DOVER.

LEWES—New Approach to HASTINGS and ST. LEONARDS unfavourable—Old Approach delightful—First Difficulty at an Hotel—How to secure a Good Room—The MARINE Hotel—Convenient and Desirable—The ALBION—Better for a Summer Residence—Other Hotels—HASTINGS as it was—Extension Westwards—PELHAM-PLACE and the CRESCENT—St. Mary—The ARCADE—Castle Hill—Aspect of all these Dwellings—Progress of Buildings—WELLINGTON-SQUARE—Advantage of its Position—Preferable Residences—The Baptist Chapel—The CASTLE INN—YORK Buildings—General Character of the Coast between East and West Cliff—The SHORE and the Beach—BATHING—Exposure of the Seaward Houses to Certain Winds—Too Close to Saline Effluvia—Sea-roaring objectionable to Invalids—WAY to St. Leonards—Intermediate Ground—New Buildings—VERULAM-terrace—WARRIOR-square—The Grand PARADE—MR. BURTON and his Architecture—His Judgment as to Localities—Errors to be Avoided—ST. LEONARDS' VALE and GARDENS—Lombard Villas and Gothic Cottages—The MARINA—The VICTORIA HOTEL—The Baths and other Buildings—Proof of the Ill-judged Position of the Marina—Effect of Damp and the North Winds—Very Desirable and Tranquil Summer Residence—Much in request—Houses difficult to be had—LIVING—CLIMATE—EXPENSES—BATHING—Out-of-door Amusements at Hastings—Excursion—BATTEL Abbey—DOVER in 1827—Progressive Improvements—Author's First Recommendation—Who is Dover good for?—HOUSE-RENT and Living—The Best Houses—Great Extension—SHAKSPEARE Tunnel—Mode of Living and Amusement—Testimony from a Patient—The HOTELS.

By the Lewes-road I took my departure, at length, from Brighton. Lewes is singularly situated. Within a vast circular

hollow, formed by rounded chalk hills sloping down towards it from a distance, a small elevation rises, on which the ancient capital of the county is seated, spreading itself down the declivities. A hill or two, bolder and more upright than the rest, and more crumbling with chalk and flints, stand close upon some of the houses. The road takes a most circuitous turn to double the town, and gives it the go-by to proceed Hastings-wards, offering not a single attractive feature until it reaches the seat of Sir Charles Lamb, three miles in the rear of St. Leonards, between which and Hastings a newly-made road now leads the traveller from London to both these adjoining places.

The invalid condemned by his medical adviser to seek a milder climate on the Sussex coast, who with his lungs threatened, flesh wasting, sleep unrefreshing, and night perspirations incessant, proceeds either to Hastings or St. Leonards, in hopes of recovering the lost health, or the better to husband the little of health and life he has left—such an invalid, I say, must not approach the place of his destination by the new road just alluded to, which, passing through Battel, rapidly descends the hill in a south-east direction till it turns to the right, and proceeds straightway facing the sea by Silver-hill and Tivoli, coming at last immediately upon the back of the east-end of the new town of St. Leonards, and terminating before the door of the Conqueror Hotel, between St. Leonards and Hastings. Such an approach, destitute of all beauty, or of any characteristic feature in the surrounding country, is in itself so dismal, that any invalid's courage may perchance fail him, and his hope sink within him, ere he is fairly housed in his new quarters. Magnificent as it may appear on the sea-side, with its showy and lengthened frontage, and cheering and beautiful as it looks when entered by its own direct northern road, St. Leonards, viewed from behind, and at the extremity of the road first mentioned, presents nothing but a monotonous ladder of unfinished, ill-

placed, and ill-sheltered houses, of dingy material, and but imperfectly inhabited, enough to damp every cheerful expectation.

The approach to Hastings by the old London-road, at the foot of Fairlight Down, and at the upper end of High-street, is far different from the one described, and truly picturesque. An almost precipitous hill descends towards a grove of ancient and lofty lime-trees, under which the carriage courses in its downward way, having a lofty range of sloping hills on the left or east side, screening the road from that wind, and an elevated ground on the right, but more open, and admitting, therefore, the driven gale from the south-west to visit an otherwise secluded and sheltered spot. Such an approach is cheering as well as soothing, and the invalid at the sight of it may well hug to his bosom the sweet hope that he is about to halt in a protecting and genial haven.

But, once arrived at his goal, he has yet to encounter the formidable trial of an English hotel. The tendency to impose upon travellers at almost all these establishments, whether at Hastings or any other popular sea-bathing place on this coast, is evinced at the very first onset, when,—after a little more or less *empressement* on the part of the landlord and waiters according as you alight from a carriage or a stage-coach,—the chambermaid is rung for, and is seen descending with leisure steps, in her fine starched cap and chemisette, and clean apron, to obey the summons.

“A bedroom for the gentleman.”—“This way, sir.” And up and up many interminable steps and stairs she leads you, having previously scanned you from top to toe, until she reaches the top garrets, throws open No. 47, beckons you in, and you find yourself close under one roof and overlooking twenty others, at the summit and at the back of the house. “Is this all you have?” “We are all full—quite full.” “Then the porter need not trouble himself to carry up my luggage—I’ll walk on to another hotel.” “Let me think

if you don't object to the back of the house, I can give you an excellent room on the second floor. It is promised, but I will make shift to oblige you." "What—no room at all in front, eh?" "No, indeed; we have been full these three weeks." And away we trot once more down winding stairs and along tortuous corridors and dark passages, uniting a new with an older house (the two made into one), when, at last, a larger and somewhat better furnished chamber, with a single window, is thrown open. The opposite wall is almost within touch of the hand, and the back yard beneath, with its scullery, and refuse water from garbage and cabbage, sends up its effluvia in harmony with those from cabinet No. 0 next door to the room. "No, no! my good lass, this won't do; I shall be off to better quarters, and so adieu, my fair. I had been strongly recommended to alight at your house, but if this be the specimen of your reception of a stranger, I shall not follow the example of recommending you in my turn." "Dear me, sir, I am sure this is a most comfortable room. You are very difficult to please. But, let me see; I shall be obliged to disappoint an old customer in order to give you satisfaction. Here is another room on the first floor in front. It has every convenience, and a most beautiful prospect, &c., &c." "So it has; and why not show it me at once?" "Why, if we did so with everybody and always, when are the *higher* and *inferior* bedrooms to be occupied? I only do my duty."

And the girl is right; but inasmuch as an invalid seeking Hastings for his chest has generally irritable nerves, which it is important should not be excited, and as houseroom-seeking is the first and indeed principal part of his business on arrival, I have given my dialogue at the hotel I alighted at as a specimen, that it may serve as a warning to all invalids to write beforehand and secure a specific room in a specific part of the house, and at a fixed and specific charge.

Indeed, beyond treating of residences and climate, I have

no other object connected with Hastings which could induce me to occupy many pages in these volumes,—for as to sea-bathing, one would hardly prefer Hastings to many other places; and since we have touched on the subject of hotels, we may as well dispatch it at once, condensing into a narrow compass whatever information I was able practically to cull during my recent visit to that winter-quarters of invalids.

It was at the MARINE Hotel that I alighted; a handsome-looking house, immediately facing the sea, at the west end of the Parade, not far from the principal library, the Pelham Baths and the Crescent. The road and a small terrace separate it from the shingly shore, which lies a few feet below the latter at low water. There are three apartments on each floor—the rooms in front having (as seems to be the mania of the place) bow windows and balcony, and the bed-rooms at the back being airy and spacious. They are all well furnished, and each apartment is charged 7*s.* 6*d.* per diem. There is a fine view of the coast and Beachey Head from its front windows. Hutchins, the landlord, seems most anxious to please his customers. The house is always full during the season, and might be made an exceedingly convenient as well as desirable residence for an invalid; for it has behind the shelter of the cliff, which rises to an elevation of nearly 300 feet.

Not many yards from this hotel, to the eastward, and nearer to the shore, is a still more showy hotel, called the ALBION. From the north and north-east winds, the streets of Old Hastings sufficiently protect this house; but its exposure to winds from other quarters is greater than that of the first-mentioned hotel. I should select the *Albion* in summer, and during winter the *Marine Hotel* for a residence. Of the oldest hotel in the town, perched up in High-street, the ROYAL SWAN, I shall say nothing, for assuredly no invalid would think of sojourning in so dull a neighbourhood; and

of the locality of two other similar establishments, the Royal Oak and the Castle, I shall say a word or two when we come to them in our perambulations.

I recollect when Old Hastings, seated in a very compact manner, with its two parallel long and narrow streets, High-street and All Saints-street, on the rising vale between West and East Cliff, stopt by the sea-shore at the west end of George and West-street, near the Battery and the Parade. Westwards, the foot of the naked cliff was not then obstructed by any new buildings, which, however, have since extended half a mile farther in a west-north-west direction, following the line of the beach, over which, as well as upon the acclivities inland, whole ranges of superior and good-looking houses have been erected. The first and principal part of these facing the sea is Pelham-place, consisting of about ten houses to the right and to the left, united by a range of shops, called the Arcade, above which peers Pelham-crescent and its central church, with an imposing Grecian portico, on whose pediment are inscribed the words *Ædes Sanctæ Mariæ in Castello*.

It is at the back of these several buildings that rise to a perpendicular height of some hundred feet the Castle Hill. To the lover of the picturesque, the sight of this rock and its ruins will prove a disappointment. The denuded face of the cliff, which, to avoid the previously frequent avalanches of broken fragments, has been cut down, is of an uniformly dingy colour, consisting as it does of a hard gray tinted calciferous sandstone at top, of a yellow soft friable sandstone in the middle, and beds of clay, slate, and ferruginous sandstone in the lower part. The remaining vestiges of the ancient fortress, which have been recently made stronger by masonry paid for by some patriotic hand, instead of appearing picturesquely grouped, look like heaps of stones recently piled up at random. A short rank grass covers the upper surface of the hills, as it does indeed throughout the

range of the cliffs at the back of the town, and further on to St. Leonards.

All the houses in Pelham-place and the Crescent—to the latter of which one ascends by a series of steps at the east, and an inclined plane at the west—face the south, and have two floors, with large well-shaded bow windows, and attics over them. Those to the west are open in front to the sea, where bathing-machines are collected on the strand, strewn with shingle. At the east end on the contrary the view of the sea, except from the upper stories, is obstructed by what are called the *Beach Cottages*, a few mean-looking buildings, some of wood, and others of black-glazed bricks, which totally disfigure the view of the Crescent and Pelham-place from the sea. In winter the houses in these two localities offer the advantage to the invalid of a warm shelter in the back rooms, which face the rock, and receive the reflected heat from its surface; thus escaping from the south-east and south-west gales, to which the front apartments are exposed.

Following the line of the cliff still westward of Pelham Crescent, ranges of neat lodging-houses extend in continuation as far as Castle-street, formed by a triangular cluster of well-located dwellings, near the Beach, called the *Caroline Cottages*; beyond which, doubling the Castle Hill by turning to the right, we find Wellington-square creeping up with its long parallelogram towards Castle Terrace, in a north-east direction. The Castle Inn is at the entrance of this new part of the town, now deemed the most favourable quarter of Hastings. The square is built upon three sides, with good-looking houses, which stand, however, upon an inconvenient sloping ground, inclined south-west. The houses on the north-western side enjoy the sun the best part of the day. In the morning the front of the houses opposite look dark and chilly. A few of the latter may at the back receive the cheering rays of the morning sun, but it can only

be in the upper apartments, as the western end of Castle Hill rises immediately between them and the eastern sun. They, however, enjoy a full view of the western sea from the upper rooms towards St. Leonard's and Bopeep, looking over the Baptist chapel, which, with the Castle Hotel, forms part of the square. The houses are small, having a very modest front parlour and two drawing-rooms, with as many bed-chambers. Those at the top of the square are of a superior class; though not so much so as the houses on the west side.

Judging by the letting, I should conclude that the houses of the west and north end are preferred, as there was not a bill on either side, whereas on the east side there were several. At the north-west corner, two houses (30, 31), newly done up, with a full view of the sea, S.E., must be warm in winter: they are well looking externally, [with large parlour-window and drawing-room. Nos. 41, 2, and 3, south-west end of the square, have also been lately done up, and seemed to me well suited for delicate invalids, having the sun upon them the best part of the day. The back looks upon the Downs. All these houses have the advantage of being sheltered by the Kentish and York cottages, and the back of a handsome range of buildings, called York-buildings, forming a continuation of Castle-street, from the direct violence of the sea gales; and of being away from the saline effluvia so inimical to chest complaints, to both of which the lower buildings on the Strand, or below the West Cliff, are so much exposed. They have besides the farther benefit of country air at their back, which none of the buildings nearer the shore possess, on account of the lofty rock behind them.

Having now brought the visiter to the extreme or western limit of modern Hastings, close to the Priory-bridge, and enumerated all that is most important for an invalid looking out for a residence to know, I shall only offer one or two remarks on the general exposure of the place, and on the

sort of open sea, or in-door sea-water bathing, to be obtained in it.

These straight lines of coast, such as the one on which both Hastings and St. Leonards are seated, which hardly ever assume the curve form, and never change into a shape like a cove, are much exposed as a residence, and for sea-bathing not to be put in comparison with the sands on the east or even the western coast of England, and are also inferior to Weymouth on the south-western coast. The shore itself is not propitiously formed. Its surface is broken by jutting rocks and reefs, and when from any elevation the eye rapidly runs along the whole line of it, from Hastings east cliff even to the farthest or westernmost point of St. Leonards, naught presents itself at low water but a space more or less wide, but hardly ever exceeding 100 or 200 yards, of coarse sand, from the sea wall to a well-defined reef of black rocks. It is only beyond that reef, and as far as the receded tide at the lowest ebb, that a smoother sandy surface may be observed. The shore itself is not abrupt in any place, and so far is better than at Brighton. It is also much cleaner, and the water almost always limpid, and of that beautiful hue, which has been called sea-green by common consent, so inviting to bathers. This appearance of the strand and beach is particularly manifest before my hotel, where about ten or twelve white painted bathing-machines, like those at Brighton without a hood, are placed on a small area of gravelly sand, left uncovered by the receding tide between the line of shingle immediately below the terrace, and the many reefs of dark rock about 200 feet beyond.

To the frequent gales from the south-west, the coast, and necessarily the houses built upon it, are awfully exposed. On such occasions one can scarcely venture to walk out in front of the buildings, the proximity of which to the beach is much greater than at Brighton. As it generally rains too on such occasions, the warm temperature of the day falls

considerably at sunset, and the evenings and nights are generally very cold. In this respect again the difference between Brighton and Hastings is very great. At the latter place they are often obliged to have fires in the house when at the former nobody would dream of asking for such a comfort. This actually was the case on the evening of my arrival at Hastings from Brighton.

At the close of the year, or beginning of winter, a rainy and a blowing day, with a south-wester, such as I once encountered at Hastings, must be most disastrous to invalid residents. A soft air, with warmth and moderate dampness, corrected by the presence of absorbing sandstone rocks roundabout, may be useful to people of delicate chests; but to be shaken by an unmitigated storm of south-west wind even within the confines of your own bedrooms, in the upper stories of the several houses I have mentioned—where the frail window-frames themselves are threatened at every moment with demolition—is more than any tender invalid can well resist without injury.

That it rains frequently at Hastings is made manifest by the published average quantity of rain which falls yearly in that place, as contrasted with that which falls in London, being as 28.340 inches for the former, to 26.686 in the latter place; but on the other hand the mean yearly temperature at Hastings is greater than that of London, being as 51.11 to 50.39.

I also question whether the perpetually recurring thunders of the swelling waves, first breaking against the reefs, and next dashing over the sloping shingle during the morning tide, which prevail on every occasion of a stiff gale from the south-west, may not be considered as an unfavourable circumstance connected with the residence of a real suffering invalid by the sea-side, where, as at Hastings, his dwelling is in close approximation to the water,—as when he lodges in Pelham-place or the Crescent, for example. The incessant

roaring of the morning waters must, for some weeks at least, be an annoyance to a delicate person whose nights are probably disturbed by suffering, or that sleeplessness which frequently attends chronic and formidable maladies. It is not the gentle murmurs of rippling water over a pebbly bed, but like the discharge of distant cannon, or like the application of some mighty engine to a gigantic rampart for the purpose of overthrowing it. The noise is terrific, it is disturbing, and a patient with a night hectic upon him cannot soon reconcile his nerves to the thunder.

There is something soothing, nay healing, in the perfect stillness of night, and the out-of-doors silence, so remarkably enjoyed at all inland watering-places, and more especially at the German and all foreign spas, after the first hours of the evening. Of such a blessing we deprive the feverish invalid for some time, or at least until he becomes accustomed to the incessant roaring, by placing him on the margin of a too frequently agitated ocean.

ST. LEONARDS.

To all the various objections just enumerated, St. Leonards, or in other words that long line of showy palaces called the MARINA, erected at the distance of three quarters of a mile from the Priory-bridge, close upon the shore, from which it is only separated by a promenade terrace, is particularly obnoxious. And so will be all the intended new buildings for which the ground was preparing, and with which all the vacant space is to be covered which lies between the foot of Cuckoo Hill, (where the new London road over the cliff begins, near the west end of Hastings) and the east entrance-gate of St. Leonards, including what is called the Grand Parade. Some of these buildings exist already—the Verulam for example, and those of White Rock-place, all direct south, with the cliff close behind them, and more favourably placed as to exposure to winds than Pelham-place.

A square also is meditated in this part, to be called Warrior-square. This will prove an excellent locality in summer as well as winter, because the houses will have varied aspects—they will be farther removed from the water—not hemmed in between the latter, and a lofty cliff behind, neither be half so much exposed to the gales. The houses already in existence have an advantage, under the difficulty of their exposed situation, which those of Brighton have not—that of being built with greater regard to solidity and style, and being very like some of the most modern town houses.

Mr. Burton is an architect of acknowledged taste—the first perhaps to whom the Londoner owes the introduction of the more *riant*, gay, and cheering style of building that has since prevailed in the metropolis, over the gloomy sameness of long brick walls, pierced with a number of unadorned windows on each side of an interminable street. At St. Leonards he has again given proof of his power of invention and love of the beautiful. We should look in vain on any other coast in England for such a range of buildings as those he has raised below St. Leonards Cliff; of a superior order, though not so ornamented as some of his previous structures. None but the unrivalled crescents of Bath and Bristol is superior to the Marina of St. Leonards.

All this with pleasure I admit; but the architect will permit me to question the judgment he has exercised in raising so many dwelling houses, all equally exposed to one and the same aspect, however favourable with regard to warmth, which is of necessity subject to the visitation of both the south-west and south-east winds—the most frequent as well as the most objectionable winds on this coast. It is just such an error that I hope to see avoided at Bournemouth, where an equally inviting and superiorly clothed cliff would tempt another Burton perhaps to erect long lines of marine villas, but where also I trust more judicious Burtons will use the South Cliff sparingly, and cling to the East and West Cliffs inland, as the Burton of St. Leonards might have done,

and as indeed he has done, in part only, around the vale and the basin on the higher ground, behind the Marina, as well as near about the handsome Doric structure of the Assembly Rooms, and still higher up the hill, as far as the north gate entrance into St. Leonards.

The whole of this last-mentioned and varied region must be a little paradise to invalids; and the houses, whether those detached as Italian or Lombard villas with gardens, or those placed in rows like a series of Gothic cottages, all equally desirable, are much sought after by the wealthy invalids, and always occupied. It is in this direction that we find the higher or north entrance into St. Leonards; and certainly nothing can be so cheering or more beautiful than this single approach, impressing at once with gay and happy ideas the visiting stranger, and giving him hopes of restored health.

The fault in its position, however, shall not prevent my doing further justice to the distinguishing feature of the Marina at St. Leonards. Two separate ranges of dwelling-houses of the first class, having a low arcade in front, which shelters the parlour-floor, extend along the shore nearly two hundred and fifty feet each in length, and by the side of a grand and loftier edifice of a whiter colour, and more pretensions to architectural ornaments, called the VICTORIA or St. Leonard's HOTEL. Before them is a wide and handsome carriage-way, by the side of which ranges a terrace or parade, partly gravelled and partly in lawns, nearly a mile long, with seats, and supported by a stout sea-wall twelve or fifteen feet high. Opposite the centre building or hotel on the parade, stand the bath-rooms, with the library, the Bank and Post-office on one side, and a refreshment-room on the other. Below these are kept bathing-machines and pleasure-boats, which are hauled up off the strand by a windlass through a slip or cut in the sea-wall.

The Victoria Hotel has the appearance of a nobleman's mansion. A wide street runs up on each side of it, leading

to other and less regular series of buildings constituting the town of St. Leonards, and also to that paradise of detached villas to which I have already alluded.

The entire mass of this sea line of buildings was occupied at the time of my visit. When the sun of January and February visits St. Leonards, and shuns the inland towns—when the sea at half-tide has covered the uglier part of the shore and reached the shingle—and still better when high-water comes up to the level of the sea-wall and looks truly beautiful—then the MARINA, as a retired tranquil sea-bathing or sea residence, is far preferable to the cliffs of Brighton.

If another proof were required to convince the skilful architect of the Marina, that in placing a whole terrace of first-rate houses direct south and north, he has not followed the dictates of a climate physician, I should find it in the present state of the back-front of those houses, which faces the north, and in which is the principal entrance. The external wall of the parlour stories of this front, and still more so of the sub-basement and area, owing to their direful exposure to a sunless, damp, and cold aspect, were dripping with wet, looked stained and mossy, and the very stones seemed in a state of decomposition. For the sake of their health, I should be sorry to see my servants lodged in offices so situated. The contrast between the joyous, warm, and inviting front apartments, and the dismal and gloomy rooms behind, must be seen to be understood.

If my informants at Hastings are not mistaken in the details they supplied me with respecting the subject of house-rent and living, I may set both these important items down at one-fourth less than they amount to at Brighton. I was sorry to find the water equally as objectionable as that at the latter place; but with respect to every other article of food, they are neither deficient in quantity nor inferior in quality.

An old friend, whom I was sorry to miss at my visit, Dr. Harwood, a physician practising at both St. Leonards and

Hastings with deserved success, has written so fully on the temperature and meteorological occurrences on that coast, that I consider myself exempt from the necessity of touching upon the subject, but beg to refer my readers to his work. We differ somewhat in certain general points, but on the whole, and notwithstanding the remarks I have deemed it my duty to make, I am disposed to attach nearly as much importance as he does to the influence on certain pulmonic complaints, of a residence in Hastings or St. Leonards.

I have mentioned the bath-building on the Marina at St. Leonards, in which there are excellent accommodations for its intended purposes. In Hastings, proper, the best and principal private baths are the Pelham, close to the Marine Hotel. The horizontal iron pipe through which the sea-water is drawn in by a pump while the tide is in, may be seen projecting at low water on the beach, quite dry; so that sea-water is only obtained direct for a bath at certain times of the day. But there are reservoirs in the house for both cold and hot sea-water; and this arrangement for single baths, vapour and douche baths, is very creditable. There is also a plunging-bath, about ten feet square and five feet deep, which, however, has for the last two years been nearly useless, in consequence of some leak that has not yet been discovered. The charges for these various baths are much the same as at all other sea-bathing places on the coast.

The romance and beauty of the *alentours* of Hastings, of which one reads in the guide-books, must not be sought for immediately behind or upon the downs that overlook the town within three miles. True the general surface of the latter is somewhat less desolate-looking than that of the Brighton Downs; but with the exception of the Vale of St. Leonards to the extreme west, the slope of Fairlight Downs, the much talked-of Glen, and Dripping Well, and Lover's Seat near it; or, lastly, the entrance into Hastings before mentioned, by the old London road, to the extreme east, in all of

which verdure and smiling features may be seen in the landscape—the whole district within the before-mentioned distance, presents but a poor-looking land, with scarcely a tree above a shrub, or underwood, some patches of which occur here and there in the vicinity of a detached house or cottage.

Of the few more distant excursions recommended to invalids, who find at Hastings every facility of carriage and saddle-horses for indulging in them, the one to *BATTEL* seems to excite most curiosity. The spot is in itself insignificant, and has no great recommendation, notwithstanding the still-remaining vestiges of its ancient abbey. But every one within reach of it thinks it of importance to visit and behold the place where a bold usurper of the Saxon throne of England fell by the hand of a still bolder usurper, the offspring of an illicit amour and a foreigner, yet the head of all the royal lines (with only a few interruptions) that have swayed ever after the realms of Great Britain ; and not only the head of royal houses, but the source and fountain of those honours and ancestral distinctions (besides largesses and domains), by which the blood of four-fifths of the present distinguished families in this land have been ennobled,—the sovereign giver himself having none of that noble blood in his veins, but, on the contrary, bastard blood !

DOVER.

ON the 20th of September, 1827, I indited the following memoranda of my opinion of this place as a residence for invalids, which were soon after published in my work on *St. Petersburg*.* A lapse of eleven years, instead of weaken-

* *St. Petersburg: A Journal of Travels to and from that Capital, through Flanders, the Rhenish Provinces, Prussia, Russia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the Federated States of Germany and France.* 2 vols. 1828, First Edition ; 1829, Second Edition ; 1832, Third Edition, London: Colburn.

ing, has but confirmed the accuracy of my observations, which at the time had the merit of novelty on their side, to say the least of them, inasmuch as not one word had ever been written by any medical man before on the salubriousness of Dover, or its peculiar suitableness to certain complaints. Whatever results, therefore, advantageous to Dover may have followed the publication of those observations, I may claim the merit of having given them impulse—a merit which the late comptroller of the customs at Dover, a gentleman with whom I had formed a lasting acquaintance at the Isle of Wight, was never backward in acknowledging.

That results tending to the increase and prosperity of the place must have followed the public expression of my professional opinion respecting Dover as a watering-place, is manifest by its increased growth, and the constant influx of visitors during both winter and autumn. Look at what Dover was in 1827, and what it is now. Some of the houses on the Marine Parade had but recently been erected on speculation, and Liverpool-terrace was also begun, and here and there a house under the Castle Cliff was seen. In the open and flat ground which now divides the new buildings to the east from those to the west, and by the sea-side, stood, as now, the range of low buildings containing the baths, which were of recent date. But they were at that time away from nearly all important buildings; whereas they have now close at hand, right and left, ranges of lofty houses, and many of them of the first class, fit for patrician inmates. Who had ever heard, before 1827, of whole families, or even single individuals, selecting Dover, above all places in the world, for a winter residence? Where were the suitable accommodations for any such, except at the four or five hotels, themselves so greatly improved and enlarged since, although as a transit port (on which those species of establishments formerly depended for customers) Dover has

lost one-half of its importance? Now the same hotels are constantly full, as I have ascertained, with strangers who come to spend a fortnight or three weeks, and not with merely passing travellers. The lodging-houses, even in the heart of the old town, and all the newer buildings by the sea-side, are now in great request; and about Christmas, house-room is hardly to be had. It has been computed that from five to six thousand strangers congregate every season at Dover to enjoy those peculiar benefits which the place is particularly calculated to afford, and which I had first the good fortune to point out. For the sake of the patients themselves, as well as of the good people of Dover, I pray that these good results of my recommendation may be lasting. The following are the observations contained in the publication I have alluded to, concerning this place :

“As a professional man, acquainted with those diseases and constitutions which are benefitted by a residence at the sea-side, I may be permitted, in this place, to offer a few remarks on the situation of this sea-port town. Dover is much improved within the last few years in its appearance. It has been enlarged, particularly at the south-east end,” (the Marine Parade and Liverpool-terrace), “and in many parts embellished. There is fair sea-bathing, with the most convenient establishments I have seen on this coast for warm and cold sea-baths, and for all other applications of seawater to the purposes of health or cleanliness.

“The new as well as the old lodging-houses, are clean and on moderate terms. The situation of those nearer to the sea side, facing the south and south-west, is highly desirable, gay and warm. These are sheltered from the easterly wind, as is also the rest of the town from the winds of all the northern quarters, by the two celebrated ridges of rocks which flank the town, and wall it all round behind to a gigantic height. The air is pure, and by the recent improvements in

the harbour, the retreating tide does not produce that penetrating smell, which to some delicate constitutions is so unpleasant and injurious. The vicinity of flint chalk, hanging in large masses about the outskirts of Dover, prevents all moisture from long loitering in the atmosphere that hovers over the town. I have often had occasion to remark, while cruising in a man-of-war, a great many years ago, in this part of the channel, that during damp and very foggy days, when the whole line of coast was concealed from our view by a dense atmosphere, the white cliffs of Dover and the town were the first to emerge out of this concealment; not, as in ordinary cases by the gradual rising of the fleecy veil which hung before them, but by the almost sudden absorption of the vapoury atmosphere, which promptly disappeared, while the other part of the coast, as Deal for instance, continued in obscurity.

“ To these local advantages, which are almost peculiar to this place, others are to be added, which are decidedly unique, and of the greatest value to the resident invalid; I allude to facility of transporting oneself to a totally different country and *climate* in a few hours, and to the daily *agrément* of witnessing as much of the bustle as is agreeable attending the arrival and departure of sovereigns, princes, and subjects of every colour, character, and degree, both males and females, with their bags and baggages, their smuggled articles, and articles which one should be paid for to smuggle. Then the pleasure of being the first to hear the news from foreign parts, and of listening to fifty *bamboches*, telling stories in every language on the surface of the globe, which by living at Dover one is sure to enjoy, is with many persons an invaluable recommendation to a country residence. To hypochondriac patients, too, this very circumstance renders Dover a far preferable *séjour* to any other.

“ Persons suffering from what have been styled stomach and liver complaints, labouring under dyspepsia, or indi-

gestion, after having gone through a regular course of blue-pill or carbonate of soda, breakfasted on brown bread, and swallowed loads of mustard seed (I might now add, after having been homœopathized, and well drenched with brandy and salt), with little success, will find a residence of two or three months at this place more productive of good, by simply attending to diet, and using sea-bathing.

“ To the bilious, instead of taking constant medicines, I recommend embarking, when the day is fine, on board a sailing-packet (or a steamer), and cross over to Calais or Boulogne in hopes of being made sea-sick. This operation empties the stomach more effectually than can be done by means of emetics, so justly esteemed in cases of obstructed or regurgitating bile. This plan may be adopted twice or three times in the course of a two or three months’ residence, if occasion requires; and it should invariably be followed by equitation or airings in a carriage, extended some distance into the country.

“ With these recommendations I have sent to Dover a considerable number of patients within the last eight years (1820-8), all of whom have got well, and have liked the system and place exceedingly; and as the people there are civil, and all the necessities as well as luxuries of life are to be procured at a reasonable rate, there appears no reason why Dover should not be included in the list of those seaport towns which enjoy the patronage and good opinion of the London physician.”

And Dover has since been included in that list, and London physicians have for the last ten years been in the habit of recommending it to their patients labouring under stomach affections, or to the merely convalescents, as a most desirable autumnal and winter residence.

I have only to add, that whereas one or two masses of buildings formerly constituted the Marine-parade, five ranges of houses are now erected in it; each range separated by a street

at right angles with the beach, and by two square open places, here called Lawns; namely, Guildford-lawn, and Clarence-lawn, built on two sides, east and west; and farther, that between the locality of the Baths, and the York Hotel, on an area which in my time was barren or encumbered with ropewalks, &c., the splendid Waterloo-crescent, and the Esplanade have been constructed for aristocratic families.

But on these points and collateral questions, so interesting to an invalid, practical and positive information being the only desirable one, and that which I am always anxious to tender to my readers, I have obtained permission from an old and valued friend and patient of mine, to insert in this place a brief statement, the result of personal experience and observation, obtained only two years since.

“The houses in Waterloo-crescent are very large, and are often let to several families in floors. In all the other buildings the houses are of more moderate sizes, and let from six to ten guineas per week in the season, and for about half that price in winter. The Lawns are much approved, being removed from the great noise of the sea. They consist of five houses on each side; I paid for mine, in Clarence-lawn, six guineas: two rooms on a floor, moderate size, but large enough for a small party, very clean and perfect, with a beautiful view of the Castle.

“There is a very nice street, newly built, from the town to the sea-shore, which might be a desirable winter residence, and there are several spots where good houses are erecting, not facing the sea, and well sheltered for winter, which your friends and patients might fancy to have been designed and located by yourself, so well they meet your views on these points. But most people prefer the seaward houses, which are constantly occupied.

“The Market-place and street adjoining have been of late years much thrown open and improved; so has the pier, which is now perfect, and the quays on each side large,

well paved, and the constant rendezvous of people of all rank and degree, to witness the departure and arrival of steamers. The shops for various articles are numerous, and a few of them really handsome."

My correspondent then proceeds, in a somewhat pert and laconic manner, to the enumeration of the essentials of life, having kept a house in Dover during her residence, as follows : — "Plenty of good water, excellent bread, very bad meat, fish scarce, poultry good, beer indifferent, and (at which I am sorely grieved, as it was not so in former times) warm-baths particularly dirty."

The sea-bathing is reckoned particularly fine, but the steepness of the shore often prevents the bathing, which would be continued in a more sheltered place. There are many good nursery subscription gardens, favourably situated ; and among other objects affording occupation, I must not forget the Museum, an institution of the other day. The formation of an excellent carriage-road over the heights affords a good excuse for taking exercise out of doors, and the stupendous piercing through of Shakspeare Cliff, now completed, leads one to hope that the once almost forlorn project of a railway to Folkstone and London will be realized, so as to bring the capital to Dover in less than four hours.

To visitors who have not secured lodging before hand, the hotels will afford the necessary accommodation for the moment. Some are better than others, but at all of them *on sçait se faire payer*. Though stuffed into a miserable bit of a bedroom at the back of the house, so small that I could touch both the side walls with my hands at the same time, at the York Hotel, whose landlord had evidently not the fear of the forthcoming "Spas of England" before him, to awe him into a more considerate treatment of the author,—I have no reason or inclination to say ought in disparagement of the house. It is generally much liked, and I should always prefer it to any other.

My correspondent once more supplies me with what remains to be said in conclusion, of the present account of Dover :—
“ During the winter months the society is good, and much amusement is to be had at balls and parties. Dover, in fact, is a most desirable residence, where, besides recovering your health, you may live independent and retired, or you may mix in all its gaiety if you please ; and I feel greatly indebted to you, as others I am sure ought to feel, for having been the first to recommend this now prosperous watering-place to public notice.”

CHAPTER XIV.

S O U T H E N D.

HOCKLEY SPA.

SOUTHEND under Medical Protection—New Attraction—Discovery of a Mineral Spring near it—HOCKLEY Village—How to find it out—Road and Principal Towns—Favourable View of Essex—RALEIGH—Pretty Approach—HOCKLEY SPA LODGE—History of the Discovery—The First Case of Cure—Practical Reputation—Analysis by PHILLIPS—My Visit—Examination of the Water—Physical and Chemical Characters—Taste and Effect of the Water—COMPLAINTS in which it will be useful—Quantity to be drank—Excellent in Weakness of Bones—STRIKING RECOVERY—Favourable Position of Hockley—IMPROVEMENTS suggested—How to make it into a Spa—Character of its Climate—Beautiful Scenery Around it—DRIVE to Southend—THE KING'S ARMS—First View—OLD SOUTHEND—HOPE Hotel—The Shore, THE JETTY and the Mount—THE CLIFF—Terrace—Hanging Gardens—THE ROYAL HOTEL—Sea Bathing—Expenses of Living—Lodging—Preferable Houses.

THE fact that a physician of eminence in London, author of several valuable works, and one of my oldest friends, had, during two summer seasons lodged his numerous family by the sea-side at Southend, after having in previous years tried the effect of the Isle of Wight, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate, none of which he had found useful to them, led me to pay a visit to that home sea-side place. Its loca-

tion in a country having so bad a name with invalids, was not otherwise likely to have tempted me to such a step: the less so as I had made up my mind to terminate my tour of the English Coasts at Dover, leaving the cockneyfied watering-places of the Isle of Thanet to their own well and familiarly known merits and recent improvements.

Southend too presented a farther attraction in the circumstance of a new mineral spring having been very recently discovered within a few miles of that place, at the small village of Hockley, and to which Mr. Richard Phillips, who had analyzed the water, had called my attention. Thither, therefore, I proceeded in the month of January in the present year, considering it my duty to include among the Spas that were to form my second volume, then preparing for press, one newly come into notice, and under such able chemical auspices.

Essex is a county with a bad name; and when I heard of a Spa being about to be established in that part of it which, like a peninsula, lies between the river Crouch and its marshes, to the north, and the Thames and its lowlands to the south, I turned up my nose at the idea. The very name of the village of Hockley, in which the spring was found, was quite new to me, nor could I easily detect its topography on the map. Many of my readers may be in the same predicament, and I shall, therefore, direct them how to find the new Spa out; for that it will be sought, or looked after so soon as the accommodations now preparing or meditated on the spot shall be completed, I have no more doubt than I have of my having been to see and examine it.

The direct road is the high turnpike and mail road to Ipswich, Yarmouth, and Norwich, as far as Shenfield Lodge, a short distance beyond which it turns to the right, reaching by good turnpike roads, in various turnings and twistings, Wickford, and then Raleigh; two miles farther than which, a little to the left, is Hockley.

The principal places I passed through in my little excursion, escorted by a gentleman well acquainted with the country, were Romford and Brentwood (both of which are now accessible by railway), Billericay, and Raleigh, all nearly of the same size and disposition; though the two last are likely to strike the traveller, even at a distance, from their peculiar situation upon elevated ground, commanding very fine prospects all round. The former of those places was perceived clustered into an almost compact group, upon a rising belt of hills, four or five miles before we reached it; and when once reached, it presented some of the most extensive and striking views, as well as distant peeps of an undulating country, which, in this instance at all events, belied its common reputation of being flat, marshy, and unprofitable. These views are fully enjoyed for the distance of three miles beyond the town, where we took a S.E. direction, and were struck with three or four enchanting *coups d'œil* of extreme beauty, than which few more popular counties can boast of better. To such as are fond of a diversified champaign country, well wooded, and well cultivated, and presenting an infinite variety of undulations, this excursion of a few miles will prove a source of delight.

At Raleigh the singular and almost startling appearance of green mounds, and an escarpment joining two of these, suggests to the traveller who approaches them from London, on his right hand, as he ascends a very steep hill towards Raleigh, the recollection of some Roman entrenchment, or probably some fortification of a more recent date, which must have very effectually commanded the road, and the access to the town. The line of approach to the borders of Hockley parish from Raleigh is very cheering. Just before reaching the turnpike one of the finest and most extensive valleys which lay at our feet on our left, and exhibited to advantage a vast tract of the fairest part of Essex, seemed to be divided in twain by a tongue of lands a portion of the

very hill on which we were standing, which projected forward, and whose termination was marked by Hockley Church, well grouped in the landscape. But the beautiful effect of this view vanished on entering the little village of Hockley, which consists merely of a few straggling cottages, and the Bull Inn, at the back of which is the famous Bull Wood, and a superb scenery all the way southward down to the Thames.

Quitting the main road by a bye-lane, not far from the turnpike, we were conducted to the lowest part of the village, where we found three or four cottages, the property of Mr. Fawcett, solicitor; one of which, more showy than the rest, bore the inscription of "Hockley Spa Lodge." In this I took shelter for the night, and there learned from the elderly couple who occupied it, and received us hospitably, the history of the discovery of the well, which was briefly this:—

Mr. and Mrs. Clay, for such was the name of my good-natured and clear-headed host and hostess, had determined upon building for themselves a cottage in this elevated region, after having escaped the relaxing and weakening effects of a long residence in Cheltenham. A well was sunk for water, for the convenience of the cottage, when in throwing out the sod a hard stone was found, about a foot in diameter, which when exposed to the air fell in pieces. It was hollow within, about the size of a two-quart basin, in which was fine clear water. Proceeding further down, a kind of rag-stone and gravel appeared, and clear spring-water flowed. Mrs. Clay, who had been asthmatic all her life, and subject to cough, except when she drank Cheltenham water, after drinking of the new well's water for some little time, found that she lost her difficulty of breathing, and her cough became less troublesome. At the end of a twelvemonth, she was so much better in both respects, that she was inclined to attribute her recovery to air and situation only. A visit,

however, to some friends in London on one occasion, and somewhere else on another, having taken her away from the well, her constitution became heated, the cough returned, and asthma began to plague her again; all which symptoms disappeared on returning to Hockley cottage, and beginning the water once more. This awoke surmises as to the said water possessing medicinal properties. The notion having once gone abroad, it was immediately seized upon by many in the neighbourhood, who used the water, which was most liberally supplied to them; and in the course of three more years such was the healing reputation of Hockley Well, that not only was the water sent for from all parts of Essex, but from greater distances still, and many people of the better classes of society applied on the spot to drink it. Lastly—by the end of the fourth year from the accidental discovery of the source, a regular Spa was constituted, where I noticed in the book of arrivals that several persons of consequence had employed and derived benefit from the water.

The proprietor, desirous of ascertaining how far the composition of the water might warrant the expectation of patients, and explain its vaunted good effects, at once engaged the valuable services of Mr. Richard Phillips, as before stated; who, having proceeded to the spot, and made its preliminary analysis at the well, which he afterwards completed by a more extended series of experiments at home, published the result of his inquiries in the form of a pamphlet. His experiments led him to the conclusion that the water contains four distinct ingredients, namely, common salt, bicarbonate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, and sulphate of lime. In my general table will be found his quantitative analysis.

The object for which my services were required was, first, to ascertain to what class of disorders the water might be deemed applicable, and in what quantity it ought to be drank; and

secondly, what disposition and arrangements ought to be made to render the well more available to patients, and the locality more generally suited to the purposes of a Spa.

A pump has been sunk into the well, though the water in it rises to within a few feet of the surface, at a short distance outside, and at the back of the cottage. After pumping for ten minutes I ascertained the temperature to be 47° , that of the room in which the pump was placed being only 39° , and the external air out of doors 33° , with a fine clear sky. The water appeared beautifully limpid, and colourless as crystal: very minute bubbles of air rose in it, and seemed to increase in number for some minutes after it had been drawn. Some of these adhered to the glass. When shaken, these air-bubbles will disappear, and rise again, but at no time does the water become turbid as long as it remains cold.

On drinking it, the first impression on the palate is rather subacid and pleasing, but the general and continuous taste is that of pure spring water. It does not taste or feel harsh to the mouth. I drank a pint tumbler of it without any marked effect, as to any feelings of chilliness or weight at the stomach. When boiled and poured into a glass there is a manifest turbidity, the surface becomes covered almost imperceptibly with a whitish powdery deposit or cream, which, on tilting the glass, will adhere to the surface. After this experiment, the water no longer tastes subacid, and the very minute bubbles of air rise even more abundantly. Placed in contact with metals, it throws down a copious precipitate. It corrodes lead and iron rapidly, and the solder of all metallic vessels. If put into a bottle, it will not deposit any sediment; but if a crack exists in the bottle its edges will presently be furred with the sediment. If a large quantity of the water be boiled, and allowed afterwards to cool, a large proportion of a white magnesia-looking precipitate falls down.

These remarks of mine on the physical character of

Hockley mineral water I purposely made and recorded before I would allow Mr. Phillips to communicate to me his own observations and results, as I did not wish to be biassed by them.

I opened and examined the well, which I found to be about eighteen feet from the surface, with about fifteen feet of water in it. Its diameter is three feet six. During a severe and general drought in all the wells and ponds in the neighbourhood, it still was found to have ten feet of water. It has never frozen, and no landspring seems to affect it.

Judging, *à priori*, from all these data and particulars, I should be inclined to attribute very marked alterative virtues to this mineral water, when taken in small and divided doses. It will act also as an aperient in doses of a pint and a half, drank in the morning at four times, and as an antacid in stomach complaints, as well as in cases of lithic disorders of the kidneys. The water must be drank cold, and immediately after being drawn from the well. I saw and conversed with some of the people who had derived benefit from drinking it, and I have preserved the statement of some of the most interesting cases cured by its means. Into one of these, indeed, that of a nice little child, a nephew of the proprietor of the Spa, who had suffered from rachitic weakness of the bones, and want of ossification, particularly in the breast and bones of the head, I had full opportunities of minutely inquiring, and I felt satisfied that the robustness the child acquired after a residence of some months at the Spa, arose from the use of the water, which I should expect would be found in all similar cases to promote and aid the growth and consolidation of bones. Children or young people of weak frame, inclined to have ricketty and bandy legs, and weak in their ankles, will here find the best means of remedying those constitutional defects.

The air of Hockley is very favourable to such cases, being pure and bracing. The Spa is sheltered from the east, and the

rainy winds of the south-west. Hockley itself stands on high ground, and skirts a vast common of the same name. Upon the brow of the highest part, or ridge of this common, where there is now a tolerably good-looking inn, which enjoys the vast prospect of all the fine highly-cultivated country that lies at least two hundred feet below, stretching between the last high ground in the country and the Thames—I would recommend to build a first-rate hotel. Invalids of the superior class, who, upon being made acquainted with the peculiar virtues of this new English mineral spring, and the beauty of the spot, as well as with the purity and invigorating nature of its air and exposure to the south, will not be tardy in availing themselves of such a boon of nature in behalf of their weak or ricketty progeny, should they be afflicted with any such as will require an accommodation of that kind. Many, too, who are liable to acidity and pinky sediment from their kidneys, will flock here, as well as several whose dyspeptic disorders require an alterative pleasant mineral water. The very inn as it now exists, with a more showy front, and some internal amelioration, would do for present purposes; and from it, following the line of the upper crest of the common, detached cottages with a similar aspect of south-east and south, and with the same extensive prospect of river and distant sea, should be erected in the direction towards the well or spa-house which ought to be further enlarged by having a pump-room, and a series of four bath-rooms, on the spot on which Mr. Clay's cottage now stands.

A very sensible and clever lady, residing not many miles from Hockley, and who is a perfectly disinterested party, personally unknown to me, but who has honoured me with her opinion in writing on the subject of this Spa, has greatly confirmed my views as to its capabilities and importance.

“I feel very sanguine,” this fair correspondent writes to me, “as to the success of the Spa, provided it be forwarded

by men of enterprise and spirit. If interest could be made with Mr. —, the lord of the manor of Hockley, the common might be built upon at an easy rent (or rather quit-rent) no doubt. A few pretty villas, to begin with immediately, would be desirable. If the pump-room is to be built for the coming summer, it should be set about instant; and I know some gentlemen in the neighbourhood who, having a little land thereabout, would be inclined to erect cottages. Hockley is a remarkably healthy village, and the neighbourhood improving very fast."

With this additional recommendation of Hockley Spa, I leave that infant establishment in the hands of those who may feel an interest in its prosperity—not only on mere selfish views, but on the more charitable and philanthropic principle of doing good to their neighbours, by securing to them, in a quarter of England so remote from any well-known and efficient mineral spring, the benefit of one so providentially brought to light.

SOUTHEND.

As was stated in the beginning of this account of Hockley, the vicinity of a sea-bathing place at the mouth of the Thames, with a favourable, and one of the busiest and most enlivening sea-prospects I know of, is a great and a mutual advantage to both places. The Southend people therefore will have reason to rejoice that Hockley Spa has been established so near them; for to Southend, most of the invalids who will have gone through a course of the saline water at Hockley in July, will proceed in August and September to take the benefit of sea-bathing. The drive from the latter place is exceedingly interesting till you get near Prittlewell in the flat country. Between Hockley and Rochford, the ancient church and tower of which, approached by roads flanked with rows of lofty trees, shows well in the landscape,

the scenery has always been much admired by strangers; and the cockney who, during the summer, stops short at Gravesend, in his excursion down the Thames, and is in ecstasies at that commonplace sort of retreat, can form no idea of the beauties he would enjoy were he to extend his steaming trip down the river as far as Southend, and stop on the north instead of the south bank.

As the traveller has wound his way through many fantastic girations, along a richly-cultivated plain, after leaving Prittlewell, he little expects to find his carriage halting at a good-looking inn, "THE KING'S ARMS," upon the brow of the cliff overlooking the Thames below it, and enjoying a full view of the sea, which breaks suddenly upon him. From this spot the carriage then descends a pretty steep hill down to the margin of the water, along which is displayed the oldest part of the town, or Old Southend. The first house of entertainment in this part is the Hope Hotel, small but comfortable; the next, and farther east, is the Ship, with an open space before it, and bespeaking by its exterior the excellent accommodation it possesses within. The strand in front here is not quite level with high water, but two or three feet above it, and at low water, the shelving shore is uncovered for nearly a mile out. The wooden jetty at present in existence, and the only convenient place people have to land upon, extends only to about half a mile, and is always left dry at low tides. It is then followed out by a line of shingle, projecting perhaps a quarter of a mile farther, and called the HARD. Then follows a space of clear water, even at low tide, which divides the termination of the Hard and a cluster of piles in the sea called the *Mount*, on which a hut is built of two rooms, inhabited by people deputed to take care of a pharo-light for the safety of vessels at night. To this mount, when it is low water, the Gravesend and Southend steamers land their passengers in the summer, who are then boated over to the Hard, and thence walk to the jetty. At high water,

and when the weather is not boisterous, the steamers land their passengers at the jetty itself.

The question of the extension of the latter has engaged the various clashing interests in the place for the last ten years, and there is as little probability as ever that this much-desired continuation will ever be accomplished ; without which accommodation, however, it will be in vain to hope that the company at Southend should increase ; for as to the land journey, even with the advantage of rail-conveyance as far as Brentwood, it is so fatiguing and inconvenient, compared with the facility and rapidity of a down course by steamers on the Thames, that to expect people will prefer that line of communication is absurd.

The aspect of this metropolitan sea-bathing settlement, as I might call it, along the left bank, and at the *embouchure* of the river, taken in its slightly curved sweep, is south inclined to the east in many points, and has Sheerness in front bearing south-south-west. The scene before it is one of bustle and life on the water. The horizon is perpetually filled with every species of vessels and small craft, sailing, rowing, and steaming upon the wide bosom of old father Thames.

The strand is partly sand and partly gravel, but not very clean or inviting at low water. The descent is not imperceptible, and at high water, or even half tide, there would be too much water, even at a short distance from the shore, to feel your footing. Bathing-machines, large and commodious in every way, stand in front of the Ship Hotel.

The parade and the library are upon this level, and constitute the centre of Old Southend. To the north-west of it, the Cliff houses, constituting a part of New Southend, stand nearly sixty feet above the level strand. There are about twenty of them arrayed in a row, along a broad gravel terrace facing the south-south-west, with all the open sea on the left, and the jetty nearly under them, and the sloping ground from the terrace to the strand, arranged in gardens and zig-

zag walks. At the head of this terrace is the crack hotel of the new town, called the Royal Hotel. At this house, the situation of which is certainly the best in the place, and during the summer unquestionably to be preferred, a gentleman may lodge for 2s. 6d. for his bed-room, 3s. 6d. for a sitting-room, and 5s. for his dinner. If you add, for breakfast, tea in the evening, and servants, 5s. more, you have here, as everywhere almost in this blessed country of dear inns, a weekly expenditure of not less than five guineas to live like a gentleman. So no matter whether you be among the fishing-smacks of Southend or the dons of Brighton, there is no getting decent food and lodging for less than your hundred shillings a-week !

Now it is not so at the HOPE, where I stopped, and where one has the advantage of an exceedingly civil and comely landlady, with pretty daughters, all anxious to give satisfaction ; for here you may board, have an excellent bedroom, and a nice sitting-room facing the sea, for just half the money before mentioned. I looked at some of the private lodgings, a few of which are really desirable for such as choose to keep house. At the first house on the left, formerly the Marine Library, immediately at the entrance of Old Southend, and facing the pier or jetty, a very neat and large drawing-room, with a good bedroom at the back, is let for twenty-five shillings a week in June and July, and for thirty in August and September—the two latter being the best months at this watering-place,—which I am inclined, on the whole, to consider as deserving the patronage bestowed upon it by my clever and shrewd friend, the physician alluded to in the beginning of this account of Southend.

CHAPTER XV.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

TUNBRIDGE as a Spa—Its slender Claims—Chalybeates of England—Tunbridge frequented as a Residence—Great Extension of the Place—DETACHED VILLAS—Great Feature of Tunbridge Wells—Its Popularity — The COMMON—Mount Ephraim — The London Road, Sion Mount, and Mount Pleasant—The CALVERLY Estate—Calverly Terrace and Parade—The PARK and its Villas—The PROMENADE and Baths—Architecture of Modern Tunbridge—Splendid Opportunity for the Display of Taste—The New Churches—TRINITY and CHRIST CHURCH—Taxation—Window Duty the Bane of Architects—HOUSE Rents — Distances — ASSININE Equitation—Walking — The MINERAL SPRING—Situation—Reservoir, and Mode of Drinking the Water—The “DIPPERS”—Temperature, Appearance, and Taste of the Water—Not much drank now—Immediate Effect on the Stomach—Subsequent Effect—The *Pro-bono-publico* Basin—Neglected, and not much cared for—TUNBRIDGE Water wants Carbonic Acid—Might be added, and Renew the Fame of the Water—The BATHS—Their Forlorn Condition—Worse Prospect—What should be done—CHEMICAL Composition of the Water—Complaints benefited by it—The Author’s Experience—The SUSSEX HOTEL—Advantages and Disadvantages—The CALVERLY and the EPHRAIM Hotels—The Gloucester Family Boarding House—PROVISIONS—Supply of Water—The CLIMATE—Fair and Foul Weather—CONCLUSION.

TUNBRIDGE has risen into importance, and will retain it, because of its locality, its beautiful environs, the salubrity of its air, and the judicious manner in which people have availed

themselves of all these advantages to erect houses and accommodation for strangers. Hence Tunbridge Wells will always be a place of great resort for occasional visitors, and may and soon will become one of winter residence also, though the reputation of its mineral waters, which first made the reputation of the place, be nearly gone, and will soon pass away altogether.

No Spa ever had a more slender claim than this insignificant chalybeate to a high-sounding fame. Of such springs there are fifty in the north as well as the south of England. In Yorkshire alone, of chalybeates as good, there is one at every turnpike almost; and in the south we have hardly a town of importance that is not near one of them. But most of the chalybeates of England are cold, heavy, flat, indigestible waters, and lack that which makes medicinal steel water admissible, cheering, easily digested, and exhilarating; they lack, in fine, plenty of carbonic acid; they lack effervescence. Had this very steel stream of Tunbridge Wells possessed an excess of that gaseous ingredient, its effects would have been wonderful and lasting. It is, even now, not too late to impart to it, by easy and effective means, during the hour when invalids and other sojourners in the place usually apply for the water, that all-essential requisite which alone can revive the Spa from its approaching extinction.

It is the unanimous opinion of the best-informed persons residing on the spot, and even of the "dippers" themselves, as the female attendants at the Wells are called,—and I saw the fact vouched by the "dippers'" own registers,—that if Tunbridge Wells be crowded (and I rejoiced to hear it had been so during the preceding summer), it is not with people who come on account of the chalybeate, for few, very few, indeed, had drank of that salutary spring. No: it is the *séjour* that attracted them, and the beauty of *that* cannot be subject to the caprice of fashion. Nay, in proportion, as buildings of a better and superior class rise in eligible

situations, on the Nevill property and the Camden property, and other properties lately thrown into the general vortex of speculation for enlarging Tunbridge Wells and its accommodations, so we shall find a greater number of visitors attend the place, and many more invalids inclined to settle there. At no distant period, Tunbridge Wells will have grown as large as Cheltenham.

But the classes of persons who will then frequent the place will be different from those who have hitherto frequented it, both with regard to money and health. With little of either in his possession, let no man attempt Tunbridge Wells. He must get rather into those head-quarters of half-pay, rotten livers, and jaundiced cheeks which stretch upon the blue lias of Gloucestershire. Here he must be endowed with a sound constitution, though temporarily weakened it may be by lapsed diseases, by a fatiguing life, or by any other accidental yet transitory cause. He must have a long purse, too; for, being so very near London, he will have to contend against wealth, and plenty of that aristocratic spirit for spending it during two or three months of each summer, which brings down from the metropolis thousands anxious to enjoy the smiling neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, and inhale the bracing and pure breezes from the crests of the holy mounts, be they Ephraim or Sion.

No watering-place except Cheltenham has so many detached villas, mansions, belvederes, bellevues, lodges, and cottages *ornées* as Tunbridge. These, grouped over the most diversified area of plain and hills of undulating ground that can be imagined, or arranged round a common intersected by roads and ways, and fifty winding paths, that have all some important object at their termination; and most of them interspersed with insulated groups of trees, groves, and grotesque masses of rocks peeping above the surface in their grey nakedness;—these buildings, I say, constitute the modern Tunbridge Wells—far different from the “Wells” of old,

when quaffing steel-water to patch up old constitutions, like that of Dudley Lord North, and promenading under a narrow wooden arcade, yclept the *Pantiles*, (still in existence), listening to the best musical band Beau Nash could procure, or to his own *fâde* nonsense and priggish civilities, formed the *ne plus* of aristocratic mineral-water drinking in times now almost forgotten.

The great feature of modern Tunbridge Wells is the beautifully irregular amphitheatre it presents, covered nearly, yet not crowded, with houses, all gladdened with lawns, gardens, or plantations, and almost all properly and judiciously located as to compass, and acknowledging in the glory of its own luxuriant hills no superior hill above it to intercept the extensive and magnificent views by which it is surrounded. There are a hundred points from which we can take in a general view of the whole "district;" for to call it a village, or a town even, would be to misapply words. From any one of these points, turn which way you list, you have varied, pleasing, and often striking prospects.

The great popularity of this place of summer resort is not surprising, nor can it be attributed to mere fashion; for if it be the fashion to repair to Tunbridge Wells, then, so long as taste and good sense shall prevail among the easy classes of society, that fashion will continue. When, after quitting the immediate neighbourhood of the Wells and its pantiles, you step on the common behind the latter, and either by the Castle-road straight across that common, constantly clothed in verdure, or by the more tortuous one called the London-road, you ascend imperceptibly towards the north to reach the highest point, where Grosvenor-road coming from the great centre of Tunbridge joins Ephraim-terrace and Sidney-place at Culverden—you behold equally to the right and to the left a range of detached dwellings more or less imposing, grand, or convenient, but all of them cheering and joyous-looking, bearing single and particular names by which they

are known, and under which they are engaged by the visitors lucky enough to get any of them.

On the left, Mount Ephraim spreads its numerous villas, courts, and lodges, with their fronts turned to the south-east, and looking down upon the Old Wells and Mount Sion, with the common and the race-course between; while their back-rooms enjoy a distant view of the Surrey hills. On the right, many more houses are also ranged in an ascending line, which form the north-western border of the newer part of Tunbridge Wells, and like those opposite, stand insulated, and more or less inclosed by gardens and lawns. Their aspect is to the north-west and west, and the common stretches before them.

But if the traveller in search of house-room misses in the two localities just described the object of his wishes, and has no objection to plunge more into the interior of the town, let him, after quitting the Pantiles as a point of departure, follow a north-east direction along Mount Sion, and up to Mount Pleasant, passing the Grove-hill-road, and the Calverly-road on his right, until he has reached Calverly-place, upon the highest confine of the town, and let him then seek in those directions house-room, of which there is no want, and of the best description too, suited to the means and inclination of most classes of persons.

At the termination of his promenade the visiter will find himself in the immediate neighbourhood of by far the most striking portion of modern Tunbridge, being in itself a little town as it were, consisting of a variety of very handsome buildings, erected on the vast and picturesque estate of Calverly. All the roads on this estate are neatly flanked with dwarf-stone walls, handsomely built, and kept in the best order, with well-trimmed quickset hedges surmounting them. Every house here, whether on the Calverly-terrace, or the Calverly-parade, wears the aspect of style and inward ease. Before them there are pleasure-grounds, and the

prospect from their upper apartments, both westward and southward, is of the most cheerful description.

Following the Calverly-road in front of the terrace, the stranger arrives at the Calverly Hotel, formerly Calverly House, and the residence once of a most illustrious lady. Just beyond which the Victoria-gate will admit him into Calverly-park, a magnificent embowered and deep dell, whose gently inclined sides, richly clothed with verdure, dotted with groups of trees and shrubberies, and enriched with the dense foliage of a deep and shady wood, offers ample room for first-rate insulated villas, in the style of those which decorate the inclosure of our Regent's-park. The position of Calverly Hotel, with a southern aspect, and its back front peering over the park, is quite unique, and is alone sufficient to tempt people within its ample, highly decorated, showy, and well-furnished apartments.

Another part of this fairy land lies at the threshold of the park, and is itself a curiosity. Within the precincts of an almost imperceptible enclosure, an elliptical sweep of shops, perhaps twenty in number, with convenient private residences over them, and sheltered in front by a spacious colonnade, supporting a running balcony or *terrazza*, presents its front to the south south-east, looking over Calverly-park. At the nearest end of this crescent are the Royal Baths, and its centre house is occupied by a public library. A figured lawn stretches before these buildings, with a fountain marking its centre, and an orchestra-stand facing it, in which I was told a band of musicians performs during the summer. This *bijou* of the Calverly domain is called the "Promenade." The most fastidious, the most difficult to be pleased in matters of house-room, will hardly leave this extensive, elevated, and highly-favoured quarter of the New Town without suiting himself with lodgings for the season.

I have thus presented to my readers, the *carte du pays*, in such a way as will enable them almost to choose and fix

beforehand, and without the trouble of a preliminary journey, upon the dwelling and position they may wish to occupy during a visit to Tunbridge Wells.

The tone and character of the architecture of this place, in which such vast opportunities existed for exhibiting it in perfection, is nevertheless, and in general, rather pleasing than striking. It may be called the "Modern English," which by attempting to follow the severer rules of the Grecian, disdaining the Roman, except to mistake it, and not knowing the Lombard style, or being itself too much akin to the Tudor and Vandalic taste, has fallen into a jumble that can only be designated by the national denomination I have bestowed upon it. This style is like nothing else. It has prevailed for the last twenty years in all places where much building has been going on, whether in the capital or in the chief cities of counties, and at watering-places. You see it triumphant in the Regent's-park, Park-terrace, and Hyde-park-gardens. You meet with it at Brighton, on the extreme East Cliff, and on the King's-road. You cannot mistake it at Cheltenham. It is getting on pretty smartly at Leamington; and we find it here also, especially on the Calverly estate. A richer, more unique, more magnificent, or extensive locality for the display of sound, yet handsome domestic architecture, than this very domain, no man of taste or judgment could possibly have desired. Yet not one truly striking edifice has been erected upon it; and the hotel, the houses on the terrace and parade, with here and there a detached villa within the park, are the only specimens one can single out as being superior in style to the generality of the "Modern English."

The two new churches stand apart from these general observations. Some say Trinity Church, in Church-road, at the top of Mount Pleasant, and Gothic of course, is good; while others stand by Christ Church, on Mount Sion, a newer edifice, and of the same style, with a Gothic porch of three

arches, which they contend is much better. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

Captain Marryat has observed somewhere, that the clumsy and unscientific manner in which the English merchant-vessels are built in our days, is the result of a desire to evade channel, port, and river duties.

"We have over-taxed," he says; "our shipping; and our merchants, in order to carry as much freight as possible, and at the same time pay as few onerous duties, have given to their shipping more the form of floating boxes of merchandize than of sailing vessels."

Just so with respect to house-duty, but above all, with respect to window-tax, in reference to house-building. It has been remarked of English dwelling-houses in cities, as well as in the country, that this meting out the light of heaven to the people by measured and numbered openings or windows, as gaslight is distributed by meters nowadays, has materially influenced the nature of architectural designs, and the elevations have suffered in consequence.

On inquiry I found that most of the best houses, and those which enjoy the best or crack situations, let for high rents—higher in some cases than in London. Reasonable prices, however, are demanded for modest and retired private lodgings; but it is of little use to an invalid or a convalescent requiring the bracing iron-air of Tunbridge Wells, to bury himself in a street-lodging; he must soar and live in the higher regions, away from the hollow of the Wells, and upon the sandy soil of the many pretty undulations I have been describing. Distances here are considered as nothing; though from the extreme north point of the town, amidst buildings of high-sounding names, such as Grosvenor House, and Wilton-place, and Belgrave Villa,—down to Cumberland-vale and Cumberland-terrace, at the extreme south point; and again from Calverley Lodge east, to Bishopsdown west,—two intersecting lines intervene, the one three-quarters of a

mile long, and the other not less than a mile and a quarter. But assinine equitation, first introduced as an appendage to a watering-place at this very Spa by a Lady Seymour nearly forty years ago, and here kept up with spirit and ready facility, shortens these distances, and renders every out-of-door movement perfectly easy. Walking, however, is an exercise much to be encouraged, and these distances offer sufficient excuse for it. Such an exercise at Tunbridge Wells is by no means unpleasant, owing to the nature of the soil, which even after a heavy rain offers a dry footing.

The mineral springs to which the place is indebted for its memorable name, rising first in the small obscure village of Speldhurst, not far off, come down into Tunbridge Wells, and surge again at the lowest point of its narrow valley, over which the original village is built. I descended one morning the few wet steps that lead to the shallow basin, out of the bottom of which, through three round holes, the mineral water ascends, filling its marble receptacle at the rate of one gallon per minute, while its excess runs out of a side-opening into a smaller square reservoir contiguous to the former.

This fountain of health is placed at the east end of the already often mentioned Pantiles, that irregular and multishaped narrow covered shade or wooden arcade, which runs by the side of a paved terrace, raised about three feet from the level of the street on one side, but on the other side even with the common, to which delightful feature of Tunbridge, as previously noticed, there is a free access through one or two openings. Throughout its length, the covered walk is flanked by small shops on the north or last-mentioned side, and by an *allée* or double row of trees on the south side, in the centre of which a permanent wooden stand for an orchestra exists, where a band of music performs three times a-day during the summer, and twice a-day in the winter.

I gave way to a group of young ladies, who were the first I had seen approach the Well that morning, though I

had watched from six till nine o'clock, foolishly expecting that early hours here, as at the German Spas, were those at which the Well was most frequented. In the meantime I entered a little unfurnished room, not larger than a cobbler's shed, in which was seated one of the female "dippers," an ancient-looking dame of twenty-nine years' service in the place, watching the simmering process of some of the chalybeate water contained in a ginger-beer bottle, and placed on the hob of a lighted fire-place. The very size of this odd sort of vessel employed for warming the water—which my informant assured me *many* people preferred drinking in that state—shows that the *many* could only have been very *few*,—else a pint or less of water kept warm would soon be disposed of. Be that as it may, I observed that ordinary-sized wine-glasses are used for distributing the chalybeate. The "dipper" dips the said glass into the basin, and hands it full to the strangers.

I found the temperature of the water to be about fifty degrees of Fahrenheit, that of the external air being at the time about forty-five, with clear weather. In no respect could I detect any difference between the taste of this water and that of the pure and transparent water I had drank that morning at the hotel (not far from the Spa), which, by the bye, smelt rather steely. The mineral water, upon being immediately taken from the basin, does not impart at once the notion that steel is present, and many a thirsty soul would quaff it as a pleasant and palatable beverage, without once suspecting that he had drank steel-water, or any other but the purest water from a running brook. Yet the presence of iron is undeniable; for on casting a glance at the little reservoir or stone trough below, the peculiar orange deposit in the shape of powder was fully visible; and so did I see it deposited quite as much in the stone reservoir of the chalybeate spring of Monkswell, near Lincoln.

The Tunbridge Wells Chalybeate feels cold and heavy to the stomach for a few minutes after drinking it, and often

fails to produce those warming and stimulating effects which the effervescent chalybeates of Germany produce. A single eructation of air occurs after the ingestion. Drank warm, it is still more insipid. By increasing its temperature its stimulating effect has been augmented in many cases, without injuring the due proportion of oxyde of iron present, which, strange to say, the heating process does not seem to affect, though carried, according to Sir Charles Scudamore, to 140° Fahrenheit.

The Well-women assert that when the wooden cover that protects, with lock and key at night, the basin—which, by the bye, is new, and as I before said, of marble (having before been of a different material)—is removed from over it in the morning, the bottom of the basin is strewed with an ochrey or orange-coloured precipitate, which it is their duty to remove by scouring the basin every morning, before the public is admitted to drink the water.

By the side of this basin is the other before mentioned, which is kept open for the public; but it has, like everything else that belongs to no one in particular, and is for every one's benefit (*gratis*), been out of repair and unfit for use a long time. The water in it looks like brown tanners' decoction, and runs over in all directions, as it best pleases, no one caring what becomes of this free gift. These two basins are partly sheltered by the friendly steps which lead from the end of the arcade up to the shop of honest silk-mercator Neal, and which form a quarter-arch over the spring,—adjoining to which, by the bye, lies handy a small chemist's shop, ready to supply the mineral-water bibber with any medical aid he may require.

I stated it before, and I may be permitted to repeat it again, that had this water possessed twenty cubic inches or more of carbonic-acid gas in a pint (and it is quite possible to impart this to it), its effects would have surprised the most incredulous as to the efficacy of Tunbridge water. At present

that water is not in great vogue; and although from all accounts, about five thousand strangers had sojourned in Tunbridge during the summer, not more than two hundred and forty, from the beginning of June to the 24th of September, had applied for it at the fountain. Their names were recorded in a little book (which I examined), kept by the two female dippers, who are appointed from among the daughters of manor men to the situation, and get the little all produced by such an occupation.

The baths are outside the Pantiles, and at the back of the spring; and their entrance is from the common. The exterior of the building, and no doubt its interior, must have been showy and praiseworthy in former days. At present only a portion of the building is applied for the purpose of the baths, and this is let by the lord of the manor to an upholsterer living on the premises, who uses two rooms on the ground floor for two marble reclining baths, which may be used either warm or cold, and has a cold plunging bath besides; the water of which, five feet deep, is covered on its surface with the reddish ochre peculiar to chalybeates. This bath is only cleared out once during the season, by pumping it out, when it takes ten hours to fill again from the spring.

Hardly fifty names of persons who had used these baths during the preceding season were inserted in the little register: among them was that of an elderly gentleman, a physician from London, who, to recover his lost strength, had dipped into the plunging bath for an instant three successive times every day, for a week, and had gone away satisfied with the good effects the bathing had produced on him. Now, here is steel-water as red as that at Schwalbach, so much extolled by the Old Man of the *brunnen*. Why is it not used then as frequently as we have been told by the old gentleman the Schwalbach baths are used?

The fact is, that the whole concern, whether for drinking or bathing, of the mineral water at Tunbridge Wells, is at a low

ebb indeed, compared to the way in which spas in general are conducted nowadays, and is totally unworthy of its former reputation. There is not another place in Great Britain with the pretension of a spa, where the principal features are so neglected: and yet the capabilities of the place, the possibility of rendering the mineral water once more useful to society, and the splendid resources of every sort which Tunbridge Wells possesses as a residence for invalids, convalescents, and people of weak constitutions,—should stir up some of the influential inhabitants to the same exertions which are now being made at Harrogate, and at Bath; thus endeavouring to prevent the reputation of the place as a spa from dwindling into nothing. Both the dippers and the bath-women spoke but cheerlessly of the prospects of their respective departments; and the Spa, as a spa, is at its eleventh hour, or on its last legs.

It is manifest that a mineral water, a pint of which, according to Sir Charles Scudamore's very minute, and elaborate, and, I doubt not, accurate analysis, contains but seven twenty-fifth parts of a grain of oxyde of iron—a substance of which, let it be borne in mind, as much as eighty grains at a dose have been given when Mr. Hutchinson's steel treatment of *tic-doloureux* was in vogue—and nineteen hundredth-parts of a grain of muriate of lime, and sixteen hundredth-parts of a grain of common salt, with still more trifling quantities of muriate of magnesia and of glauber-salt, and an unappreciable proportion of manganese,—making altogether hardly one grain of solid ingredients,—I say it is manifest that with such an homœopathic quantity of saline matter in sixteen ounces of the Tunbridge water, we may, with Sir Charles Scudamore, ponder and inquire “whether its powers as a medicine have all the pretensions which it claims; or how far the imagination may have contributed to the credit which the water has acquired.”

Sir Charles decides the first part of the proposition in the

affirmative, and in the negative the second : and as far as my experience enables me to decide, I am inclined to think with him, that this Tunbridge Wells water has been too highly and undeservedly extolled.

Its salutary effects in many cases, particularly of female complaints, have been undeniable. In weak stomachs, suffering from slow and laborious digestion, accompanied with acidity,—provided the patients or the individuals had not been liable to plethora, or fullness of blood in the head, or congested liver at the same time,—I have found the Tunbridge chalybeate a perfect, safe, and effectual remedy ; but I did so because its administration took place in a climate and atmosphere suited to those particular cases. In any other locality—one less elevated and less bracing, for instance—such a chalybeate would have proved inefficacious.

At my arrival at Tunbridge Wells, I found myself installed (thanks to the instinctive will and pleasure of my post-boy) at the Royal Victoria and Sussex Hotel, an excellent example of a first-rate English establishment of its class. Unfortunately it faces the north, and has, moreover, the ancient lofty trees of the Pantiles-terrace in front ; between the trunks of which one beholds that once thronged and lively promenade, now a dull and unfrequented walk, even while the band is performing. This northern aspect renders the front apartments and the coffee-room of the hotel gloomy. It is, besides, situated at the very lowest point of the vale, close to the spring ; and the ground around it, north, east, and west, rises immediately, though gently, from near it up to the most distant and highest elevation. The hotel, therefore, will not do for a permanent residence, but admirably so for a temporary *séjour*. Attendance officious, coffee-room appliances unobjectionable, cookery not blameable, civility, cleanliness, and furniture, including beds and bedroom-gear, as good as need be desired, this house offers to a stranger ; besides other advantages which the other hotels in Tun-

bridge have not. With carriages and horses both for town and posting, it is well supplied. A coach-office is at the very next door. The mineral water—the promenade—the band within hearing. The market, and chapel of ease—all are close at hand ; and for such as can be satisfied with the back rooms, a southern sun, and the view of Sussex-gardens adjoining the hotel, will enliven their *séjour*. In fact, the Royal Victoria and Sussex Hotel is what, in the palmy days of Tunbridge Spa, would have been considered as the most desirable spot for a residence, and as the centre of attraction. With all this, however, the establishment will be found eligible only for such of the visitors as intend making a short stay at Tunbridge. Those who, having determined upon a longer residence, prefer an hotel to a private house, will look to the Calverly, which is the Richmond Star and Garter of Tunbridge, but with an infinitely finer and more magnificent prospect before it ; or will betake themselves to the more modest, yet also beautifully located Ephraim Hotel, on the mount of that name ; or lastly, to two or three other hotels situated in different parts of the town, and not quite so low down as the Sussex.

For such as prefer family boarding-houses, the Gloucester, opposite the Assembly Rooms, has been generally recommended. It has the advantage of being near to the libraries, of which there are two under the Pantiles, both deserving of patronage and much frequented, and to the Upper Assembly Room, as well as to the mineral springs. The fare at these establishments is said to be unobjectionable, as provisions are excellent at Tunbridge, and the markets of every kind well supplied. Water is a ticklish article at Tunbridge, and there are many people who cannot persuade themselves that any of it is to be got free from iron. This is a mistake : all the pumps and wells in the lower town unquestionably partake of the chalybeate character ; the water is hard, has a somewhat metallic taste, curdles the soap, and leaves the

skin quite rough. But this is not the water generally drank ; for a supply of a much better sort has of late years been secured, both to the upper town, Mount Ephraim, &c., and to the lower town, including the Sussex Hotel ; the first, from what is called the “ Jack Boot’s Spring,” the water of which, of most excellent quality, is pumped from the well into a large reservoir placed on a very elevated ground, and thence distributed ; and the second from the Frant reservoir.

The climate of Tunbridge in summer and in dry weather is delightful ; the air genial yet invigorating ; and no large community of people of fortune, or in easy circumstances, collected together to enjoy life, and the *otium post laborem*, in any one locality in England so near the capital, have, like the community spread luxuriously over these beautiful undulations of Tunbridge, such a nature to admire, and so many advantages from the hand of man to enjoy. The whole scene on a sunny holiday, viewed from any elevated part of the common, is the most inspiring and gay spectacle that one in love with nature and his fellow-creatures can desire to behold ; and such a spectacle greatly enhances the peculiarities of Tunbridge, its air, its situation, and its mineral water, as adjuvants in the recovery of health.

But then it must not rain ; for no place in the world loses so much as Tunbridge by the fall of rain, or the withdrawing of the cheering rays of the sun from over its variegated surface. Of this I had a sad example before me on the last day of my visit. All that was lovely, smiling, and delightful yesterday, was now thrown suddenly into mourning. The morning opened with lowering weather. From the south-west there rose presently a strong wind, followed soon after by an incessant fall of rain, which, in a moment, changed the whole aspect of things most woefully. None but those who were compelled to it were abroad. The fine equipages and the gay pedestrians were nowhere to be seen,

and the dashing mansions and villas were closely shut up, their inmates being content with peeping through the panes of glass in despair, as they looked up to the heavy clouds. Across the common you might discern a few blue, red, and white lower garments fluttering in the wind, to the great distress of the portly and well-fed cook or housekeeper just returning from market, or of the smart laundress carrying the snow-white linen home to the furnished lodgings on Mount Ephraim. A few umbrellas turned inside out by a sudden and violent gust of the gale, or a bonnet here and there flying off, and just retained by its strangling ribbon, afforded a passing subject for merriment. The flies and the first and second-class carriages plying for fare, were seen crossing and re-crossing the hills upon the Castle and London road; while, on the contrary, the asses seemed to rejoice at the prospect of a holiday from their Spanish and other hard saddles and riders. Lastly, an unfortunate groom, wet to the skin, or some stout coachman, was seen scampering across to Calverley, or Mount Pleasant, or Mount Ephraim, fresh from the Post-office, and carrying to his master, in a smart leathern bag, the letters and papers from the metropolis. Beyond these symptoms of life, none else were visible throughout the Wells in all those places, which, but the day before, when a serene instead of a clouded sky had lighted up the scene, were swarming with life in its most joyous moods.

It would hardly be possible, by theatrical trickery or stage-shift, to produce, as is here produced by foul weather alone, a mutation so sudden, and moreover so complete.

CONCLUSION.

A VERY short journey brought me once more to London, and the conclusion of my task. Long and fatiguing as its execution has been, I shall always consider the gratification I experienced in conducting it as one of its most redeeming features—especially if the manner of communicating its results to the Public, adopted in the present volumes, and the great care taken to impart nothing but useful and original information respecting the manifold subjects treated in them, should meet with the approbation of my readers.

It is a long time since a Medical Tour through England of such an extent, purposely undertaken and written to make known the various resources this country possesses in the class of mineral waters, and embracing, at the same time, all the topics I have introduced to enliven it and render it popular, has issued from the press. Indeed, I am not aware of the existence of any work on English Mineral Waters which can be said to bear a strict analogy or resemblance to the present. In introducing, therefore, for the first time, into the literature of this country a performance of this nature, I must trust to the candour of my readers, that, for the sake of its good intention, they will forgive any defect that may be found in its plan or execution.

That its intention was a good one, I can aver with a pure conscience, for it aimed at inducing English people to read a work of considerable extent concerning their own country, whereby they might renew or augment their own previous knowledge of the many gifts and boons with which Providence has peculiarly blessed them.

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